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MR. SLIDELL'S MISSION TO MEXICO.

WE continue to occupy our pages to a considerable extent with the affairs of the present war. The time will come we hope, at no distant day, when we may feel ourselves at liberty to turn to other topics of great public concern—possibly, in the estimation of some of our readers, already too long neglected. But, for ourselves, we regard this war as the great political and moral crime of the period, and for which the administration of the day is to be held responsible before God and man. We must do our part to hold the guilty authors of it to their just accountability. It is true, that in many other respects and particulars, this administration deserves, in our judgment, the severest reprehension of the American people, and we shall not fail in due time to lend a hand, in our humble way, towards bringing *all* its extraordinary merits before the country, under the light of a calm, but thorough and searching, investigation and review. But at present, we confess, it is difficult for us to think of the administration in any other aspect or attitude, than such as has reference to this war. Whenever we turn our regards that way, we see its gaunt effigy before us in helmet and plume, and brandishing its bloody spear, instead of wearing, as it ought, the civic wreath, and the garments of peace. At present, therefore, we are forced to deal with it as a fighting administration; by and by,

we may help to celebrate its civic virtues. Nor do we feel any apprehension lest the sympathy of our readers, and of the public, should not be found to go along with us in the feelings we indulge of the paramount interest which attaches to the whole subject of the war in which we are involved. One thing we know; that no more fatal proof could be given that the country was ripening for disastrous revolution and ruin, than would be afforded by the passive and unconcerned acquiescence of the people in such acts and proceedings, so shocking to every notion of constitutional authority and every feeling of common probity, as have marked the conduct of the executive and administration in nearly every thing which concerns our relations with Mexico and the war.

The subject to which this article will be devoted, is the mission of Mr. Slidell to Mexico. The administration having led the way into this war, manifests, as is very natural, a particular solicitude to make the most of every occurrence in our relations with Mexico, which might seem to afford the United States just ground of complaint against that power. The rejection of our minister was such an occurrence. As a mission of peace instituted by the administration, we are every way desirous, as between us and Mexico, that it should be set down to the national credit; but we are not disposed to let

this affair pass before the American people, for one of the causes of the present war, or as tending to justify, in any the slightest degree, that military demonstration, under executive orders, which has brought the country into its present difficulty. We think, too, and we mean to show why we think, that this mission might have been, and ought to have been made successful, notwithstanding the conduct of Mexico in regard to it; that a little less pretension and a little more patience would have done the work; and, in short, that if the President had been as sincerely anxious to restore friendly relations between the two powers, and secure a peace, on terms which ought to have satisfied a just and magnanimous nation, as he was to wring from the necessities, or the fears, of Mexico, concessions to gratify the spirit of territorial aggrandizement on our part, we should then have had peace, and this discreditable war would never have been heard of.

This mission was instituted under peculiar circumstances, and no doubt, in its inception, is to be taken as evidence of a sincere desire on the part of the President to bring about an accommodation with Mexico. We had then a serious difficulty pending with England, and two wars at one time were more than the administration was anxious to undertake. Besides the administration persuaded itself, no doubt, that if Mexico would consent to open negotiation at all with this country so soon after annexation—the great measure of offence—without striking a blow, she was probably ready, from the same considerations of inexorable fate and necessity, not only to submit, without a word, to the excision of Texas from her empire according to its ancient limits, but to yield also, on easy terms, other large portions of coveted territory besides. The public have not been permitted to see the instructions furnished to Mr. Slidell; but we venture to say, when they shall come to light, it will be found that they contemplated the most important territorial acquisitions. In this, as in every thing else connected with this Mexican business, we believe it will finally appear that the administration has acted on the most erroneous and mistaken estimate of the Mexican character.

To judge correctly of this mission, we must begin with recurring to the very singular attitude in which the two countries then stood towards each other.

Mexico had denounced annexation by anticipation; she had declared that she should regard it as a hostile act towards her, to be met, on her part, with the most determined resistance. Her minister was withdrawn from this country, and she refused to admit Mr. Shannon, our minister in that country, to any official intercourse with that government, and he was finally, after several months' useless delay, compelled to return to the United States. "Since that time," says the President in his annual message to Congress of December, 1845, "Mexico has, until recently, occupied an attitude of hostility towards the United States—has been marshaling and organizing armies, issuing proclamations, and avowing the intention to make war on the United States, either by an open declaration, or by invading Texas." And this attitude of hostility on her part was met by corresponding preparations and movements by our government. An efficient military force was moved to the right bank of the Nueces, and thus took up a position quite across the extreme western boundary of Texas proper, and looking towards Mexico, while the Mexican coasts in the Gulf were occupied by our navy. Such was the state of things between the two countries when the attempt to bring about an accommodation was made by our government.

Information had been received at Washington, which satisfied the government that Mexico was not at all likely to make any actual warlike demonstration, though she still maintained, and probably would continue to maintain, an attitude of hostility. It was believed that she was ready to be conciliated; and such undoubtedly was the fact. The government was then in the hands of Herrera, who was sincerely desirous of coming to a satisfactory arrangement with the United States. This is testified to on all hands. Accordingly, in the month of September (1845), instructions were sent from Washington to our consul at Mexico, "to ascertain from the Mexican government whether they would receive an envoy from the United States, intrusted with full power to adjust all the questions in dispute between the two governments." In October, the proposition was submitted to the Mexican minister of state by Mr. Black, the consul, in the precise language of his instructions. The reply was promptly given by the minister, in terms which we shall

quote for the better understanding of the whole case. "In answer," says that functionary, "I have to say to you, that although the Mexican nation is deeply injured by the United States, through the acts committed by them in the department of Texas, which belongs to this nation, my government is disposed to receive the *commissioner* of the United States who may come to this capital with full powers from his government, to settle the *present dispute* in a peaceful, reasonable, and honorable manner". . . . "As my government," he adds, "believes this invitation to be made in good faith, and with the real desire that it may lead to a favorable conclusion, it also hopes that the commissioner will be a person endowed with the qualities proper for the attainment of this end; that his dignity, prudence, and moderation, and the discreetness and reasonableness of his proposals, will contribute to calm as much as possible the just irritation of the Mexicans; and, in fine, that the conduct of the commissioner on all points may be such as to persuade them that they may obtain satisfaction for their injuries, through the means of reason and peace, and without being obliged to resort to those of arms and force." It was upon the acceptance of the proposals made by our government, in the terms here recited, that Mr. Slidell was sent to Mexico. A single glance at the language employed in this correspondence on the one side and the other, as we have quoted it, is sufficient to reveal at once to a casual observer, the very different views which the respective parties entertained in regard to the character of this mission; and yet it is quite probable—certain, perhaps—that this difference was not, at the moment, perceived by either of them.

On the one hand, the President and his cabinet were blinded to the true state of the case, and the character of the mission required by it, by the ambitious and covetous longings in which they indulged towards the proper possessions of Mexico. Their eyes were gloating over the lands of our neighbor, lying between the proper limits of Texas and the Great North River of the Mexicans; including parts of four other departments of Mexico, with Santa Fé, and then stretching away to the Pacific, and embracing the best portions, or the whole, of the Californias: and heaven knows how much more besides. Occupied with these visions of aggrandizement and glory, it

was easy for them to find—in the circumstance of the ready assent of Mexico to listen to proposals for accommodation, after all that had occurred to wound and dishonor her, taken in connection with the known distractions in her domestic councils—very sufficient evidence that her national spirit and power of resistance were already broken; her ancient Castilian pride bowed and humbled in the dust; or, at least, that nothing was left of it but the pompous and sounding phrase, falling on the ear like echoes from the hollow grave of her decayed and wasted greatness and glory. They saw in her, in short, a prepared victim; ready for whatever spoliation they might think it judicious and prudent to inflict upon her. But, of course, appearances were still to be preserved; and, under the arrangement made with our consul, the President prepared to honor Mexico, by sending her "an Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary, to *reside* near the government of the Mexican Republic!" Mr. Slidell received his letter of credence to this effect, and was forthwith dispatched on his mission; neither the President, nor the Secretary of State, nor the Envoy himself, ever once doubting that Mexico, who had a few months before, in the most formal and marked manner, refused to hold any diplomatic intercourse with the United States, and put herself on her rights before the world as having been deeply injured, was now prepared, without any change in the condition of things, to re-establish diplomatic relations with us, precisely on the terms and in the manner of the most friendly nations. They were, of course, much surprised and very indignant, when they discovered that nothing was farther from the thought of Mexico than to submit to such a humiliation—for so at least she regarded it. When the United States—tired of a state of things, which, if it was not actual war, certainly was not peace—proposed to Mexico to send her "an Envoy, intrusted with full power to adjust all the questions *in dispute* between the two governments," it was natural that she should understand, looking all the while at her own side of the case, that the United States were about to institute a special mission to remove, if possible, those obstacles which had stood in the way, and otherwise must continue to stand in the way, of a recurrence to their former relations of intercourse and

amity. There was one principal cause of the rupture between the two powers—for it was nothing less than a rupture—namely, the annexation of Texas to the United States; and Mexico unquestionably looked to be appeased, in some way, for that wrong (as she regarded it), before friendly relations could be restored; and she imagined, vainly enough as it turned out, that it was the special object of this mission, first of all, to offer her the atonement due to this offence. When the United States talked of sending her an envoy to adjust the questions in *dispute* between the two governments, she thought of nothing but annexation as having caused any dispute whatever, which had led to the interruption of the good understanding between them. The language of Mr. Peña y Peña's note, which we have quoted, bears unequivocal proof of this fact—though it had escaped, as we have explained, the observation of our government. The wrong which Mexico had received in the measure of annexation is especially referred to, and is spoken of in immediate connection with “the present dispute”—the one principal matter of difference—which “the Commissioner of the United States” was coming to settle. And the minister follows this up with the expression of a confident hope that the conduct of the commissioner would be such—so dignified, prudent and moderate, and so discreet and reasonable—that the Mexican people might see that they were about to “obtain satisfaction for *their* injuries”—namely, on account of annexation—by a voluntary reparation, without the necessity of an appeal to arms. In the correspondence on this subject, the Envoy, who was expected, was constantly called by the Minister, “the Commissioner,” and nothing but “the Commissioner.” And no diplomatic correspondence of the present day ever speaks of an ambassador, envoy, or minister, of any grade, regularly accredited, and *resident* near the government of a friendly power, as a commissioner. Such a thing is unknown in modern diplomatic writing or discourse. We venture to say that Mr. Slidell would have felt no little surprise, if, having been received in Mexico in the quality of a minister or envoy, *to reside* near that government, he had then been addressed in some official note, as the Commissioner of the United States. In short, it cannot, we think, be doubted by any one who will look attentively at the correspond-

ence in the case, that Mexico intended all the while to stand on the defensive—to maintain, at least in appearance, her attitude of hostility—and to receive a diplomatic agent, if one was received at all, rather after the manner in which such agents are accepted in time of war, with a view to negotiation and the restoration of peace, than in any other mode. It was her policy, and a point of honor with her, from the time she broke with this country, to regard herself, and to be regarded by the world, as in a state of hostility to us, only just short of actual and active war. And in this state it was that she was to receive, as she believed, a “Commissioner,” to offer terms of conciliation and peace, and not a minister to sit down at her capital as a resident, as if no interruption of the friendly relations of the two powers had ever taken place, to negotiate, at leisure, a treaty for the settlement of difficulties which had not interrupted, but which, if neglected, might, one day or another, interrupt the good understanding existing between them.

It was all very well, perhaps, for our government to offer such a mission as that which was sent to Mexico in the person of Mr. Slidell; but how it could have been expected that such a mission would be accepted, or how the administration came to imagine that Mexico had agreed to receive such a mission, after reading Mr. Peña y Peña's note, would pass our comprehension, if we did not know how utterly incapable it has constantly seemed, in the blind pursuit of its own objects, of understanding the first elements of the Mexican character, or the first principles on which its conduct towards that people should have been regulated. Surely nothing would have been easier than to have arranged this mission, in the first instance, on the basis of a special agency, exactly adapted to the peculiar relation in which the two powers stood to each other, with instructions to offer, first of all, definite terms of accommodation and peace. In this there would have been no sacrifice of national honor, and no want of self-respect. It would have been a mission quite as honorable in all respects to the eminent gentleman intrusted with it. Mr. Slidell might have borne also, and at the same time, if such had been his ambition, a letter of credence, as minister, “to *reside* near the government of the Mexican Republic, in the quality of envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary of the

United States of America," to which it is more than probable effect might have been given at an early day, after his reception in the more appropriate quality of a commissioner of peace. But we have no hesitation in saying that this last is the only capacity in which he should have been instructed, or in which he should have attempted to present himself, in the first instance, before the Mexican Republic. Had this been done, and had his instructions allowed him to be moderate and reasonable in the tone of his proposals and his demands, we do not entertain a doubt, notwithstanding the characteristic instability and distractions which reigned at the time at the Mexican capital, that, with a proper stock of patience and some judicious humoring of Mexican peculiarities, he might have made a treaty with that power, averting the impending war, and securing a perpetual peace, on terms alike favorable and honorable to both countries. Certainly it was not the way to bring about so desirable a result, that Mr. Slidell must needs make a descent on the Mexican capital, as if he had alighted from some superior region of brightness, bearing a gracious message to a perverse people, and denouncing woe and vengeance on them if found slow to receive him, in whatever ineffable shape he might choose to present himself. To offer himself as he was instructed to do, and as he did, in the quality of minister, commissioned exactly in the ordinary form, to *reside* near that government, was just to say to Mexico in her teeth, at her own capital, while her people were breathing nothing but war: "We conclude you have now swallowed your resentment about the affair of annexation, and think yourself a fool, for having indulged any feeling on the subject, or at least for having shown any such feeling, or talked about war. You have come to your senses, knowing your weakness in the presence of Anglo-Saxons, and by consenting to receive a minister from the United States, and renew intercourse with that power, exactly on the footing of the most friendly nations, without even a word of apology or explanation, you mean to confess before the world, that you have been wrong in this matter from the beginning; that Texas belongs of right to the United States, and was rightfully acquired, and that nothing now remains for you but to hear what we have to propose in regard to boundary, and

perhaps some further unimportant slices from your territory, in connection with the settlement of the claims we have upon you, when, with only a becoming degree of submissiveness on your part, considering with whom you are dealing, the two powers will come to a good understanding in all things: and henceforward, as in times past, be the best friends in the world." We mean to say explicitly that, in our judgment, to send such a mission to Mexico as that with which Mr. Slidell was intrusted, was just to assume and proclaim, that Mexico had lost either the disposition or the ability to resent what she deemed, and had declared to the world, to have been an insult and outrage to her, and that she was willing to confess as much, by accepting a minister on precisely such terms as if nothing in the world had happened to interrupt the relations of perfect amity between the two powers. The only open act by which she had signified her sense of the injury she professed to have received, was that of suspending, in the most significant and marked manner, and with threats of war, all diplomatic intercourse with us; thus breaking the bonds of amity between her and us, and holding herself aloof, to be appeased and conciliated when we should see fit to approach her, in a proper form, for that purpose. If then she had received Mr. Slidell, in the first instance, as he insisted on being received, or not at all, it would have been a virtual withdrawal of that only act by which she had manifested any sense of injury, and a virtual confession that she was satisfied on that score; and, having no complaints to urge on her part, was now ready to enter on the subject of whatever complaints Mr. Slidell might have to make against her.

What we have now said is sufficient to indicate our undoubting conviction, that there was that in the manner of instituting this mission of Mr. Slidell to Mexico, which was every way calculated to defeat its object. We hold the Administration to blame for not having placed it on a different and more acceptable basis, and especially after what seems to us so very plain on the face of Mr. Peña y Peña's note, that Mexico expected to receive a "commissioner," and not a minister of the rank and pretensions of Mr. Slidell. But we have not yet done with the subject of this mission.

We have no special impeachment of motives to offer in regard to the sending

of this mission. We are willing to take it for granted that it was intended in good faith, and undertaken with a sincere desire to bring about an accommodation with Mexico, and avoid a war. Our impeachment has reference to what we hold to be palpable errors of judgment in regard to it, and, amongst other things, in reference to the tone and temper in which so important and delicate a mission should have been undertaken and conducted. We do not mean to say that under the best conduct and management it would certainly have resulted in success, because we do not know to what unreasonable lengths Mr. Slidell might not have pushed his demands, under the instructions of the government. Of course, we have little confidence in the moderation and justice of an administration that has shown itself capable of risking and sacrificing so much in its insatiable desire to enlarge the proper boundaries of the American empire. With, however, a proper degree of moderation and justice, we see no reason why this mission of peace, if it had been instituted in the proper form and conducted in the right temper, should not have been entirely successful.

Mr. Slidell arrived at Vera Cruz on one of the last days of November, and immediately pressed forward towards the capital. The news of his arrival on the coast had reached the city of Mexico on the 3d of December, and had thrown the Mexican government into great perplexity. Although the arrangement made with our consul, Mr. Black, by the government of Herrera, to receive a commissioner from the United States, had been an affair of the utmost confidence and secrecy, yet it had already come to the ears of the people, and was made a principal ground of assault on Herrera and his party. So long as no commissioner or minister was actually in the country, the government seemed able to stand up against the imputations of treason which were heaped upon it; but at this juncture, it expected to be utterly overwhelmed if such a functionary should suddenly present himself at the capital. Mr. Black was immediately informed of the alarm and embarrassment felt by the government at the arrival of Mr. Slidell at Sacrificios, and he was earnestly desired, if it was possible, to prevail on Mr. Slidell not to come immediately to the capital, or even to disembark at that time from his vessel. "His appearance in the

capital at this time," said the minister of foreign affairs, "might prove destructive to the government, and thus defeat the whole affair. You know the opposition are calling us traitors, for entering into this arrangement with you." The anxious desire of the government was for delay until the next month, when the new Congress, which had been summoned, would assemble, and when, under its countenance and protection, it might feel itself strong enough to enter on this delicate business. They declared that they had not expected the commissioner until January, and that his inopportune arrival and appearance at the capital would probably produce a revolution which would terminate in the destruction of the present government.

Mr. Black seemed every way disposed to do what he could in the premises; he set out immediately from Mexico, and met Mr. Slidell at Puebla, eighty-five miles from the capital. His representations, however, did not arrest the progress of the minister, who made his entrance into the capital on the evening of the 6th of December. This was Saturday, and, as if afraid of losing something of dignity or advantage, whether to himself or his country, should he indulge in the least delay, in spite of the warning and entreaty which had been conveyed to him, he addressed himself promptly, on Monday, to the minister of foreign relations, in a note as formal and severe as if the Pope's nuncio had written it to some Christian potentate who was suspected of "damnable heresy." It ran in this wise:

"The undersigned, who has been appointed envoy-extraordinary and minister-plenipotentiary of the United States of America, near the Mexican Government, has the honor to inform your Excellency that he arrived in this capital on the evening of the 6th instant, and requests to be informed of the time and place at which he may have the honor to be admitted to present his letter of credence (a copy of which he encloses) to the most excellent President of the Republic of Mexico, Gen. José Joachim Herrera."

So, Mr. Slidell had not only persisted in coming straight to the capital, where, he had been told, his presence at that moment would signify tend to the overthrow of the government of Herrera—a government admitted to be sincerely desirous of negotiating with the United States for a peace—not only had he come

to the capital, but he had, at the earliest moment, proclaimed his mission, and demanded to be received and his commission of minister-plenipotentiary publicly recognized. The only effect which had been produced on the mind of the minister by the revelations made to him at Puebla by Mr. Black, seems to have been to fill him with prepossessions against the Mexican government, as if it was playing a game with him, or meditating bad faith towards him; and anticipating, as he says he did, delays and difficulties in placing himself in relation with the government, he seems to have resolved to sound at once the depths of these delays and difficulties, and to know the worst. Nobody certainly can dispute the gallantry of his bearing on the occasion; our doubt is about its prudence and wisdom.

Mr. Black was the bearer of Mr. Slidell's note to the Mexican minister of state, and the minister took that occasion to repeat to Mr. Black that they had not expected the arrival of the commissioner at so early a day; that they were engaged in collecting the opinions of the departments with a view to strengthen themselves in regard to this mission; that the government was every way favorably disposed, but the opposition to the mission was very powerful and compelled them to proceed with great caution; that nothing positive could be done until the new Congress should meet in January, but that, in the mean time, they would receive the minister's credentials, examine them, and *be treating on the subject.*"

To our apprehension, all this was uttered with perfect truthfulness and good faith; nor can we see, with the admissions and declarations made by Mr. Slidell in the course of his correspondence with his government, how he could have believed otherwise—if, indeed, he did believe otherwise. More than once he expresses the confident opinion that Herrera and his Cabinet were sincerely desirous of negotiating, and terminating all their differences with the United States. And he declares it to be his belief that "the great object of the administration is to gain time, to do nothing to compromise themselves, in the hope that if they can hold over until the meeting of the new Congress which will take place on the 1st of January, they will then be enabled to maintain their position." It is a little strange, we think, after all this, that Mr. Slidell should have borne himself towards

the Mexican administration precisely as if he had believed all the while, and from the very first, that they were actuated solely by bad faith towards him and his government, and a desire and intention to amuse him for a time with false pretences, and finally to rid themselves of him altogether. Some such impression must have taken possession of him, when we find him, notwithstanding the explanations already given to Mr. Black, and notwithstanding his own convictions of the policy and necessity of extreme caution and delay on their part, impatiently following up his note of the 8th of December by reiterated demands for an answer. On the 13th he sent Mr. Black to the minister of state with a verbal message to this effect; and on the 15th he addressed him another note, complaining of the delay, and desiring to be informed when he might expect to reply to his first note.

Now we are free to say that we think this impatience, under the circumstances, was unnecessary and very injurious to the interests of his mission. The policy which the administration had wished to be left at liberty to pursue was clearly indicated to Mr. Black; "they would receive the minister's credentials, examine them, and be treating on the subject." Their avowed object was to gain time until the meeting of the new Congress, when they hoped to be so supported in their position, as to be able to give effect and success to this mission. Delay was exactly what they wanted to save themselves, and save the mission; and delay was exactly what Mr. Slidell would not consent to—though apparently aware of its importance and necessity.

We think Mr. Slidell committed a capital mistake in the first place, when he rushed on to the city of Mexico against the earnest solicitations of the government as conveyed to him by Mr. Black at Puebla. And then, we think, that having arrived at Mexico, he was too impatient to be recognized as "envoy-extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America." Considering the condition of Herrera and the state of the government at that period, a few weeks' delay would have been judicious, and could have done the minister no harm. Possibly it might have saved Herrera—confessedly the friend of peace—and might thus have brought the mission to a happy termination. As it turned out, the government of Herrera fell, as it had been confidently predicted it would fall if Mr.

Slidell then came to the capital; whether it would have been able to maintain itself, if Mr. Slidell had not done so, we cannot know; but so much is certain, the principal weapon used against it was drawn from this mission, and the appearance of the minister at Mexico.

We do not mean to say that Mr. Slidell would have been received and accredited by the Mexican Government, whether in the hands of Herrera, or Paredes, or of any body else, so long as he insisted on being admitted, if at all, as minister, *to reside* near that government. It is evident that from the moment a copy of his letter of credence was seen, this objection was raised, and it was constantly insisted on. It was, indeed, at last complicated absurdly enough with other things, after the usual manner of Mexican diplomacy; and the true force of this single objection to the reception of the minister was spoiled, and rendered nearly ridiculous, by the bungling manner in which it was handled. Nevertheless the objection remained. Mexico would not consent to receive a minister commissioned as Mr. Slidell was, lest she should be thought thereby to admit that she was reconciled to the measure of annexation, and reconciled to this country. It is not likely she could have been moved from this position. What the duty of Mr. Slidell was in such a case, and of our government, is plain enough, to our own mind. He should have stood still, and asked the President to send him a new letter of credence, by which Mexico might have been informed that he appeared there as a special commissioner appointed to negotiate with her for an accommodation of the dispute which had led to the interruption of the friendly relations between the two powers, and finally for the settlement of all their difficulties, and for peace and amity. With such a commission we believe Mr. Slidell might have been and would have been received, either by the government of Herrera, or that of Paredes. So, at least, both administrations solemnly declared and proclaimed. And we think it was exactly at this point that the golden opportunity was lost by our government—of composing all our difficulties with Mexico, and securing a peace on terms mutually advantageous and honorable. Certainly, we need not tell Mr. Slidell, with his shrewdness and ability, that no advantage could have been won by Mexico, if with the proper commission and instructions in his pocket, the subject of Texas and an-

nexation had been first brought under diplomatic discussion. Everybody understands how this sore place was expected to be salved over. And the consideration of that question could not have been more than begun, before it would have been discovered, that the question of boundary and its extension, and the question of our pecuniary claims, must come in of necessity, to help resolve the knotty point of annexation.

Annexation had been effected on such terms as to leave, of purpose, an open question of boundary between us and Mexico; and the Mexican government had been carefully and repeatedly informed and assured, from the first, that we were ready to adjust that question, in a manner the most liberal towards that country. This promised liberality had a meaning which could not have been, and was not misunderstood. We were willing to pay her liberally for Texas, *with a liberal boundary*—that was what we meant to say, and what we were understood to have said. And if Mr. Slidell could have thought it consistent with his dignity, to offer himself to Mexico, under proper instructions, as a "commissioner," to tender to that country terms of conciliation to this effect, who can doubt that at least he would have been received, and listened to with respect? What the Mexican government wanted, first of all, was such a mission, and such reasonable proposals on our part, as might "contribute to calm as much as possible, the just irritation of the Mexicans," and such as might "persuade them, (the Mexican people,) that they might obtain satisfaction for their injuries, through the means of reason and peace, and without being obliged to resort to those of arms and force." We have not a doubt that a sum of money, equal to one-tenth, or even one-twentieth, of the amount already expended in our war with that power, tendered, at the period referred to, in a spirit of justice, of conciliation, and peace, and with some proper consideration for the temper of the Mexican people, and the embarrassments of the administration of the day, would have secured us Texas with any reasonable boundary which might have been desired, and kept us out of a war. In the same operation, it is not improbable that we might have acquired, by a little extra-liberality, a desirable port for ourselves out of her possessions on the Pacific. No public man in this country, who is well informed in

regard to the state of our relations with Mexico at that period, can doubt that she was then ready and solicitous to be appeased for the loss of Texas, through pecuniary considerations, if only they should be so addressed to her as to make it seem as if she was driving a free and profitable bargain with us, and was not selling her honor. As for fighting with us for the possession of the proper country of Texas—attempting to reconquer that country, and wrest it by force from the grasp of our firm hold upon it—that was a thing almost too absurd for her even to talk about, certainly it was the last enterprise she wished in earnest to undertake. What all her public men and leading characters agreed in desiring was, that we should afford them the means of offering to the Mexican people some justifiable, or at least plausible reason or pretext for giving Texas up to its destiny. Nor was this at all a difficult achievement for diplomacy, with all its boasted skill, to accomplish—else, assuredly, diplomacy is worth very little. Diplomacy was worth very little in this case, in our judgment, or it would have kept the nation out of this war. How easily it might have done so—how it failed, and why it failed to do so, it is the main purpose of this article to show.

Texas, as we have said, was annexed with an undefined boundary. It was annexed on terms agreed upon between the authorities of that country as an independent power, and the United States. Mexico was not consulted, nor her consent asked, though she still claimed that Texas was not free from her political dominion. But though Mexico was not consulted in regard to the question, or the right of annexation, yet the very terms of annexation proposed by ourselves, made Mexico in some sense a party to the transaction. We had got Texas, with so much territory as the independent republic of that name had a right to convey, and how much that was, was an open question, to which Mexico was confessedly a party. Here was a chance for diplomacy to step in, and, by fixing a boundary where every thing was vague and unsettled before, with a liberal compensation on our part to Mexico, for whatever claim or interest she might have, or should fancy herself to have, *on this side* of that boundary, take to ourselves whatever "outstanding title" there might be in the case, and thus at once satisfy our own sense of justice, and smooth down all asperities towards us on the part

of the jealous and offended Mexican. Strictly, we must know very well, that our title, derived from the Republic of Texas, gave us just so much territory as she had actually conquered, held and governed, in the progress of her revolt and revolution, and no more. So much annexation gave us, without regard to Mexico, and no more. But even how much this was exactly, was not undisputed. It gave us, doubtless, the ancient province of Texas proper, to the Nueces; and across the Nueces, Texas had some quiet settlements, along the narrow valley of that river towards the Gulf, over which her jurisdiction was successfully extended, and which we might justly claim as a part of our bargain. But there was here even nothing ascertained and certain; and then beyond, Texas had shot her paper pellets over a broad domain, to which she set up a certain kind of pretension. Here, at least, *our* claim, as succeeding and representing the Texan Republic—a revolutionary government—was slight enough. And here it was, just in this dim and shadowy region, where champions on the one side and on the other might have waged eternal war on each other in the dark, with no definite result—here it was that diplomacy might have come in, to shed her peaceful light, to reconcile blind enmities, allay fruitless jealousies, and bring in unity and concord to reign in the place of fierce hate and revenge. Why might not Mr. Slidell, content for a while to act the part of a Commissioner, specially deputed to offer terms of conciliation to our sensitive neighbor, in regard to annexation, have so managed this business as to make Mexico, and the Mexican people, sensible that we intended them, at least, no ultimate wrong? Annexation having become a fixed affair, a thing past and done, the people of this country were settling down upon it, and they would have been quite willing—glad even—to have seen something liberal done on our part, in the way of pecuniary gratification, to render Mexico comfortable under the loss of that valuable province, which, to the last, she persisted in claiming as her own. We should all have felt better and more respectable in our own eyes, if in the end, we had *paid* Mexico something for Texas. We paid for Louisiana, and we paid for Florida; and we are sure our people would much rather pay something for Texas than take and hold it against any claimant whatever, by force of arms. To Mexico, at least, Texas was lost *by conquest*, and as we

took the spoil to ourselves, even if our own men and arms had not been principally used in that conquest, as they notoriously were, it would, at least, have done our reputation for honesty and fair dealing no harm, if we had consented or endeavored to reconcile Mexico to this dismemberment of her empire, by offering to make her some pecuniary compensation for her excised province, wrested from her by violence, and found in our possession, without having cost the nation a dollar.

Nor was it necessary, if a false pride on our part, revolted at the idea of doing a direct act of justice to Mexico *post facto*, that a specific offer of payment for Texas proper should have been made. There was the open question of boundary to fall back upon. Texas was ours by our own title; but the sum of our rightful possessions under that name, was an unliquidated and variable quantity; and, besides, our government wanted more than any just man could pretend to claim of right. And with this door standing wide open, diplomacy might have entered here, one would think, without much difficulty, and with eminent advantage. It demanded no superior skill to frame a proposition to Mexico, at this point, which might have been just and conciliatory towards her, and not discreditable to ourselves. A new and liberal boundary—new, as never having been before recognized by Mexico—might have been agreed upon for Texas; and a fixed sum of money might have been stipulated to be paid by us for Texas, *with this new boundary*. Mexico might have renounced, or *ceded*, as formally as she might desire, all right and title to any part of the country this side of such boundary, to the United States, with full liberty on her part, if she chose, to hold up this treaty before the Mexican people, as incontestable proof, that she had not submitted to the wrongs of annexation, or yielded up Texas to conquest and force at the hands of any power, but had only consented, at last, at our solicitation, to allow the United States to purchase that country of her, and a peace with her at the same time, for a round sum of money. This, or something like this, was what the Mexican authorities wanted for the satisfaction of their own people; and we see nothing in the sort of arrangement here suggested, either impracticable in itself, or too much for Mexico to expect, or too much for us to yield.

It must not be forgotten that the Mexican authorities, at this period, were sincerely desirous of avoiding a war; that they were unaffectedly anxious that the United States should so approach the business of negotiation, and propose such terms of accommodation, as to make it safe for them, in reference to the state of parties in the Republic, and the temper of their people, to entertain and encourage the advance we were making. The point of difficulty which they had to contend with at home, was the prejudice and hatred towards us with which the Mexican people had been inspired, on account of annexation. The administration was charged with treason, when it was found, or believed, that a minister from this country had been invited, or allowed, to come to the capital, exactly on the usual footing of intercourse between the most friendly nations, and as if no offence or indignity had been offered to the republic, or as if she had concluded to swallow her resentment without a word of apology or explanation. It was perfectly clear that no administration could stand up against this popular sentiment. No administration could hold its place, which should not appear, at least, to take sides with the people in this embittered feeling. Mr. Slidell appears to have been perfectly aware of all this, and yet he seems not to have thought it worth while to give the slightest heed to the suggestions which came to him concerning the proper mode of relieving the administration of the embarrassment in which it was placed. He saw but one mode of conducting his mission, and that was, to insist on being received as a minister-plenipotentiary and *resident*, or to demand his passports. Perhaps his instructions, and the nature and character of the enterprise on which he was sent, admitted of nothing less; it is quite possible. We shall know more of this, if his instructions and the real objects of the mission shall ever be disclosed. But supposing—if, indeed, we are at liberty to suppose any such thing—that some degree of moderation prevailed in the counsels at Washington in regard to the objects of this mission, and that it was not instituted with the absurd expectation of dragooning Mexico, first into an unconditional submission to the measure of annexation with any far-off boundary for our Texan possessions which we might see fit to name, and next into such further dismemberment of her empire, on our own terms, as our own dreams of

avarice or ambition might prompt us to demand; supposing, we say, that some sort of moderation, and some idea of common justice, prevailed at Washington on the instituting of this mission, we must be allowed, upon this supposition, to bear our humble but undoubting testimony against the conduct of the mission, as calculated, in every way, to create rather than allay irritation among the Mexican people, and to bring embarrassment and ruin on the Mexican administration of the day—confessedly friendly, as it was, and anxious to bring all our difficulties to a prompt accommodation and settlement. If this mission was not undertaken by our government with a sincere desire for a friendly accommodation, and on terms of common and equal justice, it ought to have been; and if it was, or had been, so undertaken, we see no reason why it should have failed, except on account of the form in which it was instituted and so ungraciously persisted in, and of the lofty and uncompromising spirit and manner in which it was attempted to be conducted. We have not a doubt if Mr. Slidell had been permitted, or could have been contented, to present himself to Mexico as a “commissioner,” charged to bring about, by all proper means, the former friendly relations of the two powers, so unhappily interrupted by the measure of annexation, that he might then have purchased a most liberal boundary in the South and West for Texas, for the sum of five millions of dollars, or a much less sum perhaps, extinguishing at the same time, forever, every trace of troublesome resentment towards us on account of annexation, and, so far, placing the two Republics once more on a footing of peace and amity with each other. The subject of our unsatisfied claims might easily have been disposed of in the same arrangement. We do not say that a boundary could have been obtained to satisfy the ambition of the President. We do not say, even, that that boundary could have been carried quite up to the Rio Grande, though possibly it might have been; much less do we say that we could have secured, in such an arrangement, as a part of our Texan possessions, the whole country of New Mexico, or Santa Fé, this side of that river, and much less still that we should have been allowed to run our western boundary across from the Paso del Norte to the Pacific by the 32d parallel, and thus bring the whole of Upper California within our limits

and jurisdiction. Possibly we might have secured a capital harbor in that region. But what we do say, and repeat, is, that this very mission of Mr. Slidell to Mexico, if it had been instituted in the proper form, conducted in a proper manner, and undertaken for proper and reasonable objects only, might, at that time, have been made to result in the acquisition, for a moderate sum of money, of a liberal boundary for Texas—pushed as far South and West as would have been just to Mexico or profitable to us—and of course in quieting completely and forever all resentment and irritation in reference to that grand source of trouble between the two powers, the measure of annexation. The adjustment of our claims on Mexico, and of all other differences, would necessarily have been included in this arrangement, or would have immediately followed. Of the truth of all this the history of the mission itself affords abundant proof. And we appeal now to our countrymen to say—men of all parties who love their country and its true glory—whether, when peace with Mexico, on such terms and with such advantages as we have here indicated, was within the power and grasp of the President, whether they think it was worth the while that such a peace should have been flung away, and the country plunged into such a war as we are now cursed with, merely because Mr. Polk was unwilling that his envoy should be called a commissioner instead of a minister, or because his own views of personal fame and political success led him to clutch at extended and vast possessions in Mexico, which he vainly imagined, as they could not be obtained by negotiation, might be easily and speedily secured by a military demonstration, or at any rate by a touch of our quality in actual war. To one or the other, or both of these causes, in our belief, it is owing, that peace with Mexico, on just and honorable terms, was not secured when it might have been, and that the dreadful alternative of war was adopted.

We have a right to conclude—the country has a right to conclude—that Mr. Slidell's mission would have terminated in the peaceable settlement of all difficulties and disputes between the two powers, if he had once been received, and negotiations fairly entered upon. The Mexican government, first under Herrera, and finally under Paredes, refused to receive and accredit Mr. Slidell, “as envoy-extraordinary and minister-

plenipotentiary to *reside* near it." In both cases the refusal was in the same terms, and on the same ground. At the same time, and to the last, Mr. Slidell was explicitly told, and so was the Secretary of State, that that government would, "with the utmost satisfaction," proceed to treat with the envoy for the settlement "of the differences existing between the two countries"—those, namely, having reference to annexation, which alone had caused the interruption of their friendly intercourse—as soon as he would present himself as a commissioner, charged specially with powers *ad hoc*; adding also this assurance, that, the way being thus opened, and friendly relations re-established, the government would then, of course, have no difficulty in receiving Mr. Slidell in the character of minister to *reside* near it. And who, we ask, would have been injured, whose dignity would have been compromised, or what interest of the country would have been sacrificed, if Mr. Slidell had received and presented a letter of credence and instructions to the effect insisted on by the authorities of Mexico? He lingered in Mexico after his first repulse, until new instructions were received; but unhappily he was only instructed to insist on his reception in the shape and character in which he had first presented himself. It must be that, or nothing; or rather, it must be that, or war!

War was the purposed alternative deliberately adopted in the case; and it was not a question between negotiation, and war. All the while Mexico professed herself ready and anxious to negotiate; what she promptly and constantly refused was, to receive, in the *first* instance, a minister-plenipotentiary to *reside* near that government. Still she offered to negotiate with a commissioner, invested with powers *ad hoc*; and to this the President of the United States refused to consent. On his part then it was not a question between negotiation and war, but it was a question between negotiation *through his minister-plenipotentiary commissioned to reside near the Mexican government*, and war. He insisted that the negotiator on his part should sit down at once at the capital of the Mexican Republic exactly on the same footing of an envoy from the most friendly nation, or there should be no negotiation at all. Negotiation should *begin* in this form, or it should not begin at all; and the alternative should be war!

It is manifest that it was the deliberate

purpose of the administration to take this terrible alternative, and make their appeal promptly to the arbitrament of war. War was denounced against Mexico by Mr. Slidell, as the *inevitable result* of her refusal to receive him just as he presented himself to her; and from the first to the last, he tendered his opinion to his government at home, that nothing would bring these Mexicans to their proper behavior but a little salutary chastisement; as if they were under wardship and pupilage to us, and we must flog them, like refractory children, to make them mind their manners! We are not surprised at any ignorance of the Mexican character on the part of Mr. Polk and Mr. Buchanan; but we confess that we are amazed that Mr. Slidell should have so mistaken that people.

But this purpose of war, rather than that Mr. Slidell should be received by Mexico only as a commissioner with special powers to treat of differences and for peace, we want the country to understand how decided and deliberate it was on the part of the President. Mr. Slidell was told by the Secretary of State: "You ought so to conduct yourself as to throw the whole odium of the failure of the negotiation upon the Mexican government." . . . "The desire of the President is, that you should conduct yourself with such wisdom and firmness in the crisis, that the voice of the American people shall be unanimous in favor" . . . of war. "In the mean time, the President, in *anticipation* of the final refusal of the Mexican government to receive you, has ordered the army of Texas to advance and take position on the left bank of the Rio Grande, and has directed that a strong fleet shall be immediately assembled in the Gulf of Mexico." This was the fatal order of the 13th of January, given two months before the "final refusal" to receive Mr. Slidell and which precipitated and brought on the war. And so determined was the President on his purpose of war, or at least on a hostile demonstration, that this order was given and this warlike movement made, on the sole authority of the Executive, while Congress was in session under his eye, which alone has the power to make war. Congress was not only not consulted, but the profoundest secrecy was attempted to be observed at Washington in regard to this movement. It is perfectly manifest that the President did not dare to trust the subject with Congress—composed, though it was, of a large majority of his parti-

sans, in both Houses. He knew that Congress would not authorize war, or any warlike demonstration, either in *anticipation* of Mr. Slidell's return home from his bootless mission, or upon, or because of his return. He could not then, or at any time before the first blow was struck, have made a case, upon which Congress would have declared war. We believe he knew this perfectly well; and he sent an army to the Rio Grande, with the deliberate and full purpose that thus a case should be made, as with the sword of Brennus, which should admit of no alternative but war—unless, indeed, Mexico should be found to be frightened from her propriety by his military demonstration, and abjectly submit without striking a blow; for we believe the administration was weak enough to dream of the possibility of a bloodless achievement on this score! But so much, at least, the President was evidently resolved on; if the Mexicans will fight when their fields and peaceful firesides are invaded—if they will fight when we point a battery directly on the public square of one of their chief cities—why, let them fight; if it comes to that, they must lose, and we shall win.

And how was it that the President was so prompt and so resolved to take extreme measures against Mexico? He was not a soldier; was not bred in camps; had never "set a squadron in the field;" had not shown himself "sudden and quick in quarrel," or "sought the bubble, reputation, in the cannon's mouth." What did he want of a war in Mexico? Well, it was not, we suppose, so much the war that he wanted, but he wanted Mexican territory—a rich province or two, cut out of her dominion, with which to illustrate the *first* term of his Presidency; and as his first essay—the mission of Mr. Slidell—had been met in a temper to promise little for his plans of territorial aggrandizement through that mode, he resolved to try the other tack. We acquit him entirely of the sagacity to foresee to what a terrible war, how obstinate, protracted and oppressive, he was committing the country. We do him the justice to believe that he fancied that a demonstration of war, or at most a handsome "brush" with Mexico, just to make her "feel our strength"—as Mr. Slidell had advised—would be enough for his purpose; enough to make Mexico treat with him on his own terms, and dispose her to relax a little the firmness of her

grasp on some of those broad acres of hers, which seemed, in his eyes, so desirable a possession for the United States, especially if he might have the credit of making the acquisition. Still, he could not know to what lengths and straits the country might be driven in the war which he undertook to provoke, and he was willing to run all the risks and awful hazards of such an enterprise.

That it was territory—the vehement desire to extend the dominion of the Republic, as a measure deemed of all others most grateful to the Roman ambition of our people—which moved Mr. Polk to adopt his extraordinary line of policy towards Mexico, and finally to challenge her to the combat, has never been matter of doubt with us, and must now be apparent to every one who has taken the trouble to look into the whole history of this business. To take and hold New Mexico and Upper California, was a principal object distinctly avowed and earnestly insisted on, in the earliest instructions given to the military and naval commanders, sent out on their errands of conquest to these countries. These instructions included the command of the President forthwith to set up civil governments in the conquered countries! Proceeding from one audacious step to another, he actually sent out a *military colony* from the city of New York, under the name of a regiment of volunteers, for permanent settlement in California. And upon the success of these military enterprises, the President ventured, in his last annual Message to Congress, to congratulate the country on "the vast extension of our territorial limits."

Who could believe, in the face of facts like these, the President would venture to repeat, in the same message, the stale declaration, that the "war had not been waged with any view to conquest!" But it was sufficiently characteristic of the whole of that extraordinary document, that he should assert nevertheless, in the very same paragraph, that the war, since it had been begun, had been carried into the enemy's country, and should be prosecuted, to secure *there* "ample indemnity" for the expenses of the war, as well as for our pecuniary claims on Mexico. This, of itself, was a sufficient avowal that, in the convenient name of indemnity for the expenses of the war—a war demonstrably begun by the President himself—the contest had been and should be waged expressly with a view to the per-

manent conquest of Mexican territory, and the dismemberment of that empire by the sword. But this avowal has been recently repeated, in a still more explicit form: The President has asked and obtained of Congress three millions of dollars, to enable him to bring the war to a conclusion by a treaty of peace. How this money was proposed to be used, and with what object, was disclosed in the Senate by the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, on introducing the Bill. We had already taken military possession of New Mexico and Upper California, and the chairman declared that, in making peace, "he supposed no Senator would think we ought to get less" than these two provinces. And this grand object of the war was expected to be secured, as nearly as could be understood from the oracular explanations of the chairman, while some chief—probably Santa Anna—and some faction along with him, should be in the possession of temporary power in Mexico, by making a judicious application and advance of these monies "to pay the expenses of their army, and other expenses," and thus to purchase of them a peace, with a cession of these territories to the United States! In other words, the money was to be used, not to buy the territories, for which it was manifestly inadequate—but to buy the men who were to make peace with us, and cede us the territories, or leave them to become ours by the law of *uti possidetis*! Of course, it was only in strict accordance with the designs of the President in the conduct of this war, as thus at last openly avowed, that his party in the Senate rejected an amendment to the Three Million Bill, proposed by Mr. Berrien of Georgia, which declared, by way of proviso, "that the war with Mexico ought not to be prosecuted by this government with any view to the dismemberment of that republic, or to the acquisition by conquest of any portion of her territory."

We have now given the readers of this Journal an account of Mr. Slidell's mission to Mexico, according to our understanding of it, with the causes of its failure, and the fearful alternative of war to which the President so promptly turned, in the face of all constitutional impediments, and with objects so utterly reprehensible. They will judge of the whole matter for themselves. It is for the American people to say, how they like this being driven or dragged into a war, under such circumstances, and for such objects. We believe that the administra-

tion, or the country, one or the other, is preparing for a day of terrible retribution.

A very recent proceeding on the part of the administration furnishes a very apt commentary on the wisdom and dignity of its policy towards Mexico, and to which it so obstinately adhered, in the matter of Mr. Slidell's mission. The two countries then, though not at war, were in a state of hostility rather than a state of peace. To restore friendly relations, Mexico insisted that we must send her a commissioner, specially invested with powers to treat of the causes which had interrupted these relations; but the President refused to send a commissioner, or any other than a minister plenipotentiary, to reside near that government. And upon this he proceeded to actual war. But now it would seem at last discovered, after we have had the calamities and horrors of a war upon us for near a twelvemonth, that it may be quite a proper thing, as soon as we can find a door of admission open to us, to send a commissioner, one or more, with special powers, to treat with Mexico for peace and for the restoration of friendly relations between the two countries. It is understood that the administration applied to the Finance Committee of the Senate, near the close of the late session of Congress, to procure an appropriation of 50,000 dollars for this object, and expressly on the ground that though Mexico might be willing to treat with us, yet a diplomatic mission in the ordinary form might not be acceptable to her. If just this easy concession had been made to Mexico fifteen months ago, this war might have been avoided! How it is to be ended, now we are in it, is another question. In our honest conviction, we can have peace with Mexico only by abandoning, and disavowing, in the most explicit manner, every desire, and purpose, and plan of conquest. The administration must give up the policy it has so long cherished of dismembering that empire for the sake of aggrandizing our own. It must return to some sense, or some show, of honesty and fair dealing, before Mexico will ever treat with us for peace. Of this we have no doubt. Till this is done, our battles and military enterprises will give us brilliant achievements and barren victories—nothing else; while our intrigues with whatever Mexican chief, or faction, backed by a corruption fund of three millions of dollars, will bring us nothing but national disgrace and dishonor.

D. D. B.

APRIL.

With bolder step the climbing sun
Begins in April's air to run ;
The hills beneath him glow :
And slopes where oozing waters glide,
And vales where floating mists abide,
A gladdening verdure show.

Now tiny brooklets tinkling sweet
Embrace and murmur as they meet,
Beside the sun-clad hill ;
Above the marsh the blackbird cries ;
And from the wood the jay replies,
To echoes answering shrill.

I see the misty mountain shine,
Afar, along its azure line ;
And wide beneath me lie
Brown plains which wintry leaves bestrew,
And hoary woods, whose tenderer hue
Reminds of verdure nigh.

Alone the opening year I view ;
But rising joys, O friend, to you,
As erst and always, turn ;
Untaught, the bliss my fancies wear
No friendliest soul, though loved, may share—
Dark truth, and hard to learn !

Dear to the warm Italian dawns
The sun-flood on his misty lawns,
His soft cerulean day ;
With equal joy the ruder Gael
Beholds in blackening azure sail
The frost-cloud, cold and gray.

Its own the bliss each fancy knows :
And though mine own divinely glows,
With you it cannot share ;
Another heaven about you lies,
Whose varying glories to your eyes,
A different splendor wear.

'Tis love unites, 'tis honor blends ;
None ere through intellect were friends,
Or high poetic mood ;
We but revere, not love, the wise,
Who seeks in science or the skies
His own peculiar good.

But when through courteous acts and kind
Shows the warm wish,—the generous mind ;
Quick springs the infectious flame !
Needs then no fine nor learned sense—
Fancy's proud flight, or wit's pretence—
Bland words, or sounding name !

As on one Alpine summit nurst
 Two springs to light united burst,
 But soon diversely tost,
 From steep to steep a different way,
 Each seeks the vale—one bold and gay—
 One in deep channels lost :

So sprang the joys that bound our souls,
 But each apart now alien rolls,
 And marks a different bourne ;
 Nor mingling e'er shall blend again,
 Till lost amid that termless main
 Where all to all return.

Lament I then, or weakly bear,
 The fate that now forbids to share
 My bliss, my equal woe ?
 Still would I pour all gifts to waste,
 Nor dare alone one solace taste—
 One silent anguish know ?

Alone to front the dark afraid,
 Like silly child or trembling maid,
 Whom empty shadows scare ;
 Subdued by each unlooked-for good,
 O'erwhelmed by fortune's changing mood,
 Swayed by the forceless air ?

Shame on the weakness !—grant me grace
 O Heaven, thine every doom to face,
 Through bliss, through anguish fell ;
 Grant me thy strength to bear me free,
 To be at one with Destiny,
 Though grief, though death, compel.

And, as the Earth her verdure gains
 By caverned fires and treasured rains,
 Unseen of mortal eyes ;
 Even as the Sea her force conceals,
 Till time and fate the strength reveals
 That in her bosom lies :

Such growth—such force—be't mine to know ;
 Let secret strength within me glow,
 With honor's fire upraise ;
 And crown my life's perfected sphere
 With acts and words, that—mortal here—
 Shall win immortal praise !

CYONIDES.

ON A CONGRESS OF NATIONS TO SETTLE NATIONAL DISPUTES.

It is proposed in this article to offer some remarks on that project of the "American Peace Society," which is indicated by its title. The writer is sufficiently sensible of the disfavor with which the project is likely to be regarded: "Utopian, chimerical, impracticable," are the terms doubtless which many will apply to it; and yet, if there is a Law of Nations, is it extravagant to ask, why there may not be a Court of Nations?

The world is slowly arriving at the conviction that there must be some other method than war by which reasonable beings may settle their disputes. Indeed, what *mode* that is, of adjusting the fair and equitable claims of nations, which obtains the solution of difficulties by violence—which brings in the sword to cut the Gordian knot—which marshals armies, not arguments, to decide every question, let common sense judge. Clearly, it is not, in any intelligible sense, a method of settling disputes. It does not even put an end to them. All the questions after the war are just where they were before the war; and are ready at any moment to be revived. All the difference is, that after the war, power may dictate, and weakness must submit. There is no pretence of right in the case; nor is there now any pretence of an appeal to heaven, as there was formerly in the martial encounter of single champions. It is a trial of strength, and nothing else. It is the strongest cause which is best, and not the good cause which is strongest, before this grim and bloody tribunal of martial justice.

Be it admitted, however, that war, in a sense utterly degrading to both parties, helps to a decision—that nations are willing to negotiate when they can fight no longer—that lost battles and exhausted finances, have a marvellous effect in clearing up the truth and right of things to the vision of kings and ministers, of governments and diplomatic agents. Still, if this method will not much longer do—if enlightened nations cannot bear it—if the worn and torn sinews of national strength and prosperity,—nay, and the worn and torn sinews of human heart and flesh, cannot and will not forever bear it, then some other method is to be devised.

Now let the reader consider, whether besides the martial trial, there is any

conceiveable method of settling disputes but one. If force is to be laid aside, reason must take its place; this is the only alternative. If reason has any thing to do with the decision, it must take the form of a judgment. If there is a judgment, there must be a reference of the cause to it. If there is a reference of the cause, there must be a hearing of it—there must be an arbitration. If there is an arbitration, there must be arbitrators; or, to vary the statement, if there is a hearing of the cause, there must be an auditor, or umpire.

We have not yet, it is true, arrived at the point proposed. That requires another step, and it does not follow, to be sure, that if there must be arbitrators or an umpire, either must form a permanent Court, for the trial of causes between nations as parties. That is to say, it does not follow as a matter of argument; and the question is, whether it will not follow as a matter of easy transition, and as a matter of expediency. Meanwhile, we think it important to secure the position which we have thus taken, and to show that the progress of civilization and of civil liberty tends directly, if not inevitably, to this point.

Before we go farther then, let us see whether the ground to which we have arrived is strong—whether it is strong enough to bear up any practical principles: or is only of sufficient firmness to sustain a useless theory. The position may seem to be very clear, but it needs probably to be insisted on. What we say is, that the only alternative to the employment of force is arbitration.

Now is there any thing—let it be asked to test the practical value of this conclusion—is there any thing in the affairs of nations that must preclude them from being submitted, like other affairs, to the arbitration of disinterested persons.

Nations have resorted to this method of decision. They are doing so more frequently, as civilization advances. They can already do this without dishonor: and this I consider to be the most material point of all—the point of honor. Nations have frequently fought for this. They have often fought unwillingly, as individuals have:—fought only because there was no other way to save

their honor. But let it become by usage, as much a point of honor, or at least as compatible with honor, to submit national differences to arbitration, and one of the most prolific causes of war is removed.

And such is the advance of public sentiment upon this point, that even now, if a bloody and devastating war should arise between two Christian nations from some meaner cause—from any slight and imaginary pretences—the signs of the times will disappoint us altogether if a thousand voices are not raised against it, if a thousand pens are not employed to set forth its folly and wickedness, and to stamp it as a resort, on such an occasion, fit only for barbarians. And the day has come, thank Heaven! when the pen is no contemptible weapon. It fought for the Poles, and in the only contest in which it professes to be strong, it prevailed; it spread a sympathy through Christendom for their character and their conflict, and it has prepared the world to cheer them in their exile. So true is this, that we do not believe there is in France, in England, or America, a sequestered hamlet, where one of that unhappy people could appear, without being regarded with the deepest respect and sympathy for his sufferings, or hailed with acclamation for his heroism. Yes, the world knows their story; the pen of indignant genius has graven it on the tablet of memory, for at least one century. Even Bonaparte, reckless as he was of most things, felt the power of public opinion, pointed and graven as it was, by the pens of the free journalists of England. There was no time, though the tide of success swelled to the highest—though Europe rung beneath the steeled footsteps of his armies—though kings followed in his train—there was no time when he could not be stung to the bitterest exasperation by a London newspaper. With anger if not with fear, we may say in the words of the poet, "he did shake, 'tis true, this god did shake." The artillery of a whole opposing army was not a thing he dreaded so much as a single printing-press.

Facts like these are omens of indefinite good to come. The diffusion of knowledge must raise the tone of public sentiment. Readers and literary men, the votaries of science and the liberal arts, have never as a body, possessed a high degree—have never possessed any thing like an average proportion, of the martial spirit. But the civilized world is becoming

a reading world, and is catching the spirit, if it is not sounding the depths, of science. It is becoming too comfortable, moreover, easily to bear the rude and shocking transition from peace to war. When men's houses possessed not many more comforts than the tents of a camp, the transition was less perceptible and less difficult. Life itself was an unequal contest with the warring elements, and with the rude passions of society; and where the wild uproar of anger and excess reigned, and the tempests of heaven swept through the dwellings of men, the storm of war might follow, and seem but slightly to vary the scene. But to the eyes of a civilized and refined people, who value more and more the blessings of existence, who venerate their temples and their asylums of mercy, who prize their seminaries of learning and their own fire-sides, who live more and more in their mutual affections, and are drawing closer and closer the bonds of domestic endearment; to the eyes of such a people, war must present itself as a ruthless destroyer, as a demon of hell, whose presence the earth cannot bear! Under influences like these, both of growing knowledge and refinement, public opinion must become at once more powerful and more pure; and in just that proportion war must become more and more unpopular, and amicable arrangement more and more popular. And if what is popular is to prevail and to have the ascendancy—if the people are to reign, as every sign of the times shows that they are; then it is inevitable that more and more frequent resort will be had, in national differences, to the method of arbitration.

If then it is probable, that the method of arbitration will be more fully introduced, and become more common, we are led to the further question, whether it will not be found advisable to assemble periodical conventions of nations, or to establish a permanent court for the trial of national causes? Would not that mode of adjudication very naturally pass into this? That is to say, would it not be likely to pass into something more regular and permanent? It is precisely thus that all regularly organized courts among every people, have arisen, by easy transition from the rude practice of referring causes between man and man to the decision of their neighbors, or of some disinterested parties. The first method indeed of settling personal

disputes was by the strong arm. The next was by arbitration. This led to the regular administration of justice. Why may not nations, which are but collections of individuals, pass through the same process? Or, to take a case more exactly analogous, why may not nations like counties or states in an empire, adjust their difficulties in this manner? I say, that this is the natural progress of things. Suppose that a Court of Reference were formed by representatives from two or three friendly powers. The case of an empire, let it be observed by the by, does not materially differ from this; for it is not one man, after all; it is not the head of a friendly government, that decides, but a commission appointed by him to investigate the case; and there are cases, obviously, where it is desirable that the court should be composed, not of a commission in one kingdom, but of representatives from different kingdoms. Suppose a Court of Reference, then, assembled to settle some great national controversy. How natural would it be, that other and similar questions should be submitted to it! If the court were composed of individuals of great weight and dignity of character, we persuade ourselves that it could hardly happen but that some other causes would be brought before it. And thus in time there might grow up a great Amphictyonic Council, more worthy surely to decide between civilized nations, than the dread assize of battle.

There really are some pertinent and independent reasons why such a permanent court should be established. All law needs to be carefully defined, and regularly administered. This will never be done but by learned judges and responsible tribunals. There is a law of nations; involving immense interests and complicated relations; and it would seem to require its own tribunal, as much as any other branch of jurisprudence. In no other way, probably than by the administration of permanent and responsible courts, can the requisites of good and useful law, in any of its departments be obtained.*

One of these requisites is certainty. This is held by civilians, we believe, to be only less important to the utility of laws, than their very rectitude. It is important that those who are to be governed by any laws should know what those laws

are, what line of conduct is conformable to them, and what will be construed as an infringement of them. Now it appears to us, though we would speak modestly, and under correction of those who are studious in these matters, that no sufficient certainty can arise from a mere code; that a code, however useful it may be, for other purposes, cannot fully answer this purpose; that it can only embody general principles, and that new cases constantly occurring, new relations arising, and perpetually varying circumstances, will continually require new applications and endless modifications to these principles. If then, there were any received code of international law, which there is not; if the books on this subject could be considered as codes; if they were precise and uniform in their decisions, which they are not; still, to fix down to a precise meaning that which is general, and to meet the ever recurring exigencies of national controversy, would require a body of authorized precedents, and a regular and uniform administration of the law of nations. If a Congress of Nations were now assembled to form a code, would not the work be left half undone if a court were not organized, to interpret and apply it? At any rate it is not easy to see why this is not as proper and necessary for nations, as a Supreme Judiciary is for our United States; or why a tribunal to judge between communities, is not as important as a tribunal to judge between individuals. Nay, not to say that nations are made up of individuals, and that all national controversies become unavoidably personal, and bear down sooner or later upon personal interests; the truth is, that they are individuals who are most frequently concerned, whether intentionally or not, in violation of international law, and whose interest it is to know what that law is. Merchants, and especially the merchants of neutral nations in a time of war, are continually taking, or wishing to take, steps in their foreign trade, for the safe direction of which they as much require an exact law, as for the steps which they take in their business at home. "The complexity of modern commerce," says Chancellor Kent, "has swelled beyond all bounds the number and intricacy of questions of national law, and particular-

* The position here taken is general, and has no reference, one way or the other, to the Admiralty Courts of different nations.

ly upon the very comprehensive head of maritime capture." How much has been suffered, for want of definiteness in this branch of law, by the citizens of every maritime nation, is sufficiently well known.

But there are other requisites in a system of good and useful jurisprudence. "Law," says Blackstone, "is a rule; something permanent, uniform and universal." Now, it is obvious that neither arbitrations nor the decision of Admiralty Courts in different nations, nor treatises on international law, come up to this definition. Upon the inadequacy of arbitrations to form a body of such law, it is unnecessary to insist; they are occasional; they have never settled any principles; nor do they usually leave any record indeed but of the simple results. Of the very exalted terms of praise in which the decisions of the English High Court of Admiralty are spoken of by the highest authorities among us, we are aware, as well as of the eminent merits of our own Admiralty jurisprudence; but whether the attribute of universality can attach to principles settled in a single country, whether other nations will submit to them, is questionable. Whether, in fact, such decisions are likely to possess that impartiality, which would commend them to universal adoption, must be doubted. Nations like individuals—judges as well as other men—may be influenced by interest and passion. Maritime nations and their courts will be likely to decide one way; and manufacturing and agricultural nations and their tribunals another way. It is precisely as in the case of our own Federal Union—the courts of South Carolina would be likely to pronounce one judgment on a constitutional question, and the courts of Massachusetts to pronounce another and directly opposite judgment. Can either of these judgments secure the concurrence of all the other States? Can it become, or ought it to become, a part of the body of universal and binding law among us? As to professed treatises on the subject, we have the highest authority for saying, that "there is no one work that combines, in just proportions and with entire satisfaction, an accurate and comprehensive view of the necessary and of the instituted law of nations, and in which principles are sufficiently supported by argument, authority, and example."*

Many questions are raised upon the most important subjects; as, the rights of neutrals, the law of prize, the contraband of war, the extent of jurisdiction over neighboring seas, and the right of interference in the internal affairs of other nations, whether to guard against the efforts of revolutionary movements, or to assist those who have revolted against their own government—many questions are raised on these topics, which are not yet sufficiently settled, and which never can be settled, perhaps, in a manner universally satisfactory but in a Court of Nations.

Such a court would possess great advantages in its position and in its permanence. From its permanence, it would be in a situation to form a body of precedents to govern its decisions. It would also secure entire devotion to it of a body of learned judges, and would naturally awaken in them the highest ambition to bring the system of international law to perfection. Such a court would have a permanent character to support; and to support before the whole world. This would be its position; and such a position would give the greatest possible respectability and weight to its decisions. An institution like this would clothe the law of nations with an authority most needful to it; since it cannot possess the ordinary penal sanctions of law. Its voice would be the consent of nations; and although delinquent nations cannot be punished as individual aggressors can, yet the force of public opinion can be visited upon them, and proceeding, as it then would, from the High Court of Nations, it would come with concentrated power.

Let it be added, that provided the principle of arbitration is admitted as a reasonable one, in national controversies, such a court is necessary to give that method of pacification its full success. In all such controversies, it would stand before the world as the grand resort. It would thus turn away the roads of men from war. It is important indeed to observe that a Congress of nations would not propose itself as a judge of the question whether two countries should take up arms; it would not throw itself between two armies or two kingdoms, to withstand the power of exasperated nations—that would not be its position. It would not stand as the antagonist of the

* Kent's Commentaries, vol. i. p. 18.

war principle. It would not offer itself to breast the shock of the angry elements. But it would silently convey away from them the principle of destruction. It would operate as courts of law do, in a civilized community. It would lessen the number of quarrels by opening another method of adjustment, and making it common and familiar. Among a rude and barbarous people, not possessing any legal tribunals, all must perceive how desirable it would be, to promote as much as possible the use of arbitration in settling quarrels; but if arbitrators were to be chosen on every such occasion, that plan would obviously be much less effectual to the keeping of the peace, than would the establishment of a regular and permanent court of justice. Such an institution, then, do we propose as having some claims to be considered among the means for promoting the peace of nations.

Our proposition is now before the reader, and we must ask him not to set it aside at once, as extravagant, nor to be prejudiced against it as new, nor till he has examined, to reject it as impracticable.

As to the apparent extravagance of the proposition, let it be remembered, that it cannot appear more extravagant, than to a rude people, did the first proposition of the trial by jury. There was doubtless the same incredulity about the plan; there were the same difficulties attending its execution; and there is, in fact, the same principle at bottom. What is the principle? That something of personal right and power must be given up for security,—for peace; given up, indeed, in particular instances, but to be returned in far fuller measure to the bosom of the whole community. Cannot the same thing be done by nations? If it cannot, why can it not? We seriously ask, why can it not? We cannot consent that the whole subject, solemn and momentous as it is in its bearings, should be dismissed, with a vague charge of extravagance or a summary phrase of contempt. Let it be remembered that neither civilization, nor religion, nor the arts, ever took any great step in the world, but the movement was regarded with precisely the same feeling.

That great step in civilization which would be taken by the establishment of a court of nations, the greatest—probably a most important that yet remains to

be taken—does really not present itself in a light as extravagant as have many successful projects for the improvement of the human condition. The universal diffusion of knowledge by any means, must once have seemed more impracticable than the universal diffusion of peace, by the means that we propose; inasmuch as to move the mass of the world must have appeared a mightier task than to influence the governors of a few nations. In short, all great projects, bearing the character of innovation, from that of Luther in the world of mind, to that of Fulton in the world of matter—the latter perhaps to exert as powerful an influence on society as the former—have in their day been accounted wild and extravagant schemes. Twenty-five years ago, it would not have been thought by any means so extravagant to propose the assembling of a permanent congress of nations, as it would to have undertaken to devise the means of conveying them to the place of meeting by steam. Nay, had war never been known in the world, the proposition to settle national difficulties by that means would have been pronounced to be an extravagance as monstrous as it would have been unheard of. To constitute a tribunal of six or ten grave men, is it considered an extravagant proposition by those who can marshal armies of six or ten hundred thousands of men? The muster of the military forces of Christendom in a general war, would be more than twice the largest of these numbers. And yet if such an awful crisis were to come, and two millions of men were to be armed and clothed, and provisioned, and half of them were to lose their lives in battle, and the countries of twenty nations were to be ravaged with fire and sword, and debts were to be accumulated, which, it might be evident, would take twenty generations to pay off by a system of the most grievous and grinding taxation, not a word would be breathed of the extravagance of such a proposition!

In the next place, against the proposition made in this essay, no prejudice ought to be entertained, on account of its seeming novelty; for the very good reason that it is not new.

Far back in the ages of Grecian story, so far, indeed, that its origin is lost in the shadows of antiquity, flourished, at Thermopylae, the Amphictyonic Council. "The most important business of the

assembly," says the historian,* "and that which seems to have been with great wisdom and humanity proposed as the principal end of the institution, was the establishment and support of a kind of law of nations among the Greeks, that might check the violence of war among themselves, and finally prevent those horrors, that extremity of misery, which the barbarity of those elder times usually made the lot of the vanquished." We are informed by Æschines, the Athenian orator, himself at one time a member of the Council, as the representative of Athens, that twelve nations were represented in the Assembly, and the number was afterwards increased. We have, on the same authority, the form of the Amphictyonic oath, which bound each member, under the most solemn pledges never to subvert any Amphictyonic city, but to appease the angry passions and to mitigate the horrors of war, and to defend the sanctity of religion.† Here, then, is a prototype—and an age as early, it is probable, as the 15th century before the Christian era furnishes it—of the proposed congress of nations. Why may not Christian nations follow the humane example? It certainly will not be pretended that the Grecian cities and territories, though within a smaller compass, had not in that barbarous age as great difficulties to encounter as any nations at the present day can have.

We might go on to mention the Achean League in the later days of Greece, the Imperial Chamber of Maximilian in the 15th century, the League of the Hanse Towns, and especially the Swiss Confederacy. The Swiss wisely determined beforehand, observes Vattel, in all their alliances with one another, and often with other nations, on the manner in which their disputes, if any should arise, should be submitted to arbitrators; and to this wise precaution is to be referred much of their prosperity and of the respect they enjoyed abroad.‡ With regard to the utility of another of these institutions, we have the opinion of a distinguished civilian and statesman of our own country. "History," he says, "gives us a horrid picture of the dissensions and private wars that distracted

and desolated Germany prior to the institution of the Imperial Chamber by Maximilian towards the close of the 15th century, and informs us at the same time of the vast influence of that institution in appeasing the disorders, and establishing the tranquillity, of the empire."

These cases, though we do not care to insist much upon them, are nevertheless so far cases in point, that the parties to the various confederacies named, did not form, as our American States do, a single government or nation, but were separate and independent cities and states.¶ They were not united under one political constitution, as is often supposed of the Greeks, Germans, and Swiss, from their common name; but they were united simply for the prevention of internal feuds and for defence against enemies abroad. These instances show, at least, that the history of the world, from its earliest periods, is not devoid of examples of that sort of combination which is proposed under the title of a congress of nations. Nay, and the various Congresses of Nations that have appeared in the History of Modern Europe, those of Cambray and Soissons, of Aix la Chapelle, of Laybach and Vienna, prove that such things may be; and it will not be denied that they may be used for good as well as for bad ends. There has been too an alliance within the present century, an alliance denominated "Holy," for the defence of royal and imperial prerogatives against popular encroachment; and without asking why a *Holy Alliance* may not be formed for the welfare of the people, by the preservation of peace, it may, at least be said, that a proposition to this effect ought not to be regarded as a strange and monstrous project, to be rejected because it is new. It is only to change the design, without changing the form, and the example becomes familiar.

But the *precise position* before us is not, in fact, new. It is well known that Henry the Great, of France, formed a design of this nature, in which he was joined, if not in fact anticipated, by Elizabeth of England. The plan, though marred perhaps by some admixture of ambitious motives on the part of the king, and certainly by some things visionary and im-

* Mitford, Vol. 1. See also Vols. 6 and 7, passim. † Orations of Æschines.

‡ Law of Nations, § 329.

§ Hamilton. Federalist. LXXX. ¶ This was *virtually* true of Germany in the 15th century. See Robertson's preliminary Dissertation to the History of Charles V. Sec. III.

practicable in the detail, was nevertheless, as it would appear, an honest project for the permanent pacification of Europe, and justly deserving the title which was given to it, of "the Great Design." The evidence of Elizabeth's interest in it is given in the *Memoirs* of Sully,—the best, and indeed the only, authority on the subject,—who was sent by Henry to the Court of the English Queen, to confer with her; and who says that he found her mind much engaged upon the project, and that she had already drawn up a number of articles, conditions and different dispositions, evincing great wisdom and penetration.

"The design of Henry," says Sully, stating it in substance, "was to save himself and the neighboring powers those immense sums, which the maintenance of so many thousand soldiers, so many fortified places, and so many military expenses required; to free them forever from the fear of those bloody catastrophes so common in Europe; to procure them an uninterrupted repose, and finally to unite them all in an indissoluble bond of security and friendship, after which they might live together like brethren, and reciprocally visit like good neighbors, without the trouble of ceremony, and without the expense of a train of attendants. Does it not, indeed, he adds, reflect shame and reproach on a people who affect to be so polished and refined in their manners, that all their pretended wisdom has not yet guarded them from those barbarities which they detest in nations the most savage and uncultivated? And to destroy these pernicious seeds of confusion and disorder, and to prevent the barbarities of which they are the cause, could any scheme have been more happily or more perfectly devised than that of Henry the Great?"

"Sensible people, he continues, cannot be blamed for being prejudiced in favor of the scheme in question, from this circumstance only, that it was formed by two potentates whom posterity will always consider as the most perfect models in the art of governing."

Without going farther into detail, we subjoin from the *Memoirs*, the general statement of the plan: "The model," says Sully, "of this general Council of Europe has been formed on that of the Amphictyons of Greece, with such alterations only as rendered it suitable to our

customs, climate and policy. It consisted of a certain number of commissioners, ministers or plenipotentiaries from all parts of Europe, who were to be constantly assembled as a Senate, to deliberate on any affairs which might occur, to discuss the different interests, pacify the quarrels, clear up and determine all the civil, political and religious affairs of Europe, whether within itself, or with its neighbors." Whatever may have been the imperfections of the plan we are tempted to adopt concerning it the words of Henry, in a letter of his which still remains, and which is supposed to have been addressed to Queen Elizabeth, and to exclaim with him: "the most excellent and rare enterprise that ever the human mind conceived!—though rather divine than human!"*

But is the project feasible? This, doubtless, is the great question. Let us at once clear it from all extraneous matter and see distinctly what it is.

It may be asked, "Will nations submit to this great court of appeal? Will the nations all on fire for war, pause before such a tribunal?" That, let us say, is not exactly the question; nor is it the manner in which a great moral proposition ought to be met. It is not the question; because it is the feasibility and reasonableness only of a proposal that we are required to consider; its compatibility with the relations and duties of nations. Whether men will submit to it, we know not; but whether they can submit to it and prosper, and be happy, and fulfill all the purposes of national existence, is the question. If all sound, wise, and humane discussion is to be foreclosed by the consideration that human passion and folly threaten to resist the conclusion, then there never had been written a book on *Natural Law*, or the *Law of Nations*. But it is doing injustice to the world to say that such discussions are useless. They do, indeed, meet the tide of human passion, but they resist it too. Propositions which commend themselves to the reason and conscience of the world slowly make their way, and at length take their place among mankind as authoritative principles. It is a striking and encouraging fact that there is such a thing as a *Law of Nations*, a law which no authority enacted, a law strong in nothing but its own reasonableness and justice. We have always looked upon a writer

* Sully's *Memoirs*, Book xxx.

on public law as standing among his fellow men in an attitude which is scarcely less than sublime. He puts himself upon the world for its verdict, and the world without any legislation to command it, without any judge to instruct it, gives him acquittal and honor. He does not suffer the question to be asked, will the nations submit? But he announces to the nations what is true, and just, and right, and calmly leaves the cause before the tribunal of reason, of conscience, and of God.

Now let the project be presented in its naked simplicity, and let it be considered whether there is any thing impracticable in it. Suppose that the governments of England and France and of the United States, sincerely disposed to cultivate peace, sensible of the dreadful evils of war, and desirous of putting an end to them, should agree to refer all questions arising, or likely to arise, between them to the most august and impartial tribunal which they are able to form. Let it consist of two representatives or judges appointed by each power, either for life or for a term of years, to hold their court either permanently or periodically, and to sit in one place, or in several places, as might appear most advisable. Let the power of this tribunal be simply and solely a judiciary power. Let it be authorized to make no decrees but upon subjects regularly brought before it. Let it not undertake to raise up one, or to crush another, of the nations around it. Let its simple object be to promote the harmony and welfare of the nations represented in it. Let each of these nations, in the mean time retain its entire independence. Let it retain all the powers which natural law concedes to independent nations. Let it retain, even, the abstract right to make war, or at any rate the right to break off from the general union, and to pursue its own course. Such a *natural* right all communities of men possess. Each one of our United States, bound together as we are, maintains it. There is a right of revolution; there is a right of extremity. Let not this be denied. Let no Utopian bond of harmony be proposed, no plan which overlooks either human rights or human passions. Let the qualification for belonging to this confederacy of nations, be a simple desire expressed to substitute arbitration for bloodshed. Let the simple bond of union be a pledge to submit to the constituted tribunal. Let the

simple penalty of refusal to submit, on the part of any confederated kingdom, be the loss of its place in the Union, and of all the advantages resulting from it. This forfeiture, let it be observed, by the by, might itself prove a heavy penalty. Meanwhile, let other nations be permitted to join in this alliance, and to send their representatives, on the simple conditions above stated. Let them be invited to do so. The united influence of the governments before mentioned would be powerful with any court in Europe. The very example would be imposing, and we cannot help flattering ourselves that it would be attractive. The people, at least, if not the governments, would be in favor of it; and governments *must* yet become the organs of the popular will.

What now, is there in this simple plan that is impracticable? We do not profess to go much into details. It would be for profound politicians to settle these.

But it is obvious to remark, that such a Court or Congress of Nations, if it were assembled, might be empowered as a measure preliminary to an entrance on its judicial functions, to discuss some general measures of a pacific nature and to offer the result of their deliberations to their respective governments. They might propose a plan for the gradual reduction, in a fair ratio, of standing armies and navies. They might agree upon that humane measure of making the sea a neutral element, of making those highways of nations safe for all the purposes of simple commerce. And why, to use the words of the sage Franklin: "Why should it not be agreed to as the future law of nations, that in any war hereafter, the following descriptions of men should be undisturbed, have the protection of both sides, and be permitted to follow their employments with security? viz:

"1. Cultivators of the earth, because they labor for the subsistence of mankind.

"2. Fishermen, for the same reason.

"3. Merchants and traders, in unarméd ships, who accommodate different nations by communicating and exchanging the necessities and conveniences of life.

"4. Artists and mechanics, inhabiting and working in open towns."

In other words, let the soldiers, if they desire, fight it out by themselves. "Your young military men," says the illustrious Washington in one of his letters, "who want to reap the harvest of laurels don't care, I suppose, how many seeds of war

are sown; but for the sake of humanity it is devoutly to be wished, that the manly employments of agriculture and the harmonizing benefits of commerce, should supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest; that swords might be turned into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, and as the Scripture expresses it, *the nations learn war no more.*"

But to return; what is there in the project, we ask again, that is impracticable? Are the controversies of nations such as, from their very nature, refuse to submit to reason or to compromise, such as can submit only to arms? Of the two hundred and eighty-six considerable wars which have been waged in Christendom, two hundred have arisen from questions of territory, commerce, title to crowns, prerogative or precedence, or from controversies of a civil or religious nature. These surely are questions for logic, not for tactics to settle. Let, then, the nations that boast of enough civilization and intelligence to comprehend so plain a proposition, agree to submit their differences to the investigation and judgment of a common tribunal. The occasions for war that would remain would be few or none. Ebullitions and outbreaks there doubtless would be, now and then, in one quarter and for one cause and another. But this dreadful business of a solemn and authorized levying of war,—to be waged for years,—to spread gloom and woe over half the world—this dreadful business, this horrible custom can, if mankind are willing, be done away.

Are they not willing? Methinks, when the spectacle of a grave and venerable tribunal presents itself before me, the resort of peaceful nations, its sacred ermine never to be ruffled by violence nor spotted with blood, that it must draw to it the grateful homage of the world. If that blessed vision were turned into reality, if it were once announced that, by the intervention of friendly governments, that august court were actually established, methinks, it would not be the voice of objection which we should hear, but the voice of jubilee spreading through the nations. Men would greet one another in the streets and in the market-places, with a new feeling of the tie of brotherhood, and call themselves happy that they had lived to see such a day. A joy more universal than was ever before known, would be diffused through all the dwellings of civilized men. In many a

land which bears the memory of war as of an indescribable horror, millions would draw a freer breath; the aged man would rejoice that he should die in peace, and the mother would press to her bosom the child of many anxious fears, baptising it anew in the tears of hope and gladness. The song of deliverance, of hoped-for deliverance, from violence and blood, would spread through every valley and by every shore in Christendom. And processions would go forth,—with instruments of music, with harp and psaltery, would they go forth, to celebrate the great era of a new and wonderful age. And temples would resound with the voice of eloquence and of anthems,—repeating the song of angels and saying, "peace,—peace on earth; good will,—good will to man."

But alas! that era has not yet come, and we must check the words of gratulation to listen to the words of doubt and objection. There are still objections which apply not to the general organization, but to the particular action and efficiency of such a court.

Some of these objections, if not all of them, will be found to be such as apply to all human institutions,—such as lie with equal weight against all form of government and social order. The great measure which we advocate is not proposed as one that is perfect, or free from difficulties, and it would certainly be unreasonable to demand of it a perfection which belongs to nothing human. It is peculiarly unreasonable, though it is common, to demand of a new and untried experiment that it should be wholly clear from all those difficulties, which nothing but long practice can remove, and which, in human affairs, even the longest practice cannot remove entirely.

Thus the presence of national partialities in the proposed tribunal, and the danger of bribery, may be considered as objections to the institution, but they are objections to which all earthly councils are equally liable. Nay, an equal representation with equal power, from each member of the confederacy would be a safeguard against the operation of partial interests, stronger than ever was devised for any court of law. The danger of bribery would be less than it is in ordinary cases, from the character of the parties interested. The parties are nations, or the governments of nations, and if a sense of their dignity did not restrain them and make them fear, to

"Contaminate their fingers with base
bribes
And sell the mighty space of their large
honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped
thus:"

yet the very difficulty of the transaction would operate as a check. Bribery is secret; it can do nothing but under the veil of concealment; but the transactions of governments must pass through the hands of several agents, and must have the privacy of a number of officers and other individuals, and are therefore peculiarly liable to exposure.

It has been suggested that the plan proposed might endanger the national liberty of the weaker parties to it. But it guarantees the independence and integrity of each one of the confederated kingdoms and would therefore be the special protection of the weak. And if it be said that guarantees are feeble restraints upon national ambition, yet certainly they are better than no pledge or protection. Besides, in the august and open court of nations, it would be difficult, if not impossible to carry on any unconscientious scheme for the oppression of a humbler power. No; it must be in some dark conclave of diplomacy that such deeds shall be done.

But further, it may be said, that nations who should reduce their standing armies, who should be confederated together for the preservation of peace, and who should remain for a long time in a state of peace, would be exposed to the attack of military powers, or to the incursions of barbarous tribes around them. It is not proposed, let it be remembered, to destroy the weapons or munitions of war. Let them stand, and be carefully kept and regularly used, against the day of need; for, in the present state of the world, we would by no means throw away the means of defence. Let them stand, dread magazines of power, harmless but to the invader. And that they would make a nation strong, where there are strong hearts and hands to wield them, we appeal to the example of our country. We have no standing army; we have lived for almost half a century, with slight interruption, in a state of peace. But let the most disciplined legions of Europe invade the land that holds every thing dear to us, and what burning heart among us does not exclaim, "we are ready to meet them, standing before our altars and firesides!" And what cold

philosopher looking on, and understanding human nature, would not say, "the breasts of such a people, fighting for their homes, will make a phalanx firm against any mercenary troops that war ever marshalled in the field of battle!" It is not the muster of military forces that can save any people. The Roman Empire wanted not these in the great day of her need.

"When feeble Cæsars shrieked for help
In vain, within their seven-hilled towers."

The northern barbarians when they poured down, in undisciplined hordes, upon the fated empire, found towers and troops, found arms and armor gleaming in every city, and the imperial eagle lifted on high above a thousand battlements; but they met nowhere the living bulwark of strong and manly hearts. Rome had sunk beneath her own vices, and partly too, beneath vices engendered by her own military system, before she sunk beneath the arm of the barbarian invader. The example, in fact, is for us. Let those vices of the social condition, glaring inequality of lot, grinding oppression, abject poverty, dissoluteness and crime—let such views of the social condition, which war contributes more than any other definite cause to create, be done away; let the arts of peace be cultivated, let its comforts be multiplied, which they would be in proportion as the waste and exactions of war ceased to devour the substance of industry; let all its blessings and virtues flourish and the consequent love of country and home be fostered; let men become intelligent and learn to value and to use the blessings of existence; and in such a state of things, and in such a state of things alone, will nations have a permanent safeguard against domestic feuds and foreign aggression.

But the greatest objection of all, perhaps, remains. Where is the sanction to be found for the decrees of this great court of nations? It may decree, but who is to execute its decrees? It cannot cite a kingdom to appear before it, on a charge of high treason? In fine, what authority will it have?

We answer in the first place, that no earthly institution possesses any thing that can be called absolute or unquestionable authority. Take the case of our own supreme judiciary. It possesses an authority as high and august as that of any judiciary upon earth. Yet is it not questioned? May it not be re-

sisted? But, it may be said, the government has power to enforce its decrees. In all ordinary cases, it is true that it has; and in all ordinary cases, the decrees of a court of nations, too, would meet with no violent resistance. The difficulty about enforcement would arise only in extreme cases; and for these, no human institution can provide. Suppose that the Southern States of this Union, or the Western States, should refuse obedience to a decision of the Supreme Court. What would follow? Would the other States march to enforce that decision at the point of the bayonet? We presume not. What, then, would follow? Simply, that the disaffected States would withdraw from the Union. And this is what disaffected nations would do. There is a point, indeed, to which the enforcing power can go; but beyond that, it cannot go, neither in our own, nor in the British, nor in any other empire. There is more in the sound of this word, authority, than in any sense that can be affixed to it. It must always be limited and imperfect; and among liberal and enlightened nations, it must ultimately depend upon the wisdom and moderation with which it is exercised.

That is to say, it must depend on public opinion; and on this point turns my second answer to the objection we are considering. For it is obvious that in this kind of power, a court of nations might be as strong as any other court. It was upon this ground that the Amphictyonic Council stood for centuries. It is upon this that the law of nations stands. And if the decisions of Admiralty Courts, interpreting this law, in different countries, are quoted with respect in other countries, how much greater weight would attach to the decisions of a court established by several nations in concert! What tribunal could contribute so much to enforce the authority of public law!

With regard to the sanction of that law we cannot do better than quote the following language of one of our most distinguished jurists. "Nor is it to be understood," says Chancellor Kent, "that the law of nations is a code of mere elementary speculation, without any sufficient sanction. It is a code of present, active, durable, and binding, obligation. As its great fundamental principles are founded on the maxims of eternal truth, in the immutable law of moral obligation,

and in the suggestions of an enlightened public interest, they maintain a steady influence, notwithstanding the occasional violence with which that influence may be disturbed. The law of nations is placed in the first place, under the protection of public opinion. It is enforced by the censures of the press, and by the moral influence of those great masters of public law, who are consulted by all nations as oracles of wisdom: and who have attained by the mere force of written reason, the majestic character and almost the authority of universal law-givers, controlling by these writings the conduct of rulers, and laying down precepts for the government of mankind."*

What follows is equally corroborative of the final answer which we intended to make to the objection before us, "No nation can violate public law, without being subjected to the penal consequences of reproach and disgrace." Add to this, that expulsion from the confederacy; and perhaps also, the withdrawal of commercial privileges, might be made to any nation a most serious and sensible disadvantage. But without deciding on the expediency of coercive measures, we may say that the power of public opinion has not only a sanction at its command, but even a penal sanction.

Men seem to be able to think of nothing as penalties but blows, and fines, and imprisonments. But the severer part even of these inflictions is often the disgrace that attends them. And it is public sentiment, and that alone, which inflicts disgrace. It holds the power, then, of punishing, as well as judging. And the most powerful organ of public opinion as well as of public law, that ever was devised, would be a court of nations. In ordinary cases, no people could easily resist its decisions. And be it said again, that these are the only cases which can be provided for by any fixed and regular establishments, either of government or law. All beyond is, necessarily, force, violence, disorder. Before such agents all human institutions fall. The very power that is brought to control them, is not law, but force. But within the limits where the law holds sway, within the range of moral influences, the high court of nations would operate with an authority and power, such as never perhaps belonged to any other tribunal.

We have now gone through with the

* Commentaries, vol. i. p. 169.

principal formal objections, and we trust they appear not to be stronger than those which lie against most human institutions. They are not stronger certainly than those objections, which were opposed to the union of our own States, or of the German States, or of England, Ireland and Scotland, under one government. We believe, indeed, that they are not so strong; for the alliance which we propose would be far less strict; it would impose no burdens—for the expense incurred would be too slight to be seriously thought of as a burden, not to say that it would save the tremendous expenses of war; and finally this alliance would interfere with the independence, policy and interests of the parties, far less than the union which takes place in a consolidated empire.

And if the objections are not invincible, then the plan has, theoretically speaking, a free course. For let it be observed, that this is one of those propositions, where almost the whole force of the opposition lies in objection; where, in other words, it is not so easy directly to assail the plan and to show that it is, in the very elements and on the very face of it, bad, as it is to find slight and inconsiderable flaws in the plan. Or shall we not say rather, that the principal feeling of objection does not lie against the plan at all; that there is, in fact, another sort of objection that goes deeper than any that has yet been mentioned; and that is, *a deep distrust of human nature*. Nay, and there is a still deeper distrust of those vast and unwieldy masses of human nature, so to speak, called nations. There is a feeling which does not come at human nature in this shape; which does not dissect these masses, and separate them into the individuals that compose them; which does not find the element of individual responsibility in them—a feeling, in fine, as if nations could not be controlled by any ordinary laws or principles. There is a feeling as if their rulers, like corporations, had no souls; as if they were official automata, not subject, nor required to be subject, to any moral principle: as if they were expected only to act on nations, as the magicians of an eastern tale are supposed to act on a world of matter, and that the masses on which they act are, in like mysterious and unresisting manner, to roll at their bidding. This blinding delusion, this mist before the eyes of nations, is passing away; and the time

must come, when this fatal distinction between official and personal conscience, between public and private morality, will be utterly discarded from the moral code; when it will be settled that nations ought, as far as they are able, to do for the common welfare what individuals ought to do; and that rulers ought to act as conscientiously, to say the least, as private persons.

What are these bodies of men, composed of rulers and subjects—what are nations? Let the interpreter of Natural Law answer. "States, or bodies politic," says he, "are to be considered as moral persons, having a public will, capable and free to do right and wrong, inasmuch as they are collections of individuals, each of whom carries with him into the service of the community, the same binding law of morality and religion, which ought to control his conduct in private life." Ah! fair and fine sounding distinction! beautiful morality of the statute-book of nations!—says the scorner. But for our own part, we would repeat his exclamation in good earnest, and say, this beautiful morality only is wanting in practice, to make every feasible project for the peace and improvement of the world, as welcome and easy, as it is now difficult and doubtful. For what is it, that, after all fair and formal objections are answered, still hangs around the mind like an indefinable mist of uncertainty? What is it, that prevents the argument from being clear, and the conclusion certain, and the way open to glorious results? What is it, that checks every aspiration and chills every hope of philanthropy? It is this. It is the fear that nations will not recognize their interests and duties, as individuals do. It is the fear, that rulers cannot be brought to act for the people, as they would act for their own families or for themselves. It is the fear, that although it may be easy to form a court of nations, it may be impossible to create a conscience of nations.

But in the spirit of that religion which Christendom professes, in the spirit of that great law of nations which knows no exemption from its bond, in the spirit of those sublime law-givers who have spoken in the court of the assembled world, let it be said to all people, to all rulers, *you are bound*. Religion, morality, conscience, bind *you*, as truly as the humblest votary that ever kneeled at their altars. No exaltation can raise you

above this solemn judgment; no amount of numbers, no multitude can break the supreme obligation. What you can do to help the cause of feeble and suffering humanity, struggling with its earthly load, you are bound, as men, as Christians, as citizens, as rulers, to do. As you shall give answer at the judgment bar of God, you are bound. The dread inquisition of heaven must find responsibility somewhere; and to whomsoever among men—to whomsoever is owing that effusion of human blood that has dyed every shore, those tears that have flowed freely and bitterly in every land, those woes unpitied that have wrung the hearts of millions—they shall answer it to the beneficent God, and to outraged nature. It is not a humble and unknown individual that says this; it is universal reason, it is eternal truth; it is the all judging Deity. The great heavens look down upon us with pity! that seeth the world passing away, the high and mighty and the mean, passing to one common bourne; that seeth the eye that gazes on splendor and empire fast fading into darkness; that seeth the cloud of destiny, surer than that of the pestilence, sweeping away the whole living generation; and yet that beholdeth our hands armed and fighting for transitory power, our garments rolled in self-avenging blood, and the children of ten thousand plundered and bereaved dwellings sitting in sackcloth! When some happier age shall look back on this, it will look upon it with pity and wonder. When some higher state of civilization shall arise, it will class this as among the dark ages. When the record of its history shall be written, it will be written within and

without, with mourning, and lamentation and woe.

Might it also in the mercy of heaven, but carry down the record of *one effort*, one great, and honest, and strenuous effort, to turn back the overwhelming tide of these calamities! By that pity of heaven, which we have dared invoke, and by all the ties and pleadings of human pity, do we implore the wise, the great, and the powerful to give heed to our appeal. "O men! if ye be men!"—spare the world these inhuman butcheries; spare the strength and beauty of manhood from being cut down in these disastrous battles; spare the eye of helpless innocence and shrinking infancy from ever again gazing, horror-stricken, upon the bloody hand and the sword dyed with carnage; save mankind, already enough oppressed and borne down with the ills of life, this ruthless infliction, this unmitigated woe, this cup of trembling and of wrath without mixture. By all that is dear to man in human welfare, do we again implore the rulers of nations, and the intellectual guides of the world! by all that is precious in human happiness, by the long ages of sorrow, by every holy altar of religion, by the spirit and the blood of the Prince of Peace, poured out to heal the bleeding wounds of sinful and suffering humanity, by the coming hour of final audit before the throne of God, do we implore all men, and those chiefly who sit in places of influence and power, to stay this desolating plague, to save unborn millions from this unspeakable curse, to save the coming annals of the world, from being, like its past history, steeped in blood!

D.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITY LIFE.

NO. I.—THE BOAT RACE.*

"Row, brothers, row!"—*Lady of the Lake.*
 "Go it, ye cripples!"—*Hock-Walk.*

"DEAR BENSON:—To-day the first race of the season comes off. Be at my room not later than two, and I will show you the way.
 D. I. H."

Such were the contents of a curiously twisted note which I found upon my breakfast table one morning on returning from lectures. The writer was a bache-

* This article was originally prepared for a College Magazine some years ago. As it then contained several mistakes in statistics and facts it was judged best to re-write it.

lor fellow of Trinity, who knew more about America and Americans, than any other Cantab then resident. Poor fellow! He had rather too much intercourse with us for his own profit; when the U. S. Bank blew up, "*Dunny H.*," was in for some £1000, or it may have been more; he never would own how much.

But I am digressing. There was not much time to lose, for it wanted but a quarter of two, and "*Dunny*" was a punctual man. So, arming myself with an umbrella, (it has a habit of raining at least once a day in England,) I sallied forth to witness for the first time, that exciting spectacle, a University boat-race.

There is one great point where the English have the advantage over us: they understand how to take care of their health. Not that the Cantabs are either "tee-totallers" or "*Grahamites*." There is indeed a tradition that a "total-abstinence" society was once established in Cambridge, and that in three years it increased to two members; whether it be still in existence, however, I have not been able to learn. But every Cantab takes his two hours exercise *per diem*, by walking, riding, rowing, fencing, gymnastics, &c. How many colleges are there here where the students average one hour a day real exercise? Our Columbia boys roll ten-pins and play billiards, which is better than nothing, but very inferior to out-door amusements: in New England (at least it was so ten years ago at Yale,) the last thing thought of is exercise—even the mild walks which are dignified with the name of exercise there—how unlike the Cantab's constitutional of eight miles in less than two hours! If there is a fifteen days' prayer-meeting, or a thousand-and-first new debating society, or a lecture on some *specialité*, which may be of use to half-a-dozen out of the hundred or two who attend it, over goes the exercise at once. And the consequence is—what? There is not a finer looking set of young men in the world than the Cantabs, and as to their health—why, one hundred and thirty freshmen enter at Trinity every year, and it is no unfrequent occurrence that, whatever loss they sustain from other causes (accidents will happen

in the best regulated colleges,) death takes away none of them during the three years and a half which comprise their undergraduate course. Whose memory can match this at Yale? If our youngsters exercised their legs and arms just four times as much as they do, and their tongues ten times as little, it would be the better for them every way. But I am not now reading a lecture on dialectics, so let us come back to the shores of the Cam.

Classic Camus being a very narrow stream, scarcely wider than a canal, it is impossible for the boats to race side by side. The following expedient has therefore been adopted: the boats are drawn up in a line, two lengths between each, and the contest consists in each boat endeavoring to touch with its bow the stern of the one before it, which operation is called *bumping*; and at the next race the *bumper* takes the place of the *bumped*. The distance rowed is about one mile and three quarters. To be "head of the river" is a distinction much coveted and hard fought for. Each college has at least one boat club; in Trinity there are three, with three or four crews in each. About nine races take place in the season; they are of great use in preparing the men for the annual match with Oxford, in which the Cantabs are generally victorious.* Indeed, they are the best smooth-water oars in England, if not in the world.

The Caius† boat at this time was head of the river, the First Trinity second, the Third Trinity the third. Some hard pulling was expected among the leading boats. The Third Trinity were confident of bumping the first.

While you have been reading the above, you may suppose K—and myself viewing the scene of action, distant about two miles from the town. The time of starting is at hand, and gownsmen (not in their gowns,) are hurrying by us on all sides, some mounted but the greater part on foot; some following the beaten track, others taking a shorter cut over fields and fences. Here comes a sporting character, riding his own "*hanimal*." See with what a knowing look man and horse approach the fence. Hip! he is over and six inches to spare. Ah! here

* But once the Oxonians beat our eight oars with seven, which is rightly judged equal to half a dozen ordinary defeats.

† Familiarly pronounced *Keys*. There is an old joke about a man named Bunch having belonged to this College, and being called accordingly, "*Bunch of Keys*."

is another, who, though not very well mounted, must needs show his dexterity at the same place. Not quite, stranger! The horse has his fore feet clean over, but it by no means follows that he will do the same with the hind ones. Crack! he has hit the top bar and carried it off several yards. Not so bad after all. He might not do it again so neatly.

Bang! there goes the first gun! In three minutes there will be another, in two more a third, and then for it! What are those men laughing at? Ah! I see; no wonder. An ambitious character on a sorry hack has driven his rosinante at a ditch. No you don't, mister! The horse, wise rthan his rider, refuses the leap with a sagacious shake of the head. He is hauled back for a fresh start, and the whip applied abundantly. Same result as before. The tittering of the passers-by reaches our hero's ears; he waxes wrathful and discharges on the reluctant steed a perfect hurricane of blows.

Spla-ash! with the utmost composure imaginable the old horse has stepped into the ditch, say three feet deep, casting his rider headlong by the abrupt descent. Serves you right, my friend. We can't stop to see what becomes of you, for there goes the second gun and we must make haste to secure a good place. Well, here we are, at the upper end of "the Long Reach." We can just see the head of the first boat below yonder corner. As the hardest pulling always begins here we shall have a good view of it. Ha! do you see that pull? The eight stalwart Caius men bent to their oars the moment the last gun flashed and its report reaches our ears as they are stooping to the second stroke. Here they come at a rapid rate and with them the whole *cortège* of horse and foot running along the bank and cheering the boats. Take care of yourselves! A young colt, frightened by the uproar, is exhibiting some very decided capers, to the manifest discomposure of those around him, and finishes by jumping into the river, fortunately not near enough to the boats to disturb them. His rider maintains his seat throughout and they emerge somewhat wet but otherwise apparently uninjured. And whether they were or not, no one cared, for the leading boats were now rounding the upper corner of the Reach. On they come at a good rate, the Caius men taking it quite easy, and pulling leisurely, as much as

to say, "what's the use of hurrying ourselves for *them*?" Indeed the First Trinity had lost half a length, and were therefore in some danger themselves.

Caius passed me, for I was far from a good runner, so did the two Trinity boats and "Maullin," (Magdalen,) when suddenly there uprose a mighty shout, "Trinity! Trinity! Go it Trinity!" and there was First Trinity shooting forward with a magical impulse, away, away, from the threatening Third Trinity and up, up, up to the head boat. The poor Caius crew looked like men in a nightmare: they pulled without making any headway, while the others kept fast overhauling them at every stroke. The partisans of the respective boats filled the air with their shouts. "Now Keys!" "Now Trinity!" "Why don't you pull, Keys?" "Now you have 'em, Trinity!" "Keys!" "Trinity! Trinity!" "Now's your chance, Keys!" "Save yourself, Keys!" And it did really appear as if the Caius men would save themselves, for with a sudden, mighty effort, they made a great addition to their boat's velocity in a very short time. I began to fear they had been "playing 'possum" all the while, and could walk away from us after all.

The uproar and confusion of the scene were now at their height. Men and horses ran promiscuously along the bank, occasionally interfering with each other. A dozen persons might have been trampled under foot or sent into the Cam, and no one would have stopped to render them assistance. The cockswain of the Caius boat looked the very personification of excitement; he bent over at every pull till his nose almost touched the stroke's arm, cheering his men meantime at the top of his voice. The shouts rose louder and louder. "Pull Trinity!" "Pull Keys!" "Go it, Trinity!" "Keep on, Keys!" "Pull stroke!" "Now, No. 3!" "Lay out, Greenwell!" (for the friends of the different rowers began to appeal to them individually. "That's it, Trinity!" "Where are you, Keys?" "Hurrah, Trinity! inity! inity!" and the outcries of the Trinitarians waxed more and more boisterous and triumphant, as our men, with their long slashing strokes, urged their boat closer and closer upon the enemy.

Not more than half a foot now intervened between the bow of the pursuer and the stern of the pursued, still the Caius crew pulled with all their might. They

were determined to die game at least, or perhaps they still entertained some hope of making their escape. Boats have occasionally run a mile almost touching. But there is no more chance for them. One tremendous pull from the First Trinity and half that distance has disappeared. They all but touch. Another such stroke and you are aboard of them. Hurrah! a bump! a bump!

Not so! The Caius' steersman is on the look out, and with a skillful inclination of the rudder he has made his boat fall off — just the least bit in the world — but enough to prevent their contact. The First Trinity overlapped but did not touch.

Exulting shouts from the shore hailed the success of the dexterous evasion. Enraged at being thus baffled, the pursuers threw all their strength into a couple of strokes. The Caius men, knowing that this was their last chance, were doing their best to get away, but the

other boat was upon them in a moment. Again the skill of the cockswain was brought into play, and again the pursuing boat overlapped without touching. But it was now clear that they were only delaying their fate, not averting it, for the Trinity men going four feet for their three, were running them into the further bank in a way that left no room for change of course. "Hurrah for Trinity!" shouted I, in the fullness of my exultation, and at that moment a horse walked against me and nearly threw me off the bank.

When I regained my feet, it was all over. Both boats had hauled off on one side, and ours had hoisted her flag. Trinity was head of the river once more, and great was the joy of her inmates.

Alas for human expectations! When the season ended Caius was first and the First Trinity — No. 4.

CARL BENSON.

MUSINGS IN MOONLIGHT.

LADY, a wild and wizard power pervades
An evening scene. The moon is a magician,
And o'er the earth, at the dusk hour of shades,
She spreads, with her white wand, a robe Elysian.
She decks the tapering spire with silver sheen,
She hangs the sleeping tree with leaves of pearl;
O'er ocean, as each wave its crested curl
Uplifts in homage to his peerless queen,
She smileth, proudly beautiful. I ween
She hath besides a power o'er mortal hearts:
Beneath the alchemy of her pure beams,
Each darker thought, averse to love, departs:
Passive, we yield to the sweet spell, and gleams
Of heavenly joy on earth, glide by like blessed dreams.

HUGH BRIDGESSON.

ITALY IN 1846.

BY G. F. SECCHI DE CASALI.

TRAVELLERS who pass through Italy with their monarchic and religious prejudices about them, are apt to see only her defects and her miseries; but a more philanthropic spirit, such as might lead to a sincere inquiry into the real condition of that country, the causes of its decline and those which are now operating for its good, would perhaps have taught them a strain of condemnation not so abusive, as well as a less pitiful tone of lamentation over its fallen greatness. *Men*, in Italy, have not ceased to be men; nor is the country itself to be forever a butt for esthetic sentimentalism.

The Italians were not originally a nation of one blood, or one language, and could not therefore be required, in the nature of things, to fall easily into a single republic; nations originally unlike and unsympathising, require a despotism to unite and harmonize them; for there is no example in history of a free republic composed of nations wholly different in language and in origin. In the gradual effect of time, the nations of Italy have acquired a common speech and a common sympathy; that sympathy has itself grown out of the accumulated evils and sufferings of ten centuries of disunion. Those divisions and dissensions on which the papal abuses have rested from the first, like Chaos, where

"He umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns,"

have been slowly but effectually stifled by the pressure of universal despotism, and the whole nation fused and moulded into unity. But by this process the spirit of a just liberty, instead of perishing, has gathered a more effective strength.

This gradual strengthening and swelling of the national spirit in Italy, has not gone on unperceived by the united despots of Europe, and their aim has been and yet is to keep the country in a broken condition.

There is a tacit and necessary understanding between the governments of

France, of Russia, and of Austria, that no nation of Europe shall detach itself from the general system, or set up a government opposed in spirit to their own. England herself has her part in this alliance, which, be it open or tacit, is most evidently natural. The question is not whether the despotic system will graciously confer liberty, or whether the nations are able, by force of threat or otherwise, to extort it from them, but whether, indeed, the constitutionalists are ready and able to shake off the terror of their rulers, and in despite of slavery and superstition, to set up a liberal government.

Neither Austria nor Russia, nor any other European powers, have respected the famous project of non-intervention; which, indeed, would be equivalent to respecting the rights of all nations against their more powerful neighbors; since it is found, on trial, that neither oaths nor agreements can hinder the meddlesome prime ministers and officious Jesuits from their work. Louis Philippe is charged with having incited the Italians to revolt, and then suffering, or even encouraging, Austria to imprison and persecute them, and this too in contradiction of his oath to the charter of 1830.

Even England has repeatedly become a tool in the hands of the combination of despots, and the petty princes of Italy who hold their plans under that combination. The letters of Italian exiles have been stopped and read by the government officers in England,* that the projects of their friends in Italy might be made known to the princes.

With England, France, Austria and Russia against her, it is easy to understand why Italy is not a republic—why she has not liberty. These monarchies uphold her princes under the old system, for the same reason that they uphold each other: not through any malice against Italy, but for the reason that the princes of Italy are members of the European family of princes, and the freedom of Italy a part of the freedom of all Eu-

* Letter to Sir James Graham, by Joseph Mazzini. London, 1845.

rope, against which, as a body, and for the best of reasons, the kings and prime ministers have set their faces.

The Italians might be the bravest and proudest people under heaven, and with such a league against them of half the power and all the wealth of Europe, what could they do?—What could the American colonies have done?

"*Servi siam sì, ma servi ognor frementi.*" *We are slaves, but forever chafing under our bonds.** The Italians, so far from lacking courage, are a fierce and brave people; it is not courage they need, but organization and freedom;—give them these, and the world should see them take their place among the nations.

In the wars of Napoleon, in Germany and Russia, wherever the cry of victory was heard, Italians had been foremost; the conqueror wrote, that the old Roman courage had revived again in Italy. He said the Italians were good soldiers, and could not be beaten.

In the late Spanish war, Italians fought nobly for the emperor; their bones lie scattered thickly over the Peninsula. Everywhere they have shown themselves faithful and fearless, when commanded by a brave leader in a noble cause.

Italy is, without doubt, the Volcan of revolution and political conspiracy. Her tyrants are powerful and merciless, and have religion and the church on their side. In Italy, more than in any nation, the desire and necessity of reform and of liberty is felt, and a change imperiously demanded. In 1815 she became the prey of several foreign governments, who were compelled, as a defence against the torrent of popular indignation and the spirit of liberty, to resort to tortures and imprisonments, and exile; holding twenty-three millions of people in an odious bondage. From that period until the present time, the Italians, who got their first taste of liberty and good government under Napoleon and his marshals, have shown by their restlessness that they cannot submit to a government without law—that there cannot be concord between Austrian despots, and the free children of Ausonia.

The spirit of freedom, which now animates all the people of Italy, began first to show itself in 1790, when Republicanism passed from America to France, and from France over all Europe.

Hitherto liberty had been a name, and nothing more, in her so called Republics, where riches, insolence and corruption maintained as powerful a sway over the multitude, as force did in the open despotisms. The Italian Princes were the protégés of the northern powers. The princes of the ancient house of Piedmont thought only of enlarging their own territories; the consolidation of the Italian states did not enter into their thoughts.

The Court of Rome, holding an absolute sway over all the religious bodies, indulged in luxury and sloth, laying the whole peninsula under tribute, to maintain her carnival riots, her masses, and her shows. She filled the dignities of the church without advice of kings or people. Her debts had accumulated from the time of Leo X. and the Reformation, (for be it known, that among other blessings which the Papacy has conferred upon mankind, the pledging of taxes, and the creation of a national debt party, governed by their interest in the funds, is not the least of her priestly inventions†.) To increase and extend an evil that had already become incurable from its enormity, she laid the lesser principalities of Italy under contribution. Add to this a grinding aristocracy, wasting the lands of Campania, and from a fertile garden, turning the whole into a vast common for their herds of cattle;—a multitudinous crowd of priests and unproductive friars, living from hand to mouth on the superstitions of the people; a legion of beggars and pauper artists hanging upon the rich; and what could Rome do for the consolidation of Italy, or the liberties of her people? The pretended "Reformation" of Catholicism of the 16th century had but strengthened the tyrants and the priests, and depressed the multitude.‡ Letters, sciences and arts retrograded; public instruction was in the hands of the priests, who had violently destroyed or driven out of Italy, in this their Catholic reformation, not less than thirty thousand of her men of letters.§ These ghostly philosophers preferred the Aristotelian to the Socratic philosophy, because it served as a more convenient organon for the propagation of their dogmas, than the method of Plato, which leads beyond the letter of tradition to its heart. To the ancient logic they added the ancient astronomy,

* Alfieri.
‡ Editor.

† Consult Ranke's History of the Popes.—Ed.
§ Ranke

which taught that the earth stood fixed in the centre of her system; as they would have us think their outward observances, the earthy part of religion, to be the centre about which our great Sun of Faith must revolve. In the same spirit they taught the mortification of the body, as they denied its political freedom, and for the works of faith, which are the duties of a just man's proper life, they substituted works of superstition, penances, ceremonies and the mumbling of Latin prayers; sanctifying their beaten formulas by the addition of almsgiving for the diminution of future punishments, and outward morality for the sake of a heavenly reward; as though God's grace might, perchance, be measured by a price, and bought in a bargain.

Such was Italy about the middle of the eighteenth century. This chaos of tyranny, abuses and ignorance, could not certainly accord with the progress of knowledge. But in the general diffusion of liberal opinion throughout all Europe, in the times previous to the Revolution, Italy did not fail to receive her share of the common benefit. The writings of Voltaire began to shake the faith of the people in their priests. Liberal ideas began to be formed in the minds of all classes. Philosophers and lovers of their country reminded the Italians of their ancient greatness, and called upon them to build for themselves a future of not inferior grandeur. Everywhere there seemed to be a feeling and anticipation of the revolution. The extreme parts of Italy conversed with and understood each other, on the question of national unity, and on all sides there began to be a movement of union and combination. The secret societies extended their lines of fellowship along the peninsula; writings were circulated, ideas extended, and the missionaries of liberty added thousands of proselytes to their cause.

Toward the end of this period, there appeared in Italy two men who stood forth as stars in a nebulous firmament;—

these were, the Marquis Cesare Beccaria, and the Chevalier Gaetano Filangieri; statesmen and jurists, whose writings in the cause of law and of humanity, were felt not only by their countrymen but by all other parts of Europe.

The work of Beccaria* on Crimes and their Punishment, and that of Filangieri† on the Science of Legislation, furnished ideas and principles for codes and systems of polity. It is from this period that the spirit of reform and liberty began to extend and gather strength in Italy.

Pierre Leopold, Duke of Tuscany, led the way by reforming the laws and judiciary of his own states. He reduced them to an uniform system, abolishing provincial and customary abuses. He discontinued the inquisition, disused the torture, and abolished confiscations and the punishment of death. He did away with many common abuses, and lightened the burden of taxation. He committed instruction to the care of lay teachers, and it was not long before the arts, literature, and industry began to grow and to thrive in his dominions. He designed also to reform the Church, and was encouraged in his project by the Bishop Scipio Ricci, the Italian reformer of his century, even against the wishes of the Pope and the influence of the religious houses.

He abolished the censorship of books, and the tribunal of the Holy Office. He would not allow the ordinances of the Pope to be published or executed without permission from the government. In Tuscany the Pope was no longer in effect the supreme head of the Church.

Naples followed the example of Tuscany. This kingdom had been a seat of mere anarchy, not only in regard to the execution of laws, but through clerical and aristocratic abuses.

Tanucci, the prime minister, began the reform by attempting to make his government independent of Rome, refusing to pay the feudal tribute which that power had heretofore exacted.‡

His next successful endeavor was to

* Cesare Bonesana Beccaria, (Marquis Beccaria,) born at Milan, 1735, died Nov. 1793. His work, "*Dei Delitti e Delle Pene*," on Crimes and their Punishment, opposes capital punishment and torture, and suggests the defence of society and the reformation of the criminal, as the sole ends of punishment. He contends against the law of retaliation, and the opinion that the arm of the law is the direct executive of Divine vengeance. He is quoted by the jurists—even by Blackstone.

† Filangieri Gaetano, born at Naples, 1752, died there in 1788, aged 36. At the age of 20, he had already planned two works, one on public and private education, and one on the education of princes, to be founded on nature and the constitution of society. He took up the practice of the law, and wrote "*La Scienza della Legislazione*," the Science of Legislation—in seven books, which examines and explains the fundamental principles of government in general. The work met with very great success. He wrote other important treatises of a philosophical character.

‡ The tribute of the white horse—a relic of feudal, perhaps of heathen antiquity.

extend the benefits of the reform to the dukedoms of Parma and Piacenza, under the administration of the minister Dutillet. The order of Jesuits was suppressed in those cities. It was soon after made a law, both in these dukedoms and in Tuscany, that no person should execute a papal order, or leave a legacy or property to the church.

The example was followed by Lombardy, Modena, and a part of Piedmont.

The Church, meanwhile, held fast to its principle, and conceded nothing to the reformers. It even trifled so far as to throw out vain and ridiculous threats of excommunication; but having lost its old foothold in the affection of the multitude, was compelled at last to submit, and follow the example of reform.

Such was the condition and such were the hopes of Italy at the breaking out of the French Revolution. Her people at once embraced the doctrines of Republicanism, and struggled to be foremost in the strife for freedom. But they could not instantly take their place in the rank of independent nations; they had to contend with internal causes of disunion more difficult to be met than all their enemies from abroad. The idea of union had not yet thoroughly worked itself into their minds. Popular and sectional jealousies, which had been politically cherished by the princes, prevented the desired consummation.

In this state of affairs the old government, that continued to be despotic, taking alarm at the rapid progress of Republicanism, began to threaten, to persecute, and to suppress its demonstration. Still more severe were they against the secret societies which propagated liberal opinions.

By a change of the ministry in Naples, the reformer Tanucci, and Carlo di Marco were ousted from the government, and a vigorous police was instituted over the movements of the people, breaking their combinations by the effects of fear and mutual suspicion. It is not probable that any nation of Europe has offered more victims to the cruelty of despotism, than did Naples during the sixty years of the Bourbon tyranny. It is computed that more than a hundred thousand persons perished in various ways in the political persecutions of this period.

When the French army crossed the Alps, many of the cities of Italy received them with too evident a pleasure. They had suffered under their tyrants, and were

therefore ready and eager to join with republicans; wishing with the aid of these bold allies to free their friends and neighbors from their old burden of tyranny, and if possible utterly to expel the Austrian from their peninsula.

It was a very common opinion and assertion at that period, that the States of Italy were not ripe for free institutions; that the people, left to themselves, would adopt ultra democratic forms; in fine, that they would fall into anarchy, being quite incapable of self-government. Such representations are easier to advance than to disprove. That they did not succeed in their first efforts at self-government—that the elements of confusion, ignorance and poverty, do exist in a great degree in the cities of Italy, no one can deny; but to oppose the arguments of tyrants by insisting that the people they oppress are fit for self-government, is like endeavoring to dissuade a robber from spoiling a defenceless traveller, with the plea that he is of age and fit to have his own property. A government of terror and persecution laughs at opinion; it is only by the fear of the people, that liberty can be attained and preserved. Those tumults, says Machiavelli, of the Roman populace, which historians describe as dangerous to the state, were, on the contrary, the only means of its salvation; they intimidated the aristocracy, and checked their usurpations.

Now, if the people of Italy have shown a vehement and tumultuary spirit at the first prospect of liberty, are we therefore to conclude them unfit for its enjoyment? The endurance of a long and bitter slavery, may well breed in men a fierce and vindictive joy, at the first snapping of their chains, making itself manifest in shouts of defiance and threatenings of revenge. But in the choice of evils, between the violent cruelty of a despotism, spiriting away, torturing, imprisoning in remote dungeons, exiling, suppressing, silencing, and in every conceivable method overwhelming a nation; and those transitory violences of a popular tumult, the mistaken outpourings of a just and long-cherished wrath—what wise man will hesitate a moment? The most temperate people are guilty of excesses upon every sudden accession of freedom, as men are lavish of suddenly-acquired wealth. The principal cause of the enormities committed by a people struggling to throw off their tyrants, lies in the example of those tyrants.

No sooner were the first violences

over, and the republican government established on the French model, than the jealousies of the separate States began to be forgotten. Each town sent its deputies to Milan, the seat of government. The names of Lombard, Romagnol, Genoese, Piedmontese, were forgotten; all were Italians, neighbors, friends; met for the common good, speaking the same language, citizens of the same land. Italy arose free and strong. There were no more monks or Jesuits; the Pope's triple tiara was returned to its casket. Many citizens of those States which had not yet recovered their liberty, became voluntary exiles, for the satisfaction of breathing a free air. Secluded scholars quitted their solitudes and repaired to Milan, as to the great sanctuary of letters, and here for the first time new names became at once celebrated. Thither came Parini, Ugo Foscolo, Monti, Rasori, Gioja, Beccalossi, Romagnosi, and other sages and savans since famous in the world—born into reputation and usefulness with the new birth of freedom.

Who would have thought, while Italy groaned under the yoke, and science and letters were supposed to have left her forever, that she concealed in her bosom so many, learned, wise, and powerful by the gifts of nature?

Tourists passing through Italy, see but little of her intellectual wealth. The censorship of the press, and the jealousy of the police prevents the exhibition of talent or of original minds. Those who speak slightly of her sons, forget how many worthy successors of her poets and philosophers are destroyed, suppressed, or exiled by the tyrant; nay, how many able Italians are at this instant living, solitary and forgotten, in every part of the world: for it is the policy of weak-minded despots to drive away, and if possible destroy, those spirits who are most valued and cherished by liberal rulers.

Where there is liberty there is progress, with the spirit of industry, and combination for private and public gain; but under a despotism, there can be no other conditions but only suspicion, fear, disunion, and sluggish ignorance.

Let the defenders of Popery and despotism, compare the free nations with the enslaved, and conclude impartially: England with Austria—make the comparison, and consider it patiently—France with Spain; Belgium with Portugal;

Switzerland Protestant with Switzerland Catholic; *Austrian Italy* as it now is, with Italy republican at the time of the Revolution. After this comparison, the considerate politician will easily see the causes of the present misery and depression of the Italian States.

Under the French domination, they were treated with suspicion and indignity. Unpardonable error of the Italians, to have always depended upon the arms and promises of foreigners! The French descended into Italy as conquerors and not as allies: the Napoleonic was substituted for the republican government, and the country treated as a vanquished province, the people themselves, as in other instances, becoming answerable for the personal quarrels of their rulers. Then began that system of pillage which more than all other transactions fixed the stain of dishonesty and tyranny on the government of Napoleon. The pillage of towns, palaces, and churches, for the sake of enriching the picture galleries of Paris; the removal of the chief ornaments of Italy, the great works of painters and statuary, for the amusement of the loungers and copyists of Paris; which was to be converted into a receptacle of all that was most admirable in Europe, and Europe itself to be parcelled out into provinces, under its Robber Emperor.

In the general crash of republics under this rolling weight of despotism, Venice,

Queen of cities,
Goddess of ocean,

disappeared utterly from the rank of States.

“She shall be bought
And sold, and be an appanage to those
Who shall despise her.”

No longer a republic, she fell under the sway of her odious aristocracy, who, like so many little demi-gods, ruled her divided multitude and crushed them into submission. The government of the Ten, and of the Forty, triumphed, and the mob of her citizens had the appearance of a crowd of timorous slaves: for when the calamity is common, even the bravest will seem to cower and submit.

When Bonaparte divided the spoil of Europe with Austria, she bargained for and bought the city which she could

* A result of disunion—the nation never knew its strength, because it never was united.—Ed.

never conquer, giving as the price of it her power over Netherlands, Milan, and Mantua.

In the Cisalpine Republic which was then formed, the Venetian territory was divided, and the city fell to Austria. "When will the world cease to expect justice from kings? *Self* is their law—*force* their argument."

This great wrong, the first of the series, of which the recent assumption of the Republic of Cracow by Austria is the last in order, and not the least, remains a stigma on the memory of Napoleon; but to call it a disgrace to Austria, would be to call a single robbery a disgrace to a hoary robber.

After the crowning of Napoleon, the Italians, like the Poles, engaged freely in the wars of the Emperor, with the hope and promise of a liberal government or the establishment of a general peace. While the empire lasted, they suffered a severe censorship, and labored under many restrictions, imposed by the vigilance of the emperor. That there was not a true and perfect liberty in Italy, appeared by the exiling of writers who, in their works, neglected to compliment and approve the emperor. For his tragedy of Ajax, Ugo Foscolo was driven from Milan: and he afterwards died in exile and poverty, being of too proud and stern a temper for the time he lived in. There was something in him of the antique Roman virtue: he even refused the decorations and honors of the sovereign, caring only for the honor and liberty of his country.

Notwithstanding these particular instances of tyranny, Italy might be called happy under the Emperor, by comparison of what she suffered under previous and succeeding tyrants. The citizens were protected by a code which made them all equal before the law. Feudalism, abuses, and privileges, were abolished; any person, by ability or courage, might attain the highest offices of the State. Everywhere the arts and sciences, industry and public education, were sustained, and prospered. The tribunals gave impartial judgments in private causes, and crimes were suppressed or punished.

The battle of Leipsic struck a damp into the hopes of the Italian people, and reminded them what they had

to expect. The crown of Italy was offered to Eugene Beauharnais, but he dared not accept of it. Ugo Foscolo, then chief of a squadron, prepared a liberal constitution, and Beauharnais was urged to accede to it, and put himself at the head of the movement. The attempt failed through his fears; and the arrogance of the Milanese nobility put an end to all hopes of liberty. The nobles retired, stupidly confident of the promises of the Holy Alliance. Meanwhile the Austrians invaded Lombardy with a great force, under pretext of restoring peace. To put a finish to their hopes, came the defeat of Waterloo; for there is reason to believe that had Napoleon gained that field, the Italians would have recovered at least the degree of freedom which they enjoyed under him.

The victory completed, European diplomacy, the familiar of Despotism, began to busy itself with its dear princes, to crush out the last sparks of liberty in every corner of the old world. At the Congress of Vienna, nations were portioned out and bargained for like flocks of sheep, without so much as a thought of consulting their wishes or their interests.

With a solemn hypocrisy, as weak and ridiculous in its aspect as it was fatal in its results, the monarchs undertook to "give unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," binding themselves by a personal bond "to govern according to the laws of Justice and Charity;" in the exercise of which justice they began by enslaving millions of freemen; and for charity, took from all Europe the freedom of speech, and all real political rights.* By the dispositions of this Congress, the world was let into the true spirit and intentions of its rulers;—through a profound sympathy with despotism they gave up Greece to the Turkish Sultan; rather than suffer a spirit of rebellion in a people, they would sacrifice that people to a Mohammedan despot. Poland, always a spirited, and once a free nation, was divided—quartered between the powers. Italy was consigned to the tender care of Austria; the world beheld itself in a relapse—it fell back into the old condition.

This monstrous Congress having fin-

* The Holy Alliance had taken a lesson from the Corsican, to regard that as their own, which they could seize upon with impunity.—Ed.

ished its consultations, the royal members of it took an oath to support each other in its decrees; they swore to maintain peace and monarchy throughout the world, as the French Republicans had once sworn to establish everywhere the principles of liberty and equality. Some years elapsed after the birth of this coalition against the liberties of the souls and bodies of all mankind, when it became necessary to consolidate it with the blood of Greeks, of Poles, of Italians, and of Spaniards, perishing by thousands on their native soil, in the cause of liberty and right.

The counsels of the Congress at Vienna revealed their destiny to the Italian cities. Thenceforth they were to be slaves of Austrian and other despots foisted upon them by the cold decree of their masters. The imperial forces had entered Milan some months before, under pretence of keeping guard over property against the "Jacobins," as they styled the Republicans; but really as a preparatory step toward the subjugation of the whole peninsula.

In 1817, the Teutonic government began to close the doors of the universities which were nurseries of liberal opinion. Every art of corrupting influence was exerted to debauch the minds of persons of influence, and to draw them with offers of wealth and office from their allegiance to their country. When all efforts of the kind proved unavailing, threats were resorted to, or the refractory liberals were driven into exile.

Soon a new plan of education for the Italian Universities was got up in Vienna, and the lecture rooms were thrown open again to be occupied by venal professors, sworn to act as spies upon their pupils and companions, or upon such writers as favored free opinions, to the disadvantage of Austria. Italian literature was neglected, and the German language made a principal branch of education. The history of the Austrian emperors was to be especially taught, for the purpose of impressing the youth of Italy with an awe and love for that most part dull and stupid line of despots. Nay, he would educate his Italian slaves into Austrian subjects, a metamorphosis as like to happen as that dogs by educa-

tion should be turned to wolves. As were the Turks to Greece, so were the Austrians to Italy, ferocious masters, illiberal and stupid teachers.

The miserable fate of Milan and its territory, is but a copy of what was suffered by the other states of Italy. These were committed to the mercy of their treacherous princes, who had formerly pledged themselves to the freedom of their people, but now gladly became the subordinates of Austria, and resting upon her strength committed every species of invasion upon private liberty. Piedmont, ruled by a sovereign fitter to be head of a convent than master of a nation, consented to the old laws of his kingdom, which restored their privileges to the insolent aristocracy, and ejected the ministry of the revolution. Quickly the whole of Piedmont was overrun with gens d'armes, Jesuits, and monks, the miserable king believing, or seeming to believe, that by this inundation of antique wickedness he conferred a new blessing and happiness upon his people.

Ferdinand VI. assuming the title of Ferdinand I. of the Two Sicilies, began his career (1816,) after the execution of Joachim Murat, with an extravagant and sanguinary persecution of the Liberals. He favored the Calderari,* protected them, and assisted by the fierce and unprincipled prince Canosa, persecuted all who fell under suspicion of entertaining liberal opinions.

All the republics had now disappeared, Lucca, the last and least, having been given to a Bourbon.

Rome fell again under the power of the Ecclesiastics. Pius VII. the head and the tool of the Holy Alliance, seemed inspired with an emulation of the Asiatic and heathen despotisms; assisted by his cardinals and bishops, he published a series of edicts worthier of the Russian autocrat than of the viceroy of God. The Code Napoleon gave place to the papal one, of *eighty-four thousand laws*, accumulated from the origin of the Papacy. Instead of a free constitution, the people had inflicted upon them a mysterious and terrible despotism of priests, accountable to no constituency.

The territory of the Pope was divided

* I. e. The Copper Smiths—a secret association, formerly a branch of the Carbonari, or secret society of Liberals, but afterward separated from and opposed to them. They became violent monarchists, and being composed of the lower orders, with whom Ferdinand was always popular, favored and executed his will against the Liberals.

into twenty provinces, six legateships, and fourteen delegations; these were subdivided into archbishoprics and bishoprics. The administration of the state was partially directed by eight cardinals, eighteen prelates, eight archbishops, and fifty-nine bishops; these ninety-three small despots governing each his portion of the 2,732,000 inhabitants of the papal territory.

The Inquisition was re-established. The Jesuits were recalled out of banishment. It was their business to convert the confessional into a religious police and espionage system.

The meanwhile the governments of all the Italian principalities, laboring to break the unity of the nation, used every means to foment the old provincial and popular jealousies; either by granting more privileges to one town than to another, or by reminding them of their old hatreds.

To favor still more the new movement, Pius VII. revived the old sect of the Santafedisti, or Holy Faith; of which the Duke of Modena, (a modern Nero,) and his Holiness, became the heads. This society had secret ramifications in all parts of Italy and even in foreign countries. De Maistre, the famous writer of the Neo-Catholic reaction of late years, Charles Felix of Piedmont, Don Miguel of Portugal, and other of the prelatical or princely order, together with commissaries of police, composed the high committee; while the lower ranks were filled with ruffians, bigots, and wretches reprieved from the gallows. The members wore a medal with the head of the Pope and of the Duke of Modena stamped upon them; and bore permissive letters from the holy congregation to sanctify their violences. They knew each other by signs, like the Masons, and enjoyed indulgences, with promise of money and booty. They took an oath on the Gospels "to sustain the altar and the throne; and to exterminate the enemies of these, without pity for the cries of children, or of men or women!"

Notwithstanding all the fearful preparations against them, the patriots did not lose courage, but continued to act and correspond in secret; they were even bound more closely together by the terrible pressure from without.

Soon it began to be observed among them, that they had been guilty of an oversight in not perceiving the enthusiasm of the people!

The Carbonarismo began now to be proud and terrible; the genius and power of Napoleon had kept them down; the Holy Alliance only roused them to new life.

Counting in their societies great numbers of the best men of Italy, they had the control of many governments, and could have easily overthrown them, but the time was not yet ripe; liberal principles were not sufficiently diffused and understood among the people.

The society of the Carbonari was composed of the wisest, and most truly Christian, (though not the most truly Romanist) of the enlightened orders. They wished to propagate liberal opinions on all subjects, and to that end favored and aided the distribution of the Holy Scriptures, as a means of emancipating the many, and of weakening the authority of priests and bigots. They were consequently persecuted, not only by the papal, but by other hierarchal and despotic governments. In 1817 and '18, numbers, accused as Carbonari, were condemned to death by the Cardinal Parra; but their sentence was commuted by the clemency of the Pope, to a twenty years' imprisonment in the Castle of San Leon—a dungeon comparable with the Spielberg of Austria.

The insurrections of 1820 and '21, were guided by Carbonari; but their want of success was owing to the ignorance of the multitude who were not sufficiently enlightened to sustain their own liberty. Since that period they have only gathered strength for a new effort.

In Naples, they compelled Ferdinand VI. to give them a constitution, but imprudently suffered him to go to the Congress of Laybach, from which he returned with an Austrian force, and abolished what he had been sworn to sustain.

In Piedmont, they confided in the treacherous Carignano, who called an army together in Lombardy to oppose the Austrians, and deserted it at the critical moment.

These defeats were owing to a want of united action among the Carbonari of the different States. Had they risen unanimously in Naples and Piedmont, those of the other states would have risen with them; they should then have declared the liberty of all Italy, and have maintained it as a nation, depending on their own strength, and not upon foreign aid. In every instance where the Italians have looked to foreigners, they have

been deceived and betrayed. Their hopes for the future must rest upon their own exertions, and not upon the promises of kings and prime ministers, with whom it is a maxim, that promises are to be made as they are to be broken, when policy directs.

After the fatal issue of these attempts of the Carbonari, the fury and malignity of the priests and oppressors vented itself in the most horrible persecutions. Hundreds of families fled into banishment; whole towns were abandoned by their inhabitants, to escape the prying and persecuting police of their tyrants. In the kingdom of the two Sicilies, multitudes were seized and executed on mere suspicion of favoring the liberals: women even, and children, were thrown into dungeons, and submitted to the torture, to extort confessions. In the Roman State, Cardinal Pacca, the handle of this devilish enginery of despotism, subjected hundreds to the *cavalletto*, an instrument constructed for the infliction of an agonizing death. (This was in 1817-'18, and in an European nation! under the most Holy Pontiff!) The dungeons overflowing, churches and convents (!) were converted into prisons for the liberals.

In Piedmont properties were confiscated, and the bodies of voluntary exiles hung in effigy, and families subjected to the odious scrutiny of the police.

In Lombardy the persecutions were secret, but severe and unrelenting. The judges condemned many to death merely for the sake of extorting confessions. All kinds of vile information was encouraged and acted on. Many were condemned to the galleys on mere accusation, after suffering years of rigid imprisonment. Men of learning and influence, the true guides and fathers of the people, were snatched away silently, and buried alive in the dungeons of the Spielberg in Austria.

Such were the woes inflicted upon Italy by Austria, the eternal and bitter enemy of liberty.

Before the revolution of Naples and Piedmont, the Carbonari of Lombardy thought it possible to regenerate Italy by science and letters. Silvio Pellico, with a view to this regeneration, published the *Conciliatore*, a periodical paper: but this was kept under censorship by the Austrians, and instead of liberal articles, was made a vehicle of monarchism. The police of Milan finally prohibited the journal. Several of its contributors were sentenced for twenty years to the Spielberg, or for life to severe imprisonment. The best men of Lombardy were spirited away to a dungeon in Moravia, to perish slowly by hunger, cold, and misery. Among these noble prisoners were Gonfalonieri, Silvio Pellico, Borsieri, Maroncelli,* Doctor Felice Foresti, at present in New York,† and many other excellent Italian authors. Some perished in the Spielberg, others preferred exile at the conclusion of their imprisonment, to a subjection to Austria.

It was now the intention of Austria to consolidate the Italian States into a confederation of despots. Toward this end the whole peninsula was occupied with Austrian troops. Great sums of money were exacted from the princes, in support of these measures.

By a profound stroke of policy, insurrections were excited by the police against the princes, who were thus thrown into a condition of dependence, and compelled, by the requisition of their master, to use cruelty toward their own subjects.

In 1823, the Roman States gained a new sovereign, but not a new constitution. Everything remained as before. Finances were at a low ebb, and many branches of revenue fell short by twenty-five or thirty per cent. Ecclesiastics, (employés,) defrauded the government. Among these was the same Cardinal Pacca, who promised Pius VII. to reform his government. The new pope was cruel and implacable, using only violent means to obtain his ends. Under him everything fell backward. The Jesuits

* Piero Maroncelli, a poetical and musical genius, the companion in prison of Silvio Pellico. He lost his left leg by the weight and galling of his fetters. The surgeon who amputated his leg was the barber of the prison. His remains lie in the Greenwood cemetery of Brooklyn, with neither stone nor sign on his grave to show the stranger that there rests an Italian exile! Oh, Italians! *Vox ex tumulo clamat.*

† Doctor Foresti, in his youth, enjoyed a splendid law practice, which he sacrificed to his love of liberty and honor, and after fifteen years of suffering, in *carcere duro*, preferred exile in the New World, to base promotion and baser profit at home. He is a true and worthy representative of the ancient Ghibellino, and consecrates his life to the good cause. He is President of the Italian Benevolent Society, for the relief of his countrymen in misfortune, nor could that Association have chosen a more beneficent head.

were re-established in the Roman College, with a revenue of 10,000 crowns, the library, the observatory, and the college of the nobility. The Jews were persecuted. The Latin was substituted for the Italian language in courts of justice, and commerce crushed by imposts. The Pope then directed his rage against the secret societies, persecuting with excommunication and death. The cardinals were permitted to publish cruel edicts, ruining and crushing the people. Never were the executioners so busy as under this Holy Father and Vicegerent of God.

Cardinal Rivarola being legate at Ravenna, began his mission with exciting the parties there to a civil war he raged against the *Carbonari* with unequalled persecutions. He made a distinction between the Papists and the Liberals; the one were called *Cats* and the other *Dogs*. An ordinance was proclaimed, forbidding any person to pass along the streets at night without a lighted lantern, under pain of seven years in the galleys;—the Turkish law is more humane, imposing only a few hours of detention. If a light was extinguished by accident, it was reckoned an offence; if the offender proved to be politically a *Cat*, he was discharged. In the midst of such puerile pretexts for tyranny, the people grew uneasy. Rivarola found his life in danger, and after a shot had been fired at him without effect, his rage knew no bounds.

Ten thousand piastres were offered to any person who would give information of the assassin. All the suspected liberals were arrested. In the city of Ravenna alone, eight hundred persons were led to prison, loaded with chains, to experience the ferocity of their religious and political rulers! Death-warrants were issued without a judicial process—five or six persons were hanged at once! Finally, the finishing stroke was given to this arbitrary procedure; two more persons were executed, and about six hundred condemned to the galleys. In Rome itself the citizens could not endure the papal oppression. A conspiracy was organized under the name of *Vendetta*, with a design to blow up the palace of the Vatican on the festival of Corpus Domini, when the cardinals, priests, and soldiers were assembled; but the contrivers of the plot were discovered, judged with closed doors by an ecclesiastical tribunal, and condemned to the scaffold.

In 1827 came the Congress of Ve-

rona, where the Holy Alliance was assembled, to establish the European *equilibrium*, as it was in 1818. The petty princes of Italy were also there, beseeching the protection of the great powers, against their own subjects. Notwithstanding every effort of the despots, Europe was secretly undermined by the popular volcano, which burst out some years after in different parts of Europe. In 1830, France overthrows at a blow the throne of the Bourbons, and breaks the yoke of the imbecile Charles X.; who was ambitious only of being the first Capuchin of his kingdom. Belgium follows the examples of France; Spain and Poland revolt; Germany is in commotion; the Tory party in England is shaken; Switzerland is agitated by a popular excitement; Greece regains her independent footing, and Italy attempts a general revolution. Such was the result of the Congress of Vienna and Verona, not forgetting those of Aix la Chapelle, of Troupéau and Laybach. How much blood might have been spared by a judicious body of representatives, eager to promote the interests of nations! The French Revolution of 1830 re-established the hopes of the Italians—the principle of *non-intervention*, so solemnly proclaimed and promised by the French ministry of July—dissolved the Holy Alliance of 1815, separated Italy from Austria, reduced to nothing the patronage of Vienna, and left the princes of the peninsula to their own resources. Gregory XVI. assumed the tiara at the very moment when the revolution in the Roman States was discovered. Every eye was now fixed on Rome with anxious curiosity, to discover to what party the new pope would attach himself; whether he would join the conspiracy of potentates against the people, or endeavor to make himself independent; for while a cardinal, he was believed to be anti-Jesuit and an enemy of Austria: but as a pope, he showed himself the contrary.

It was left to 1831 to offer anew the scandal of a sacrilegious and monstrous alliance between the court of Rome and the eternal enemies of Italy, with the design of suppressing every trace of liberty and nationality, every germ of glory, and every noble and generous sentiment. It was thus that Gregory XVI. began to cultivate the respect, veneration and love of his people, and by such means did he expect to establish his power in public opinion;—his tottering

power which might in a single moment be destroyed to the very foundations.

The revolution had commenced at Bologna, February 1st, 1831. Umbria, Marca, and the Duchies of Parma and Modena, had imitated its example, and in less than four days the pontifical tyranny was destroyed, north of the Apennines. The Italians had risen against their oppressors with the intent of having the principle of *non-intervention* respected and sustained by France—that their tyrants could be protected only by their own feeble and inefficient forces—and that Austria should not violate it without danger of a war with that nation. But the Italians, like the Poles, were betrayed; the French government, which began already to neglect the principles of the revolution of July, and violated other professions under the mask of liberalism, contented itself with threatening and sending despatches, while Austria invaded Parma, Modena, and the Pontifical legations with a great force. The French minister Sebastiani, an illiberal timeserver, told the chambers that Poland was quiet, and made no more complaints; that Italy was returned to her former allegiance. It was true! The heroes of Poland lay under the ruins of Varsovia, while the patriotic Italians were already in chains, or in the grave!

The conduct of the insurgent people towards their tyrants and their followers, was moderate. They respected private property; religion was not attacked, either by writings or by acts; they indulged in no instance in any deeds of rapine or vengeance; not a drop of blood was spilt in this *popular* revolution. But how different was the conduct of the sovereigns who had lately been enemies! Massacres and actions, more worthy of heathenish tyrants, than of the kings of this century, were committed at their command. Austria was called once more to invade Italy. Maria Louisa, the unworthy widow of Napoleon, went, at Vienna, to throw herself at the feet of the executioner of her husband. The infamous Duke of Modena, expelled from his own States, had taken refuge in Mantua, taking with him the brave citizen, Ciro Menotti, in chains, whom he had destined to the scaffold, that he might bury in the tomb with his martyred body the secrets which lay between them.

Gregory XVI. implored, wept, and protested against the revolutionary gov-

ernment; sent commissioners to Austria to carry her the *holy sword* taken from the arsenal of Rome, the same which was used by Clovis and Charlemagne to convert the Saxons, Germans, Longobards and Gauls to the Roman faith! Italian blood was shed at Firenzuola, near Piacenza, and on the 15th of March, 1831, a battle was fought at Novi, where the wounded and prisoners were indiscriminately put to the sword by the soldiers of the Duke of Modena. The Austrians entered Bologna with a strong army, and the Bolognesi, betrayed by France, seeing that they had shed their blood and sacrificed victims in vain, submitted to necessity. The more resolute of the patriots left Bologna and advanced towards Rimini, assembling in small parties with the hope to make a stand against the enemy. The Austrians pursued them, and notwithstanding the great disparity of the combatants, an action took place, and victory was warmly contested. In want of necessary means, exhausted by exertion, privation and wounds, the patriots gave up the field, leaving proof behind them that Italians still knew how to fight, and could sell their lives at a high price.

Having retired towards Ancona, the Liberals made a capitulation with the Cardinal Benvenuto, by which it was agreed, "that all who had borne arms against the government should be pardoned; that those who wished to leave the country should have their passports; and that private property should be respected." This was agreed and signed by the Cardinal Legate, and sealed by the Pope; but the ratification was refused. The patriots sailed for a foreign country in a merchant vessel, but were captured on the Adriatic by an Austrian frigate, in violation of the laws of all nations. They were taken to Vienna, and suffered all the vexations and distresses which tyranny and a cruel policy could lay upon them. The fortress of Spielberg received new victims that year—new martyrs of Italian liberty.

Gregory XVI. now firmly fixed on the throne, the revolution being to all appearance suppressed, violated all treaties, and began a new series of persecutions, condemnations, arrests, and executions. This tyrannical policy appeared to rouse the great powers, who, indignant at the infamous proceedings of the papal government, solemnly, and with imperious menaces, demanded ameliorations in the

State, in the name of the poor suffering people. The ambassadors of France, of Great Britain, of Prussia, and even of Austria and Russia, gave the Pope an *ultimatum*, in the name of their respective governments, by which he was obliged to take the path of toleration and pardon. Gregory, frightened and trembling, conceded to the foreign ministers "a free election of the municipal council of Rome; the institution of provincial councils; new codes; the reform of the tribunals, and of the administration of finances; the admission of laymen into the higher offices and the council of State: in fine, Pope Gregory XVI., in his own words, promised 'A new era to his subjects.'" But after the Austrians had withdrawn, Gregory annulled these promises, assigning, as reasons, that his subjects ought to remain as they were and had always been! This incredible edict gave rise to a new insurrection, and many cities of Romagna revolted again. The people, without consent of government, organised a national guard to resist the papal forces. The *Holy Father*, in this extremity, enlisted more Swiss soldiers, and took men of all kinds and nations, robbers, assassins, and banditti, into the service of the State, and this militia swelled to a numerous company, and invaded several cities and provinces, and even advanced upon Bologna, the centre of opposition. The civil militia of Bologna, joining with that of other cities, marched resolutely out to meet the enemy, under their patriotic General Paluzzi.

The two armies found themselves face to face on the plains of Cesena. The combat was fierce, and victory for a time doubtful; but the death of General Paluzzi, who fell mortally wounded, decided the day, and the pontifical troops remained conquerors. The cities of Cesena and Forlì, were destined to be the scene of horrible crimes, atrocities, and butcheries, for the honor of the *throne and tiara*! The Santafedisti, with images of the Virgin Mary suspended at their necks, with apostolical warrants in their pockets, and making the sign of the cross, ransacked those devoted cities, like tigers let loose, and committed every crime which lust and fury could dictate. Property was seized, churches were pro-

faned, houses sacked and ruined, and those suspected of connection with the Liberals, were killed wherever they were seen. Even the houses of God were made slaughter-houses! Women were violated, and even children; aged people were massacred, infants butchered like lambs, feeble women torn open with bayonets when they endeavored to protect their husbands and children; the dead even were brutally violated by wretches with images of the Virgin about their necks, and papal indulgences in their pockets.*

Austria once more interfered in the Roman States; and France sent a fleet towards Ancona; the Pope seemed preparing to oppose the French. A crusade was preached, but there was not courage for an attack; and Gregory XVI. contented himself by excommunicating the French and the inhabitants of Ancona. But this proceeding excited nothing but contempt. The Anconians, who on the arrival of the French had expected something better, were soon betrayed by them: for the Austrians and the French had interfered only to defeat the revolution and to favor the Pope! *Emigrants who had taken refuge under the French flag, were arrested by their seeming protectors, and given into the holy hands of the Pontiff.* Such was the end of the famous project of *non-intervention*.

The Duke of Modena, restored to his place, used every possible cruelty to revenge himself. He entered the capital of his dukedom in triumph, protected by several thousand Austrian bayonets. The *Te Deum* was sung by the Jesuits on his arrival; the churches resounded with hymns of jubilee, while many families mourned in sorrow and terror; while hundreds of citizens went into banishment to avoid the implacable fury of the duke, others fell into the hands of the conqueror, and suffered death. The Jews were forced to pay a great sum for having tolerated the revolution. Entire families were ruined, divided, deprived of parents and property, exposed to misery, persecutions, and horrible punishments. The duke took for his example, the policy of his neighbor, Gregory XVI. The year after his fatal triumph, he signalized himself by greater violences. An earthquake made its appearance in his duchy,

* Vide, *Chronique politique de l'année, 1832*, publiée à Paris.

and the Jesuits proclaimed it in the churches as "a scourge sent by God to punish those liberals who had dared to conspire against the person of the most benign and paternal duke, and that as long as the liberals existed, God would not cease to punish that State with evils yet more terrible." Then they invoked on his account, not the true God, but a god of war—a god thirsting for the blood of human victims. Blood flowed—martyrs fell to satiate the rage of the duke. Innocent victims were immolated on the very altars which it is pretended had been erected for the presence of Christ in the Eucharist; and the tyrant published successive edicts of a tenor not to be believed in our days; while his soldiers and partizans beat, arrested, robbed, and assassinated, as they thought fit!

Such a monster, in human form, was one of the Cæsars of the Holy Alliance—a champion of Catholicism in Europe!!

In 1834, Piedmont saw other victims of liberty immolated by her present king: the same who in 1821 pretended to be a *Carbonaro*, and who at present labors to gain the sympathy of the Italian people, declaring himself against Austria. A new political society was organized at that epoch, called *Young Italy*. This society, organized by the valiant patriot Giuseppe Mazzini, now an exile in London, intended to extend ideas of republicanism—to establish Italy in one government, free and independent—to form of Italy a large republic—and to destroy, in the mean time, all monarchical and ecclesiastical power in that country. This society has also furnished its martyrs; but since its foundation, Italy has acquired new strength, and republicanism has made great progress. The *Young Italy* is a popular institution, moral, and based only on the Christian code; and it without doubt is the only political party which can free our unfortunate country.

About the year 1836, Italy was invaded by the cholera; and in the Roman States, as in the two Sicilies, it made many victims. During that terrible period, let us consider what was the paternal administration of the papal government.

Ancona presented the most frightful aspect of desolation and death; the victims fell by hundreds; and a still more terrible scourge appeared necessarily to accompany the sufferings of that city. The government, with its stupid and barbarous measures, seemed really desirous of extending the evil; for the troops by which

Ancona was on all sides surrounded, added famine, and another kind of epidemic, to the plague itself. The government, as a philanthropic act, had taken upon itself to bury the dead, *gratis and for the love of God*, and to separate the sick. Ridiculous edicts advised the people, who were deprived of bread and of work, to eat *roast meat* rather than *boiled*, and *chickens* instead of *fish*. This was all that the most disastrous circumstances could draw from the local authorities. This advice was crowned by an addition worthy of those who gave it—it was absolutely forbidden the physician to draw near enough to the sick to feel the pulse—the sacraments were not administered to the dying—it was ordered to whole families to leave their houses as soon as any one of them should be infected with cholera—and in case any should not wish to abandon the bed of the dying, they were ordered to perform *quarantine near the corpse!* Such is the political and liberal government defended by the foolish Brownson, of Boston, and by the fanatical Bishop Hughes, who believe and preach, "that liberty and republicanism cannot be sustained without the dominion and influence of the Roman Church!" Can there be a worse policy or a more stupid doctrine?

In 1837, in Sicily, the cholera made more victims than elsewhere, and it was believed by the people that they were poisoned by the physicians, by order of the government. Certainly such an opinion was absurd and erroneous, but the Sicilians had so long experienced all kind of evils and sufferings under their tyrants, they believed that disease to be their work! The people had risen against the authorities, murdered several of them, but the government of Ferdinand VII. surpassed them by much, shooting, hanging, and condemning to the galleys *thousands* of innocent persons. The Marquis del Caretto, the executioner-in-chief and slaughtering companion of the present king, was entrusted with the kingly business of killing off the Sicilian population.

In 1840, '43 and '44, partial insurrections were made in different parts of the peninsula, but above all in Romagna, where all the liberals seemed to have risen at once. In Calabria the people were ready to rise, but surrounded by great forces, they were obliged to remain quiet. The brothers *Bandiera*, and their companions, were shot in Calabria, by

order of the present King, while Pope Gregory XVI. executed and condemned to the galleys the most noble and learned men of the Roman States. Gregory XVI. was like a machine, managed by his Secretary of State, the execrable Cardinal Lambruschini; by his barber Gaetanino, and even by the same barber's wife. All Italy knows this scandal!! He would not endure the mention of railways or of newspapers. "Let me die first," he would often say; "after that establish, if you wish, those devilish inventions." He died cursed by Italy, and by Poland, which he excommunicated, because the brave Poles had risen against the horrible Nicholas; and his memory will be remembered as that of a tyrannical, vicious, and bloody ruler.

A new era seems to have begun for Italy, and at the first insurrection, the Italians will appear united and patriotic. Italy has given too many victims, and still in many parts of it she continues to present martyrs, and those brave Italians go to the execution with the same courage and cheerfulness as if they were marching to a triumph. Always faithful to their oaths, the humblest man who has been seized and examined, has never yet betrayed the higher conspirators. Threats, promises, and tortures have proved vain.

Calm and intrepid, the accused have ascended the scaffold; neither the fear of punishment, nor the hope of pardon, have drawn from them a single confession. Victims continue to succeed victims; yet nothing can discourage or terrify them: "*Vivere liberi o morire*," (to live free or die,) is the motto of "*Young Italy*." It is indeed necessary to cross the Alps to learn to die: yes, I say to die, for all that is most sacred, and that can make the heart of a nation beat strong—her liberty and independence. "Let us conspire!" say the Italians; "let us make insurrections! We shall be unsuccessful, but new victims will encourage the hatred against the government."

"Chi per la patria muore
Vissuto ha assai!"

that, who dies for his native country, he has lived well. This state of things continues in Italy, and nothing can deter the Italians from trying all possible ways to free themselves from the yoke by which they are oppressed.

We shall speak again of Italy, and much more of her present and future state.

"Sempre nel cuor l'Italia."

TO I * * * S * * *

AMONG the foremost in the radiant crowd,
Of smiling memories that around me dance,
Comes one, a lovely child, whose rogneish glance,
Bright, careless smile, and bearing free and proud,
Are pleasant to my heart, as is the sun
To the deep dungeon. I have bow'd
My heart to listen as she sings. 'Tis one
Whose voice was always music, soft, not loud,
E'en like the brooks, whose waters gently run,
Purling and prattling still so joyously—
My heart steals softly back to other days;
And lo, I hear again those happy lays,
I heard from thee, in times, O, long gone by,
For thou art the fair child whose memory is nigh.

1841.

HUGH BRIDGESSON.

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF PHILIP YORICK, Esq.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XVII.

REPUBLICANISM.

WHAT with hunting, fishing, and vanteries, the time glided away pleasantly enough with us. After a week passed in the vicinity where I first met with my friend, we moved westward a few miles, to the shore of a great sound, or inland sea; for the land on which we were, was a narrow island lying along the edge of the continent for a distance of two hundred miles, and enclosing between itself and the mainland the waters of the sound. Our way thither lay over sandy plains covered with stunted pine and scrub oak. The pines and oaks were not intermingled, but alternated in bands and fields. The silence of these wildernesses worked upon me like a charm, producing loneliness and terror, preceded by, or mingled with, a feeling of passionate delight. To this day I can never cross a barren of scrub oaks, or enter a pine forest, without sensations composed of fear and of pleasure; whether by a natural effect, or through the recollections of those first impressions, I cannot tell.

We wandered for three days through these woods, lying at night under the shelter of a bush, for there were no houses in the direction of the route we took, which was not so much for expedition as for the gratification of learned curiosity. On the morning of the fourth day, following the shore of the sound, we came upon open cultivated fields, and soon entered a village, which, as the first I had seen on the new continent, fixed itself very strongly in my memory. Our path, gathering itself out from the underwood, began soon to show wheel-tracks, and was presently a broad, green, road, fringed with thistle and millefoil, and having fences of trees grown together in an irregular manner, to the density of a hedge. At short intervals this natural enclosure had stems of a kind of wild cherry alternating with young elms, and rugged apple scrubs, and was wholly over-grown with vines, and made thick with flowering kinds of

bushes, among which I remember some that gave a delicious odor. The grass of the lane was fine and small, with the trampling and nibbling of sheep and geese; and to this day the clangor of these creatures, or the sweet-rank smell of millefoil, wakens in me the memory and the pleasure of that delicious morning.

We walked leisurely through the lane, to where it opened on a common set with elms and gnarled maples. Under a great elm, in the middle of the common about which the cottages of the village stood at regular intervals, we saw a party of young girls at play; for there was a swing suspended from the tree, made of grape-vine stocks, for cords, of a surprising length and thickness.

As we approached they left off their sport and regarded us with a curiosity which embarrassed me; and seeing that they were all beautiful in feature, and full of natural grace, I was struck with anxiety and perceived a scorching shame and pleasure tingling in my veins.

Pantol, however, with a singular boldness went near and addressed the tallest of the group, which made me expect no less than to see him converted on the spot into a deer, or other timid creature, for his presumption; for the nymph we addressed was of a beautiful aspect, with smiling, scornful, eyes, and a mouth of terrible sweetness.

I have no recollection of what passed between my friend and the handsome villager, but in conclusion we crossed the common to a cottage at the extreme angle of it, which stood in a peach garden, and in the shadow of a broad elm.

We opened the wicket of the garden with some difficulty, for it was weighted with a great stone hung by a cord to a post within; going farther under the peach trees we came to the door of the cottage, at which, in a curiously carved arm-chair sat an old woman knitting. It was high noon, and the eaves of the cottage cast a narrow shadow over the door-

way. Without any particularity, or Dutch neatness, this old woman, with her cottage and garden seemed to be deficient in nothing necessary to a summer's happiness. The plat extended backward, it seemed about an hundred paces, to a field of wheat that was already rank, and waving humidly in the noon sun. Beyond that, I saw the brows of a grove of great trees, of which I knew not the name, and on either side the view was shut in by boughs of peaches and plumb stocks, from some of which the blossoms were but lately fallen.

Here the murmur of bees made a perpetual sound. Under the fruit bushes of the garden the common fowls hiding themselves from the heat, kept up a muttering and crowing;—blue martins, sitting on the eaves, uttered their gurgling music; and high in the air the swallows darted like flies, circling before the sun. There was no wind, or only a breath.

My companion accosted the dame of the cottage in a kind and familiar tone, and without further ceremony she rose and led the way into the house. Imagine to yourself a straight figure of an old woman, with a harsh, haughty face, square in feature, brown and wrinkled, plain, and even rude, in dress and manner, with such an icy air of authority as the mother of the Gracchi might have worn, or that harsh nurse of Coriolanus. We followed her without affecting any deference; to be otherwise than respectful in such a presence was impossible.

A hall about three paces in width, fitted like a room, divided the house, which was of a size admitting two rooms on either hand. A narrow stair, with a carved baluster of oak, led to a second hall and chambers above. The roof ran up to a peak, and in the rear aspect was extended over an outhouse. You would have said the walls had no depth, had not the posts of the doors undeceived you; so far did the huge beams of the framework project within. The walls were neatly whitewashed, but the woodwork of the angles and wainscotting was of a smoke color; nor did the complexion of the mistress appear of a much less antiquated hue, but by comparison with the blackness of her dress, unrelieved by any particle of white, or by the least ornament.

Without a curtesy, or any token of emotion, the old woman motioned us to sit, and then retired through the hall.

We took each of us a rush-bottomed chair, and sitting down opposite to each other on either side the hall, waited what might happen.

After a silence of some minutes, during which I noticed the astonishing multitude of flies which ranged about, rushing in and out at the door, and keeping a perpetual murmur, Pantol addressed me, laughing, in an undertone:

"Well, Master Yorick, what think you of the old woman?"

"She seems," said I, "to be a very terrible old woman; I am afraid of her, I assure you."

"Ah! ha! you may well be so. She has six sons and twelve grandsons, all soldiers or seamen. The eldest of her sons, a man of substance and authority, past the middle period of life, is but a child to this piece of inflexible stuff; she governs them all when they come near enough to feel her influence."

"What is her name?" said I.

"Her name? names are nothing! Do you set her down in your mind for an example of the heroical kind of woman. She is a terrible aristocrat; controls every one that comes within her reach, men, women and children, dogs and horses, farm and garden; she rules all; and so, for the consequence, those who mean to enjoy a little liberty of their own get away out of her sphere; but they learn the art she practices, and make themselves felt. I make bold to say this beldam governs more persons by deputy than there are subjects in some German Principalities. She has educated, directly or indirectly, some forty or fifty families, and they are felt, in turn, wherever they are; and so her dominions widen as time goes on, and may go on enlarging till doom's day, for aught I know to hinder it."

"But how," said I, putting a question beyond my years, "did she acquire this art?"

"I suppose," replied he, laughing at the earnestness of my manner, which proceeded mainly from ignorance of the spirit of my own question, "she had it from her parents. Ask her about it; perhaps she will impart the secret: it might be valuable."

As I was about to reply, the subject of our conversation appeared at the door, preceded by a very aged man, who supported his feeble steps with a staff. His rough red jacket and loose trowsers of brown stuff, accorded well with the plain-

ness of his face and manner; but neither the man nor the woman discovered any traces of that amazed expression of fear and ignorance which we call rusticity; nor did their appearance permit the rise of that pretty sentiment of the country which fine-bred people take such pleasure in indulging.

The old man saluted Pantol with a dignified cordiality, and made an evident effort to testify his respect; his guest, on the other hand, bowed low in acknowledgment, and with a grace and presence that astonished me, who had seen nothing but familiarity in his manners, paid his respects to the old man, inquired of his health and of his children, and finally led him to recount some anecdotes of his own life and adventures. He had been in the war against the French and Indians, and received a wound which disqualified him for service; was then made a judge, rather from his natural parts than from knowledge of the law; was nearly hanged by the British for being a rebel, and barely escaped tarring and feathering for not being a Jacobin. I inquired of his origin. He said he was the fourth in direct line from a younger son of an English family who traced their origin to the days of William the Conqueror. It appears from Doomsday Book, that the first of this name had possessions in Westmoreland, where he married a Saxon heiress. Though the family had never risen above the rank of esquires, or gentlemen, they were among the oldest and proudest blood of England.

"I see," said Pantol, "that your 'pride of ancestry,' as it is called, has no necessary connection with pride of title."

"No," said the old man, "that is a very common error. We have always prided ourselves on the courage and virtue of our fathers; do ye hear, young gentlemen: not on our own; God forbid."

My shame rose to my throat when the old man said this; for, as for me, curse my unlucky stars, thought I, *I* am a nobody, and must not give myself airs.

"The family," continued the old man, "were not always rich; at three several times, the wars ruined them, and then they went into trade, or served in armies abroad. But their pride of ancestry always sustained them; shame made them industrious, and pride of character kept them honest; there was but one rogue among them and he was a courtier."

A silence ensued, during which I heard what seemed to be preparations for dinner in the room behind me, and presently the dame appeared at the door and quietly invited us in. The room which we now entered gave no more evidence of luxury than the hall. A clean sanded floor, windows hung with bunches of herbs, instead of fly nets, two or three coarse lithographic pictures of battles hung against the walls, not forgetting a dusky wainscotting that rose on all sides to the sills of the windows, and a huge beam overhead and in each angle, were all the features of the room.

Without further ceremony we took our seats about a square table in the midst. In a dish of yellow pottery on the coarse white cloth smoked a moderate mess of pork and potatoes, that seemed to have been boiled together; a tin cup with salt, mugs of cider, slices of rye bread, white plates, an iron spoon in the dish, a horn handled knife and two pronged fork by the side of each platter, completed the service of the table. Pantol being invited, pronounced a very impressive grace, during which the old woman sat upright and motionless; nor was the patriarch himself less attentive, though with eyes more wandering; but for my part, amazement swallowed me up.

The old lady then took the spoon and filled my plate out of the mess, which I confess to you smelt deliciously; then came my companion's turn, then the patriarch's, and after a pause, she very moderately helped herself. I was curious to see her eat, but she disappointed me; there was a something in her manner which defied observation.

All the windows of the room (there were two toward the south and two toward the east,) were open, and the perfume of sweet-briar, drawn out by the hot sun, came in with light puffs of air. The little chickens flew up to the window and with piping voices solicited crumbs, they skipped down upon the floor, picked a few which the old man threw them, and fluttered out at the door when they heard the voice of the mistress. A dirty yellow dog and a large grey cat leapt in at different windows, and seating themselves on either side the patriarch, received food from him, till a word from the mistress sent them quickly out at the door.

Presently a loud barking gave notice of some person's approach.

"It is Ned," said the old patriarch, and Ned entered; a strong built and

rather handsome man, elegantly dressed. "Mother," said he, bowing to the beldam, "I am made candidate and shall be chosen to Congress."

"Very well," said the mother, "be careful not to promise too much."

Seeing Pantol and myself, and the table full, he bowed and retired. Silence followed.

"Ned will not fail of his duty, I think," said the old man quietly.

"He is too popular," replied beldam.

"Popular is not good, I know," replied the patriarch, "yet I have a good opinion of Ned."

Here, said I to myself, are a people, with a vengeance, who conclude "popular is not good," and think "tolerably well" of their children, with a vengeance on their cold blood!

Not so Pantol; he showed an evident delight; rubbed his hands, looked at me with a forced gravity, and did, he knew not what. His pleasure seemed to me monstrous—portentous—for, indeed, I would have had the good parents rise, and, with tears of joy, embracing their son, congratulate him on his well won popularity and distinguished honors. This, thought I, this cold indifference, is the just consequent of that deep seated pride of ancestry. This old couple imagine because they have fifty generations of *virtue* at their back, that no man can serve or praise them; they are independent, forsooth! And I—Oh, I had a vile trick of making comparisons; every moral came home in those days.

"Pray, sir," said Pantol, addressing the old man with that forced gravity, peculiar to his subtler moods, "what is your opinion of this new liberty we have here, or is it a sham at bottom?"

"I know of but one kind of liberty," replied the patriarch; "If we have *that*, it will last long enough. I remember when *gentlemen*, as they were called, governed everything; they were the rich, the educated, and the people of family; then there was no 'liberty' for the ignorant, the poor, or the mean. But now there is liberty enough, such as it is, but it seems to me very few know how to use it; I would as soon sell my vote to *one* man for money or favor, as to many men."

Pantol replied with an observation on the weakness of human nature and that no constitution or privilege would make men free, but only the natural liberty of the mind; with other prosaics. The

patriarch listened attentively, and when he saw that his guest had said all that he desired, took up the thread of his remark and followed it in such a strain as the following.

"Our people enjoy a great deal of liberty of one kind and another under the law, but very few of them take the pains to consider of it. If you ask the rich in what it consists, they will tell you, perhaps, that 'to be free is to do what one pleases.' The poor will say, that it is 'the having no aristocracy.' Politicians that it lies in 'the right of voting the ticket'; and so they talk, but it has sometimes seemed to me possible even for an apparently free people to be robbed of all real liberty by their leaders or demagogues, who contrive to lump them into feuds and parties and lead them to and fro by false persuasions, false prejudices, and hopes of office.

"Now it is highly probable that human nature is the same to day that it was yesterday; and if the clown and the courtier could be robbed of their liberty by love of favor and money, why, so can the same sort now-a-days, and in all countries. Politicians say, that the art of governing is 'the art of creating wants with the ability of supplying them.' A king who can first starve his people and then supply them with food, may work his own pleasure. All that the king desires is to establish and perpetuate himself and his race: and to that end he wishes to subject all men's desires to his will, that they may acquire a habit of looking to the king as the source of office, of honor, and of wealth: this habit their children inevitably inherit from them; and so the monarchy becomes more and more despotic. But in a republic the contrary effect follows;—for here the body of the people finding that the demagogues look to them as a source of profit and of power, and of fame, contract a habit of thinking themselves individually contemptible, but unitedly of great authority; they are terrible in masses, but singly of no account; and this goes on, till every thing must be done by acclamation of a number. Money must be voted, peace and war declared, *justice* exhibited, and men even condemned to death by acclamation. As it happens with the king that by and by he comes to have no will of his own, but commits every thing to a company of adroit slaves whom he names his ministers, so the people by a much more rapid

process learn to commit every thing to a few persons, who to a smattering of law add a vast deal of cunning and impudence. These persons pick out the prudent and substantial men of their party and confer lucrative offices upon them. An office is easy, and gives an air of importance. Prudent and substantial men, not over honest, love particularly to be obeyed—they cannot give up the pleasure they have once tasted of issuing an order and seeing it executed; the greatest pleasure indeed of which human nature is capable. To this taste they sacrifice every thing,—hopes, conscience, religion and liberty. So it goes with the people's office-holders, and so with the sovereigns; the same cause destroys both.

"I am inclined to believe, therefore, that liberty does not lie in the ballot-box at all. You will then ask, perhaps, where it does lie? and why, if it does not lie in this form of government, freemen should be so fond of republics?

"It seemed to me evident, that liberty is a quality of each man singly, and consists in his ability to guide himself aright, and live virtuously, trusting to no priest or demagogue for his opinions, but carefully forming and practising his own laws and constitution. Such a man will read the Bible, Blackstone, and the Constitution, without commentary.

"Now it usually happens that men judge others by themselves;—and where there is a great number of these true freemen, such as our fathers were, and as some of us are, they will take it for granted there is a majority of their own sort; and because they do not wish to be insulted and impoverished by a court and aristocracy, they propose 'a constitution of the people,' trusting that the majority being honest men, will choose honest men to be their rulers; I thought so when I was young, and I think so now; only now I know a little more of liberty—that it consists in the character of the man himself, and that the constitution is no more than a kind of deed, or record of it, and not the thing itself.

"Freedom is of no value to a lame man, or civil liberty to a rascal or a fool. The most unhappy creatures on this earth, are these slaves of a number; these creatures of opinion, who dare not say they have anything of their own, but all is the State, the people, the majority, the nation. Why, sir, my farm, my cattle, my

house, my books, my opinions, my liberty of speech, and my bodily freedom, are mine by Divine right, and indefeasibly. No man's will can grant or take them from me; nor the will of a majority; no, not the nation, though with one voice, shall force me to acquiesce in a wrong. When I hear men say to the multitude, "Your will is law," I say to myself—you, demagogue, are a knave and a liar, or at best a coward; do not you know that there is no law but justice, and no law-giver but God?"

This rude statesman put a finish to his speech by tapping the table with his hand, not violently, nor with compressed lips, but as if to indicate a decided opposition to certain popular views just then imported from France. Pantol explained afterward, that his son Ned had great differences with his father and mother, he being a Jacobin and full of the majority, and they very old-fashioned republicans.

The old man rose as he finished his speech, and led the way into the garden. He showed us his maize and potatoes, his cabbages, his onions, his peas just in bearing, his peach stocks, his apple orchard; his barn, his cattle; and when all was seen, and admired—though heaven knows I saw nothing remarkable—he took us into a kind of office, where was a writing-table and an old-fashioned book-case set upon a case of drawers. Pantol in a whisper bid me note the titles of the books; and, pray, what do you guess they were? One large quarto Bible, well thumbed; one copy of Blackstone with Edmund Burke's autograph on a fly-leaf, well thumbed and noted; one set of British Classics—including Addison, Steel, Sterne, Fielding, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Pope; a Shakspeare, in two vols. large octavo, very much worn and thumbed; Robinson Crusoe, worn to tatters; a Milton; two copies of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 6 vols.; a Translation of Tacitus, of Livius, of Virgil, of Polybius, of parts of Cicero, of Fénélon's *Telemachus*, of Grotius, and of Reaumeau's *Emile*; a Prayer-Book of the Episcopal Church, dated 1630; Bacon's works, in folio, 3 vols.; a volume of Devotional Essays; a folio Body of Divinity; the works of Leighton, 7 vols. octavo; Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*; several histories, Colonial and English; an English grammar; a spelling-book; an almanac; a file of old Boston papers

of the Revolution; several law-books, and a pamphlet copy of the Constitution. Pantol glanced his quick eyes over the

collection, and I saw the tears gather in them. "Pugh!" he said, "our modern philosophers are charlatans."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AUTHORSHIP.

JOHANN SLAWKENBERG, with whose writings, as bound in gratitude, I have made you acquainted, in the general preface to the tenth edition of his *Treatise of Genealogies*, entertains the reader with a history of his family by the father's side. He declares himself to be fourth in the direct line from the great Hafen Slawkenbergius, with whose commentary of Noses, and its facete tales, the learned are well acquainted. Though he admits that his father was but a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler, in Amsterdam, his grandfather he declares to have been a vender of light literature, in that good city.

That his great grand-parent, the son of Hafen, did busy himself in letters, he labors to prove from the contemporary archives of the city court, where is registered the name of one Christian Nasutus Van Slawkenberg, a rich bookseller, who appears on this record as defendant against a certain Pierre Plumer, for a matter of five shillings, due on account of two title-pages composed by said Plumer for the use of defendant. The plaintiff gives a very clear account of himself; says he was employed as hack writer and common scribbler by defendant, for many years; had a knack at title-pages, and could make a very good index; said he had contracts with several booksellers and authors, to furnish title-pages at two and sixpence apiece, and could do them for less. The judge asked for what kind of books he made them; he replied that he never troubled himself to inquire; that was the publisher's business, and not his: that saddle-makers made saddles without seeing the horses, and why not he title-pages without seeing the books; a title-page, he said, was a title-page, and that was all he knew of the matter.

Defendant, on the other hand, urged that this Pierre was but a poor scamp at best, and his business no business, but a mere knavery: that he had agreed with him for two title-pages, one for *Mistress Bile's Letters*, and another for *Mynheer Koft's Parody on the Revelations*; that the things he furnished were no titles at

all, but a mere sham; that it was clear he made them without regard to the matter they stood for. Defendant here produced the papers, which the judge commanded should be read aloud by the clerk. Herr Slawkenberg gives them in full; the first being translated, runs thus: "Money makes the mare go; being the peregrinations of a female in breeches;" with which, saith defendant, *Mistress Bile* was justly offended, both for the comparison of the mare, the allusion to money, and the mention of breeches, which she claimed was indecent, allowing it were true. Plaintiff, on the contrary, claimed that himself was innocent in the matter, he having no notion of the contents of *Miss Bile's* book, or of the character of its author.

The other title was as follows: "All for cash; or the deuce is to pay; by a young clergyman;" against which *Mynheer von Slawkenberg* did loudly protest. *Mynheer Koft*, he said, admitted he wrote his *Parody on the Revelation* for cash, said he, swearing at the same time that any man who would undertake so silly a matter for any other consideration, would be no better than a simpleton; but that for all that, it was not his intention to make proclamation of his reasons through the country; if he did so, nobody would believe him; the work itself being a performance of such a nature as no man would think of getting fame by."

Now this is positively all the evidence extant that this same quiddling *Mynheer* was the true and veritable ancestor of our learned friend; *to wit*, the fact of his being an Amsterdam bookseller, engaged in a paltry suit with a paltry title-page maker. On what profound analogies, sympathies, or coincidences of character, our learned analogist could have founded his claim to the relationship, I am ignorant.

The tracing of the line backward from this supposed ancestor, through the two *Hafens*, father and son, to a certain *Tigellius de Slawken*, of Gascony, a noted pirate, even to the *Slawkomovie* of Lombardy; and by lawful conjecture to

periods more remote, he found less difficult. For the last four centuries, the Slawkenbergs of this house were all either booksellers, compilers, or tallow-chandlers. Their occupations antecedently to that date are not clearly ascertained.

In this account of his family, which I am forced to say is rather tedious, Slawkenberg introduces a great number of prosy observations on the trades of authorship, tallow-chandlery, and bookselling, in general. Duty obliges me to subjoin a part of them, for I confess I owe them many valuable suggestions.

"In the abstract idea of tallow-chandlery," he remarks, "I find the analogon of bibliogeny, or book-producing; not only by observation of the alternations of my ancestors between these trades, but by consideration of the nature of things. Bibliopoly, or bookselling, on the other hand, I regard as the true analogon of master-tallow-chandlery; for as your poor devil of a literary journeyman does but heap together and cast in moulds such scraps of matter as he can pick up, to be disposed of by his superior at an advantage: so your journeyman tallow-chandler does but melt up the fat and pour it about the wicks, for *his* superior to dispense to the community. It is by no means required of the master-workman in either case, that he put his hand to the work, or indeed that he have any mechanical knowledge of it."

Again, alluding to the idle humor of such authors as pretend to write for fame, or the public good, rather than for money, he delivers himself thus, in a strain of bitterness and sarcasm: "Is it not clear, that if the price is paid, the commodity is sold? What mean these canting hypocrites, who affect to say that a clergyman's salary, or an officer's pay, is not the whole matter for which the one preaches and the other fights?"

"The very hound, do you say, hunts not for the game, but for the pleasure of hunting? the horse runs not for his oats, but for the pleasure of running? what of that?—are men to be compared to dogs and horses?—I scorn the comparison! Find the salary, and you shall have the priest with his sermon; hold out the fee and the doctor will instantly appear with his physic; starve your author well, and he will bring you the book; endow your office and lo! here is legion to fill it! But who is this subtle gentleman with his remark, that the sermon

is not for the salary, but the salary for the sermon? or, in other words, that the man of God is supported that he may preach, and not that he preaches to be supported, with other cant of the sort. Now," says our author, "if any sane man will look fairly at the question, I think he will see more knavery than sense in it; for, as far as my experience goes, I find it the exact contrary;" here follows a rather subtle argumentation which I dare not quote, for fear of growing tedious: consult Slawk. *ibid.* i. v. Then follows a very general treatise of authorship. Pantol calling my attention to it, delivered himself as follows.

"In this treatise I find an old topic handled with a new skill. Authorship is treated as it should be, as the trade of trades, the work of works, the trick of tricks. Here are no circumventions of you with enticements of glory, honor, and a place among the worthies. Bread is the theme, 'when truth is told 'tis all for gold.' 'Logic is the handle and money the blade.' 'Chalk is good for nest eggs,' and a dry book will bring good money; and be a white lie at worst. But be bold and make a good hit before they find you out, for when they do find you out, you must skulk; and then comes the devil and the bookseller; therefore, say I, be bold and throw out a brave trick," &c. &c., which is stark nonsense, and the direct contrary; for I know Pantol as my own soul, and sooner than cheat, or lie, or steal, he would cut his fingers off.

Slawkenberg enters very gravely upon his treatise of authorship. He considers it a species of moneymaniacal affection; the itch of writing, by metastasis from the palm of the left hand to the tips of the right fingers, like a skipping rheumatism. "Boys discover a propensity to daub and deface paper with colored liquids; by giving a right direction to this effort of nature you create writers and authors." "All authors were formerly cuttle-fishes, the natural food of the shark, and carried an ink bottle in their bellies; when attacked, they retired into oblivion behind clouds of their own making, as they now do under like circumstances behind an impenetrable fog of arguments, answers, and replications; sharks alone, of all fish, having no eyes to speak of, but an unquestionable nose, dart through the artificial night and snap them up infallibly."

Pantol commenting on this wonderful treatise made a number of observations in his manner, of which I took notes of the following; "Bookmaking is to other trades as an alms-house to a work-shop; a refuge for the lame, the blind, the insane, and the imbecile. The greater quantity of lies, fury, and drunkenness, a man has latent in him, the more evident his destiny to authorship." "We foolishly imagine that authors devour books; books on the contrary eat up authors."

Or this on Lying—suggested by the same treatise.

"Machiavelli treated tyranny as an art; there is a Pirate's Own Book, and a Manual of this and that, by Aretine and others, but why have we no Liar's Vade Mecum? for who, of mortals, rest more on art than your falsifiers? We have treatises of things in general, and of things in particular; we have sciences of that which is, but none of that which is *not*. It grieves me to the soul, reflecting on the multitude of benighted practitioners of this unvalued, inestimable, indispensable, immeasurable, unconfineable, pragmatical, imperfectable, high-political; auctorial, pictorial; fanciful, pleasant, pliant, pretty, pet 'science of that which is not,' or of the false, should have had no critical exposition; bating a few precepts of my Lord Bacon, (whose universal genius did not fail to touch the confines of this art,) and

a few poor instances in Aristotle and the Athenian sophists."

"Now," continued Pantol, "when I reflect on the increasing necessity for skilful lying in affairs of state—church—law—incident to the rapid advances of science and the impossibility of carrying the multitude along with us, in consequence of which, all grades and sects of the learned are driven to the alternative of positive or negative lying; to say nothing of the growing appetite for wholesale lies, under the name of Novels of Society, and the like, in which the art *lies* not so much in the assemblage of incidents, as in giving impudence and vanity the air of lofty virtue and graceful enthusiasm;—nor of that newly invented apothegmatism, which gives a blank falsehood the air of Orphic wisdom; nor of those less elegant but not less useful practitioners, whose modesty aspires not to an immortality in lying, but is content in the exercise of a daily and hourly production of 'false facts;' nor of the venders of all kinds of quackeries, noted for solid lying; nor of demagogical liars eminent, who practice the difficult and honorable art of corrupting the corrupt, and deceiving that which loves to be deceived.

"I say, reflecting upon all this, I am not without hopes of seeing this volume, and that no less remarkable one of the Universal Liar, reckoned among those which every gentleman should have in his library."

CHAPTER XIX.

SLAWKENBERG'S INFERNAL EXPEDITION. DEMONOMANCY.

I have often had it in mind to give you some account of Slawkenberg's Expedition to the Nether Regions, and of the wonderful things he saw there. I should long ago have given the world a translation of that surprising Expedition, had it not been for an untoward circumstance, which was, namely, the difficulty I found in coming at the true meaning of the original. For you must know, that Slawkenberg is the inventor of a new and wonderful method of conveying ideas, which for want of a better word, I will call the *symbolical* method; though that word expresses but the half of what it should. To understand this method, you have only to know, that nature and the world were originally composed out of analogons, which are like the skins

of a snake, lying one under the other. Beginning for example, with a grub; when it casts its analogon it becomes a beetle; the soul of the beetle, sloughing its analogon, (i. e. its carabaceous husk, or body,) becomes a butterfly; the butterfly, by a similar process takes on the figure of a bird; the bird of a rabbit; the rabbit of a dog; the dog of a monkey; the monkey of a carib; the carib of a negro; the negro of a man: the same soul, observe you, remains in the series from the first; and if you reckon on any other immortality than this, you are no Slawkenbergian. It must be observed that this hypothesis does not admit of making that vulgar distinction between the human and the animal soul, of which my friend Pantol is so absurdly

fond; for as by merely sloughing its skins or analogons, or bodies, or what you will, the paltry little soul of a grub at last comes to possess the body of a man, and to all intents and purposes becomes the soul of a human body—that is to say a human soul: Whereas, by Pantol's hypothesis, which he took out of some old book of the middle ages, or perhaps from Pythagoras, the human soul is a Divine image, lodged by Divine grace in a human body, and using a human brain and none other for its instrument, or organ. But this is a very dry topic, and by no means suited to the light and comical strain of these memoirs of mine, which, you will think are in some danger of being no memoirs at all, but a mere canto of common places out of Pantol and Slawkenberg;—have patience with me, nevertheless, I pray you; there is Life and Opinions to come.

The universe, I said, may be compared to a nest of boxes, each of which is the analogon or similar of the one it contains; or by which it is contained; a comparison, when I consider it, very gross and unapt; for, to apprehend spiritual matters, you must dissolve yourself and become fluent and permeant; letting the imagination pass into the whole, and be at the same instant everywhere present in thought; as when one dreams of a city, and sees everything that is transacted behind walls and in cellars as well as in the streets; which is the true condition of philosophizing on human affairs.

Now you will be able to imagine a very curious and difficult thing, no less than that every atom of matter is absolutely *alive*, and vivified by a soul; and farther, that these monads, or atomic souls are assembled into groups, under the captaincy of certain vegetable monads, which were formerly in their condition, but since promoted for good conduct to the rank of mushrooms and polypuses. This system of promotion goes on through exactly 999 grades, up to man, who is generalissimo.

Now let me warn you, that if you deny this, you betray yourself to be in the negative or unbelieving state. For all men are either negative or positive; infidel or faithful; those who scoff or deny, are infidel or negative: but fortunate are they who confide, and with a child-like confidence accept what is set before them without examination.

The series of visible things ends in

man, but with the detachment of the promoted spirit from its case, the body, the system of invisible, or of spiritual things begins. The number of ranks, or grades of visible forms is exactly 999, but that of invisible is infinite.

Nevertheless, of these spiritual orders there are two kinds, the wicked and the good; their grades are marked by the number of inferior orders which they embrace or govern. But the order of the negative or wicked souls is reversed; none are superior to man, and none are inferior to atoms. Thus, there are devils of all degrees, from particles of dirt and grubs, up to lions, apes, caribs, and men. For the present let us speak only of the negative or evil kind.

Now, as to these, they are divided into five ranks, or orders; of which the lowest occupy the inferior Hades, or Tartarus, and the highest flit to and fro over the earth and other planets. With the subdivisions of these five orders we need not just now concern ourselves; enough that they correspond with those of the animals and men on the earth and other planets; for Slawkenberg declares, and I cannot deny, that the planets are inhabited.

Now the gist of all this is, that Slawkenberg, by a happy fate, discovered a method of intercommunication with these spiritual beings, and came to a perfect knowledge of their characters, businesses, and modes of life; nay, he knows their names, and can at any moment put himself in communication with the rascaliest devil of them all. Have patience with me, I say again, and by the love I bear you, and by my respect for this immortal sage. I protest, vow, and promise, as I am a true Slawkenbergian, you shall hear the whole secret; so complete, you may be able, with but very little exertion, to accomplish as much as any seer or wizard could desire, without the least fear of being bamboozled by an over active fancy.

Having first resolved yourself into infinitude, letting imagination be to sense as greatest is to least, stick a pin in the toe of your slipper and fix your eyes upon it for two hours without stirring a muscle. It is necessary to have taken nothing inwardly but vegetables and water for three months previously, the effect of that diet being to weaken the animal and excite the spiritual functions, in a very surprising manner. The thing may best be done in an easy-chair, before a

sea-coal fire, having first locked the door; or better still, between two and five in the morning, after a vigilant meditation on the sacred numbers. Let the pin be nearly erect, with a slight inclination toward the west. At the end of the first hour, you will see the head of the pin double and treble itself; by-and-bye, sparkles and beams of magnetic influence will appear to stream from it towards your nose. Soon an arc of light will construct itself between the head of the pin and the tip of your nose, like the arc between the points of the calorimotor; this will enlarge and sparkle, and finally break into flashes and disappear; leaving a burr of blue light on the tip of your nose, with which you may retire to your bed, with no apprehension of setting fire to your curtains.

Now, to tell you the truth, and to speak soberly, the d—l is in this burr, as you will discover; for instead of falling asleep, no sooner are you well snuggled in the sheets, when lo! Brigo and Honoklomen, the soft-skinned Krankogon and little Bildog, whose voice is like the creaking of wheels, will wait upon you. Listen to Totsvanim, give ear to Sapligotag, mincing spirits! how they play! Brigo will talk through your elbow, Krankogon through your sacrum; Bildog will dance on your glandula pinealis, and go a swimming in water of the posterior ventricles. Totsvanim will tickle your cerebellum, and play a tune on the cords of your *xapagion*.

Brigo appearing in the ventricle of the septum makes all things of a green color; knocking on the septum with his wand, he causeth flashes of green light to flow through the body; then can a man see as well with his heels as with his eyes.

If I were to tell you all that Brigo can make you see when he tickles your septum, it were a trial of your faith. Dare I say that the back of your hand shall be as visual as your eye, and with the

tips of your fingers you may see through any hypocrite's devices; nay, penetrate the seven-fold shield of sanctimony, and through a philosophical and pious disguise detect the atheist and the charlatan? Pleasant little Brigo can whip off the roofs of houses in a twinkling! He is your true clairvoyant; he can see into the middle of most mill-stones and take his pretty little oath there is nothing there but a grit or a flaw. Trust the devilkin! hath he not an eye?

Slawkenberg saw Caesar die in the capital, and soon after witnessed with equal distinctness a great fire that is to happen at London in the year 1900. But that is a mere bagatelle to what he *heard*; for when Bildog entered the left ventricle, then was the creaking of Nebuchadnezzar's shoes quite audible. He heard a Quaker swear at his horse, though no man else did; he heard a firm believer whisper a doubt, though no man else did; he heard a smart scholar confess ignorance, though no man else did; but this was chips and straw to what he heard Thomas Carlyle say to himself about orthodoxy and the Scripture Miracles, which no man else did; nay, he heard Premier Guizot say the oddest things about Protestantism, which it were a shame to repeat; but if I were to tell you all that he heard, there were no end to the telling.

Soft-skinned Krankogon sitting at the root of the cerebellic tree gave a nicety of touch; then did Slawkenberg, says he, "touch the edge of the world where Nothing begins." "I felt the spinning of the globe, and its motion; I felt the sun rise and the waters flow; nay, as I live, I felt the rise and fall of stocks, and the flow of specie in the market; there was no motion that I did not feel, not excepting the down-slide of radicalism, the back-slide of the church, the slip-up of republics, and the onward surge of tyranny."

MAJOR ANDRÉ'S EXECUTION.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S CHARACTER FOR HUMANITY VINDICATED.

HISTORY is a legacy which every generation bequeaths to posterity. Circumstantial evidence, often overlooked at the time of recording the history of memorable events as immaterial to the main purpose, is apt to slide away upon the ebb of time, though most important to the elucidation of the narrative.

The history of the American revolutionary war, in its minute, as well as in its broad features, challenges the watchful guardianship of every American, especially of those near of kindred to the dauntless spirits who, braving the alternative of life or death, embarked in a struggle for the vindication of their social rights, and the establishment of the fundamental principle of liberty. Every particle of truth, associated with a nation's birth, and substantiated by undeniable evidence, the country has a right to demand, and it ought not to be withheld by any consideration of personal delicacy or the apprehension of being charged with vanity and egotism. Before we proceed to consider the facts which led to the catastrophe of Major André's life, it may be proper succinctly to review the histories of English writers on the subject, from which we shall perceive the false light in which the transaction is recorded, and the efforts still making to perpetuate an impression unfavorable to the character of General Washington.

Mr. Adolphus, the Old Bailey barrister, as he was called by way of distinction, is the author of the continuation of Hume's and Smollet's history of England, embracing the reign of George III. In his account of the capture, trial, and execution of Major André, he entirely omits the important fact that Major André, upon his own application to the Commander-in-Chief, was respited upon the day appointed for his execution. Mr. Adolphus cannot be accused of falsifying facts, but he may be accused of suppressing a part of the truth, and thereby giving a false coloring to the whole transaction—of leaving upon the mind of the English reader an erroneous impression of haste and inhumanity. The concealment of important circum-

stantial facts, lead to conclusions as entirely fallacious, as if the main facts had been incorrectly recorded. Nor is there anything in this to contravene the current character of history. All nations look with critical nicety upon the authority and credibility of history recorded by writers whose sympathies, prejudices of education and of thought—whose preference of country—aversions of politics and religion—and whose party animosities, may overbalance the judgment and control the pen. We may trace the effects of Mr. Adolphus' deceptive history upon the mind of the present generation in Great Britain, in the eagerness with which the event of Major André's execution is seized, to disparage the moral character of General Washington, and to cast a cloud over his spotless fame. Dr. Basset, in vol. iii. c. xxv. of his history of George III., remarks that André, Adjutant General of the British army, and aid-de-camp of Sir Henry Clinton, the Commander of the British troops then occupying New York, "sensible that in war stratagem is less necessary than military prowess, could find nothing in the employment assigned to him which was inconsistent with the character of a gallant soldier." Therefore, stimulated by his loyalty and patriotism, he entered boldly into a scheme which he conceived would redound to the glory of the British arms, the subjugation of the American Colonies, and the gratification of his own ambition.

To avoid suspicion and facilitate treachery, the Vulture sloop of war was stationed near the post of Arnold, at West Point. André embarked on board the sloop of war on the 21st Sept., 1780, and in the night of that day was conveyed in a boat to the beach where he met the traitor Arnold, and with whom he spent the night in planning their future operations. Daylight approached before the work of darkness was completed. André therefore, was concealed during the day at a place within the American lines, with the view of returning to the Vulture at night. It was here that the treason was ripened for final execution by furnishing André with plans of the

fortress, strength of the forces in garrison, the most favorable points of attack, and the disposition Arnold would make of the troops under his command, the most effectually to ensure the total destruction or capitulation of the American army. Unfortunately for André, but most providential for the Americans, the Vulture was compelled, by an artillery fire opened upon her by the Americans from the shore, to abandon her position and remove further down the river. André's retreat by water was thus cut off. Passports, in the fictitious name of Aderson, were granted to him by Arnold, a change of apparel, and country equipments provided, to disguise André for his contemplated journey, by land, to the head-quarters of the British Army.

Dr. Basset affirms in the most unequivocal manner, "that the *only* evidence of the fact of André's being a spy, was his own admission;" was it no evidence, his being taken in a disguised habit? was it no evidence of his being a spy that the documents furnished him by Arnold were found concealed in his boots? was it no evidence, that he offered bribes, even the highest reward his captors could name, for permission to proceed on his journey to New York? was it no evidence that he caused an express to be dispatched to the traitor Arnold apprising him of his arrest? was it no evidence that in consequence of this communication Arnold made his immediate escape to the enemy? what business could a British officer have with Arnold if the spyship and the traitorship were not mutual? André admitted what he could not deny. This admission was an unnecessary confirmation of the most conclusive evidence against him, and formed no part of the ground of his condemnation.

But continues Dr. Basset, "his, André's, declaration of *pure motives* ought to have been admitted by the court in his favor. Such relentless inhuman rigor could answer no purpose of policy, as it certainly neither enhanced his (Washington's) character nor forwarded the interests of the Americans. It was evidently an effort of revenge which failed in its object. The death of André, which Washington could easily have prevented will certainly in future ages be regarded as a dark spot on the bright character of the American General."

This historian, as well as Adolphus, suppresses the fact that André was respi-

ted in compliance with his own application to the commander-in-chief. A most material circumstance, to show that so far from inhumanity, every opportunity was afforded to André, even after his conviction, to express his views,—as well as for the deliberate consideration of General Washington, aided by the advice of the general officers of the American army comprising the court martial.

Pure motives, indeed! The motives of a spy cannot be mistaken. He is one who secretly, and steadfastly, and disguisefully, in the darkness of night, as well as in the light of day, lurks about the camps or fortifications of an enemy to gain information, in an unsoldier like-manner, for the guidance and advantage of his employers. In the treachery of his designs he differs from an open, manly enemy, who boldly and courageously reconnoitres the position, force, batteries, and fortifications of an enemy, and fearlessly exposes himself to the assaults of his adversary and the perilous chances of war.

A spy divests himself of the honorable character of a soldier—throws himself without the pale of national law—devotes himself to the commission of crimes which society cannot pardon—and draws upon himself the highest penalties which can be inflicted by any human tribunal. In the judgment of international law he is an outcast, an enemy to the human race—so utterly destitute of *purity of motives*, that his dark and treacherous heart endangers the peace of society, and conspires to dissolve the bonds which hold together the commonwealth of nations, and therefore demands by the concurrent sanction of all nations, that his career should be abridged by the forfeiture of his life.

As supreme judge in military cases, General Washington undoubtedly held the power to confirm or absolve the verdict of condemnation pronounced by the court.

But is there a man so blind as not to see the degeneration of power in confounding virtue and vice? so deaf as not to hear the burst of indignation which follows an unequal administration of justice? so insensible as not to perceive that the public safety compels the execution of public law? and so destitute of intelligence as not to know that between the restraints of law and universal anarchy, there is but a single step?

André, without compensation, would have washed his hands in the blood of our

fathers. His own blood must be shed, not "in revenge, but in vindication of national law and honorable warfare." We may weep over the weakness of humanity and commiserate the fate of André, but we cannot deny the justice of his sentence.

But without multiplying instances of the distortion of historical truth by English writers of an early date, we find the same disingenuous spirit equally manifest at the present period.

The Edinburgh Quarterly Review of Oct., 1846, contains an article upon the lives of eminent lawyers. The reviewer in the course of his remarks observes that the only blot in the career of Judge Hale is the sentence of death passed upon the women for witchcraft in 1664. "The fate of these women," says Mr. Morivale, the author under review, "is in the life of Sir Matthew Hale what that of André is in the life of Washington, and that of the Duke d'Enghein in the life of Bonaparte—the chapter to which the reader returns with most exultation or with most regret according as he is in the vein to depreciate or exalt the character of his subject." It is difficult to imagine that the mind of any enlightened gentleman of the present age can be so far palsied by national prejudice, as to place in juxtaposition three transactions so dissimilar in every respect as those mentioned of Judge Hale, Bonaparte, and General Washington. The murder of two women, convicted of witchcraft, in an age when credulity and superstition, held an ascendancy over the minds of men—the ruthless butchery of the Duke d'Enghein by Bonaparte—and the execution of Major André, an acknowledged and convicted spy—are considered by Mr. Morivale as parallel cases.

The charge of cruelty and inhumanity, craftily thrown out by Mr. Morivale, is so palpably unjust, that one naturally looks around for some plausible ground of excuse. We must in common charity suppose that he was not well informed respecting the facts and circumstances of Major André's execution, or that he was carried away by popular opinions originating in the partial histories of the times, or we must come down upon him as the calumniator and traducer of a character whose virtues he had neither magnanimity to acknowledge, nor spirit to emulate. Nor can we entirely exonerate the reviewer himself from a participation in the slander to which he has gratuitously given currency. His silence, after

making the offensive quotation, speaks as loudly in confirmation of the author's sentiments, as if it had originally been the reviewer's own. The motive and design are too apparent to admit of a doubt that he felt a secret pleasure in selecting a passage from the work under review, agreeable to his taste, and then leaving it, without comment, to work its pernicious way into the popular mind.

The character of General Washington for valor, wisdom, and humanity, is too well defined, and too generally recognized in Europe, to be successfully assailed. But if the charge of cruelty can be fastened upon him by crafty delineations and insidious attacks, the malignant passions of hostility may be gratified, and the purity of character which adorns the founder of a mighty empire, tarnished. It may therefore be proper to look a little more closely into the facts and circumstances of the case, and to examine the practice of the British army itself, to see how far that corresponds with the principles now advocated by the enemies of General Washington.

From the historical narratives of English writers, and the comments of reviews on this subject, the people of Great Britain receive their impressions. The multitude follow in the trail of popular opinion, and have none of their own. They might as well be without mind, and without sight, for aught of any good that flows to them from the possession of either.

On the 4th July, 1825, in compliance with an invitation from General La Fayette, I waited upon him at his house, Rue D'Angou, in Paris. We were alone in his private apartments. In the course of an interview of more than an hour, I embraced the opportunity of introducing the subject of the trial of Major André, by remarking that, if my memory was correct, he was one of the general officers who composed the court-martial upon the trial of that officer. He replied, "that he was, and that *all* the general officers of the army there present, were members of the court:" a fact of which I was not before aware. "That it was a painful duty, in consideration of the gallantry and accomplishments of that officer, but the court was impelled, not only by the rules of war, but by the example of the British army itself, in the execution of Captain Hale on Long Island, for a similar offence, to pass a like judgment."

I asked him if he remembered the fact of Major André's respite? He replied, "perfectly," but could not exactly recollect for how long a time, but thought for two or three days. I had Mr. Adolphus' History of England in my view, and was desirous of correcting an unfavorable impression which I conceived the suppression of that fact would occasion upon the public mind.

My uncle, Ebenezer Smith, was a captain, enlisted during the war, in the Massachusetts line, and commanded the guard appointed to attend the execution of Major André, on the 1st of October, 1780. From him I received the particulars of Major André's person, and of his behavior on that day. He describes him as graceful in his deportment, and intelligent in conversation; but remarked that the agony of his mind, as he walked the room, was most distressing, and it seemed to him that his very flesh crawled upon his bones. His respite came before 5 o'clock on that day—the time appointed for his execution. The relief from the painful duty imposed upon him, my uncle remarked, was one of the happiest days of his life. It was during my uncle's presence with Major André on that day, that his servant, on coming into the room, burst into tears, and was ordered out by Major André.

My father, Major General David Smith, of Litchfield, Connecticut, who served his country during the whole period of the war, was, at the time of which I am speaking, Brigade Major in Colonel Chandler's regiment, Connecticut Line. His camp papers were preserved in a regular camp box, which, I believe, was never opened from the close of the war, until his death in 1814. My father kept the camp orderly books for several years, and fortunately those books were preserved after his decease. The remainder of his camp papers, letters, &c., fell a prey to carelessness and the depredations of time, as most manuscripts do, after they have served their original purpose. He was present in the army when the treason of Arnold occurred, and I find recorded in his own handwriting in the orderly book of 1780, the following entry:

"HEAD QUARTERS, *Orange* }
Town, Sep. 26, 1780. }

"Treason of the blackest dye was yesterday discovered. General Arnold, who commanded at West Point, lost to every sentiment of honour, of private and public

obligation, was about to deliver that important post into the hands of the enemy.

"Such an event must have given the American cause a deadly wound, if not a fatal stab. Happily the Treason has been timely discovered to prevent the fatal misfortune. The Providential train of circumstances which led to it, affords the most convincing proof that the Liberties of America are the objects of Divine Protection. At the same time that the Treason is to be regretted, the General cannot help congratulating the Army in the happy discovery. Our Enemies despairing of carrying their point by force, are practising every base art to effect, by bribery and corruption, what they cannot accomplish in a manly way. Great honour is due to the American army that this is the first instance of Treason of the kind, where many were to be expected from the nature of the dispute. And nothing is so bright an ornament in the character of the American Soldiers, as their having been proof against all the arts and seductions of an insidious enemy.

"Arnold has made his escape to the Enemy, but Major André, the Adjutant General of the British Army, who came out as a spy to negotiate the business, is our prisoner.

"His Excellency, the Commander-in-Chief has arrived at West Point from Hartford, and is no doubt taking proper measures to unravel fully so hellish a plot."

"HEAD QUARTERS, }
"Oct. 1st, 1780. }

"The board of General Officers appointed to examine into the case of Major André have reported—

"1st. That he came on shore from the *Vulture*, sloop-of-war, in the night of the 21st of September last, on an interview with General Arnold, in a private and secret manner.

"2d. That he changed his dress within our limits, and under a feigned name and a disguised habit, passed our works at Stony and Verplank's Points, the evening of the 22d of September last, and was taken the morning of the 23d of September last, at Tarrytown, in a disguised habit, being then on his way to New York and when taken, had in his possession several papers which contained intelligence for the enemy.

"The board, having maturely considered these facts, do also report to His Excellency General Washington, that Major André, Adjutant General of the British Army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy; and that, agreeable to the law and usages of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death.

"The commander-in-chief directs the execution of the above sentence in the usual

way, this afternoon, at five o'clock, precisely.

"Evening Orders."

"Major André is to be executed to-morrow, at twelve o'clock precisely. A battalion of eighty files from each wing to attend the execution.

Fourteen general officers of the most honorable and unimpeachable character, constituted the court martial, viz:—

Major General Green, President.

Major General Sterling.

Major General St. Clair.

Major General La Fayette.

Major General Howe.

Major General Steuben.

Brigadier General Saml. H. Parsons.

Brigadier General James Clinton.

Brigadier General Henry Knox.

Brigadier General John Glover.

Brigadier General John Paterson.

Brigadier General Edward Hand.

Brigadier General John Huntington.

Brigadier General John Stark.

"JOHN LAWRENCE, Judge, Advocate General."

The execution of Captain Hale, on Long Island, contrasted with that of Major André.

Captain Hale was a young man, a native of Connecticut, a gallant soldier of Colonel Knowlton's regiment, of religious character, of superior education, and in every respect, qualified to shine in arms. When brought before General Howe, for there does not appear to have been any court martial or regular trial, he did not conceal his motives for a moment, but confessed at once that he came to the British lines to gain information of the position of the British army, and so far as practicable, of their future operations. General Howe, without a single day's delay, in the most barbarous, unfeeling, and unchristian manner, hurried him to the gallows at once. His request to have a clergyman attend him in his last moments denied, his application for a Bible rejected, his letters to his family connections destroyed: and the ordinary sympathies shown to a convicted murderer utterly suppressed. No marvel that General La Fayette, in a view of those extraordinary circumstances, still vivid in his recollection, referred at once to so inhuman a transaction. Agreeably to the laws of nations, and the practice of war, Captain Hale's condemnation was undoubtedly

just. But the manner and circumstances of his execution are revolting to every feeling of humanity, and repugnant to every sentiment of civilization. This is only one out of a countless multitude of outrageous acts perpetrated by the British army. But the American historians have wisely passed them over, and allowed them to slumber in oblivion. Not so with our transatlantic neighbors. After the lapse of more than half a century; after the passions have had time to cool, and reason to reassume its dominion, there lurks in their bosoms an ignoble disposition to asperse the character of one whose virtues "transcend example," and whose fame shall live forever.

There can be no controversy with respect to the fact that Major André was captured in the capacity of a spy. His execution was rendered imperative by the rules of war—by the sense of mankind—by the acknowledged laws of nations—by the universal practice of belligerents—and by the example of the British army itself. The charge of cruelty is a bold charge, inasmuch as it is equally applicable to those who make it, as to those against whom it is made. If the individual case be cruel, the general sense of mankind must be cruel—the law of nations must be cruel—reason, the foundation of all law, must be cruel—and the British army must be cruel. There is no alternative but to fall back upon total moral and mental darkness—blotting God from our creed, and man from our fellowship.

There is something strikingly sublime in the idea of a universal law, of human origin, equally obligatory upon all nations, and carrying with it the same penalty; and something presumptuous in the idea of any individual, however exalted, assuming the authority and responsibility of abridging that law, and sanctioning its virtual repeal by abolishing its punishment.

General Washington, acting under the sentence of a court martial of general officers, and in the last act of confirmation, under their special advice, gave an august moral example of obedience to the law of nations, perfectly compatible with his exalted character, and thus sustained its rigour, instead of weakening its force.

J. S.

GILFILLAN'S LITERARY PORTRAITS.*

WE have no patience with stilt-walking. It never was a favorite amusement of our own, nor did we ever like to see it practised by others. Dangerous feats have no interest for us, except the interest of dislike. Not that we are remarkably nervous; but that we eschew any unnecessary waste of sympathy. With the victim of an unavoidable accident we can sympathize, to the full, and congratulate ourselves on the readiness with which our kindly feelings are stirred. The crushing of a limb, by the fall of a spar on ship-board, or by the upsetting of a wagon through the viciousness of an unruly horse on a country road, we consider a legitimate subject of commiseration; but where danger is purposely courted, and mishap ensues, we deem ourselves cozened out of whatever pity we may feel. If a tight-rope dancer chance to break his neck, or an aeronaut tumbles some thousands of feet to the earth, and is picked up by the handful, we are chagrined that our nature compels us to pity him. When a man's natural altitude does not serve him to hang himself on a horn of the moon, or if his legs are not long enough to allow of his personating the Apollo of Rhodes, we cannot perceive any good reason why he is called upon to do either. A pair of stilts, it is true, may enable him to succeed in both; but what if he does not know how to balance them?

There are writers of a certain class, who are never so much at home as when abroad in the regions of episode. Delighting in freedom, no sooner are they through the gateway of their exordium, than, like unfettered colts, they leap into foreign enclosures, and nibble whatever comes in their way: although it be not half so good as the pasture they at first entered. To be sure, at times, they return, but only for a moment, and then are off again, the reader scarcely knows where. A betrothed coquette is a fool to them. The theme in hand is used simply as a point of departure; and they take good care to keep their "whither bound" as discreetly hidden as they

would a sailing order in the "secret service." It is in these excursions that they develop their peculiarities still more fully. To show any knowledge of the topic on which their pens make a show of being busy, does not content them. They must needs lug in by the ears, everything else that bears the remotest affinity: the link of association being all the better for its being invisible. If Stirling Castle is sitting for its portrait, straitway upon the canvass start out, in the foreground, the wharves of Rotterdam, or the steeples of Geneva; while the connoisseur stands on tiptoe if he would catch a glimpse of even the topmost stone upon the towers of the Scottish fortress. Is there a sailing party on its way, for a day's sport, to the Isle of Man, you may see the little fleet whisking round Donagheda Light, up the North Channel; and, after running in among the Orkneys, and balancing on the edge of the Norwegian whirlpool, gracefully sweep round within hailing distance of Mount Hecla; and then, touching at Belfast for a fresh supply of crackers and pale ale, reach Douglass somewhere about nightfall. As for our own tastes, we like to know a little of the route which a writer intends to travel, before we trust ourselves in his company, or pledge ourselves to accompany him to the next inn; for who wants to make the entire circuit of a country, merely for exercise, when one is longing for supper, and the tavern sign-post is in full and distinct view? It may be that we yield too much to mere animal instinct, and give too little play to the spiritual part of our nature; but we are hugely fond of progressing in strait lines; and dislike all deviations, whether on land or paper. A true sportsman always whistles his dog off the track of a hare, lest he should get bewildered; since the trail begins anywhere and ends nowhere. One of these hare-brained writers, if you but follow him, makes the same bewilderment. If you ever chance to find his "form," it is not through any fault of his; for he has as many turns and windings, and cuts as many right angles and indescribable

* Sketches of Modern Literature and Eminent Literary Men, (being a Gallery of Literary Portraits,) by George Gilfillan. Reprinted entire from the London edition. New York and Philadelphia: Appletons. 1846. One volume, 12mo. pp. 492.

curves, as a school-boy on his first map of the British Isles. Such a writer strives for our admiration, and succeeds in obtaining our pity. "Poor fellow!" we exclaim; "poor conceited embodiment of weakness! thou hast many good natural parts, but thou lackest common sense, which is the rudder of thy intellectual craft. Go to! let us have thy thought, whatever it may be—however poverty-stricken thy maudlin brain—let us have thy thought, we say, without the sorry pantomime and harlequin caperings, which make thee so supremely ridiculous. If thou canst say 'Booh!' say it, and be off: for we much prefer the natural cackle of the aquatic saviors of Rome, to the gibberish of thy jackdaw tongue. Thou thinkest, very likely, that we are too hard upon thee. Heaven save the mark!—Too hard? Why, we have not given thee the moiety of what thou deservest. Thou settest thyself up to be somebody, and, behold, thy own mouth belieth thee. If thou hadst the brains of a wren, thou wouldst, amid all thy chattering, at least build thy nest; and lay thy little eggs and quietly hatch them. Pray, sir wren, do not make such a show of building that tiny thing, and then leave at the first frost, without so much as adding a single straw to the beginning thou madest in the spring-time. Even as a wren, thou owest a duty to the world. Perform it. Thou pretendest to be a teacher—hast ability to be a teacher, in thy humble way, and shouldst do thy work, even though it be that of giving lessons in the art of wren-architecture. Chatter, if thou wilt, but build the while, and thy readers will thank thee. Gather thy small materials and lay them together; and then chatter, to thy heart's content, if thou hast no eggs to lay; but, for thy own sake, at any rate, *build first, and afterwards play*; and not, during thy labor, hop about the top of the wall, or in among the mulberries, nor task thy wing by long flights to the roof-tree and skylights, or up to the pigeon-cote, to say that thou art busy. When thou hast got through building thou mayest depart, anywhere, and we shall not miss thee." Thus do we apostrophize writers of this sort, who, with no definite plan, go hither and yon, discoursing of everything but the legitimate theme they pretend to write of.

With all due charity, and the largest allowances for his peculiar temperament, we must aver that Mr. Gilfillan is the most flagrant example of the *episodical*

that we ever happened upon. No leap is too magnificent for him. Had he power equal to his wish, he would swim the Hellespont, and, without taking breath, hurry up the loftiest peak of the Olympus, and then, at a bound, clear half the countries of the Orient, and alight on the snows that gird the mountains of the moon: and this, for pastime merely, while making a promenade from the Tuilleries to the Place de Vendome. When we took up his book, and traced him through the sketch of Jeffrey, we rather liked him; but after bearing with his "*sophomories*" to the sketch of Coleridge, we lost all patience, and wrote him down an ass. Yes, poor Dogberry had not half done justice to himself had he been George Gilfillan. Not that this same writer has not a considerable share of a certain sort of genius, as we shall hereafter show, yet so vain is he and *protrusive*, that it requires a large degree of Christian charity to segregate his faults from his excellences, and give the latter their full weight in the balance of our judgment. We can very readily pardon faults in one writer, that in another vex us excessively. The robin-notes and sucking-pig squeakings, with which a hurdy-gurdy player interlards the tunes of his instrument, are by no means greatly out of character; but surely no violincellist would venture the same accompaniment in full orchestra. So, indeed, there is no good excuse for an essayist trying his skill at tricks of jugglery and legerdemain, while engaged upon a refined literary or scientific theme; whether those tricks are intrinsically ridiculous, or only made so by the time and place in which they are introduced.

The style of a writer is always indicative of his general habits of mind. If a man is egregiously vain, his pen catches the disease. Vanity is never at a loss for a safety-valve of some kind, through which to puff, and whizz, and stream out, between somebody's vision and the sun. If Mr. Gilfillan were a writing-master, we could, with tolerable certainty rely on an extra flourish, lambent about the capitals of every line. Were he a singer, each bar would contain some pretty variation: or a public speaker, you would find half the known world laid under contribution to illustrate his favorite hobby. Indeed, we have so exalted a notion of his peculiar tendency, that we imagine if he were called upon in America, to figure as an orator on the "glorious Fourth," or were to discant on peace be-

fore an audience of Friends, he would ransack the whole pile of ancient and mediæval lore for parallel views and pointed apothegms; and were the select men to honor his disquisition with print, we should feel some surprise not to find the margin loaded with references in Greek, Latin, Chinese, and, perhaps, South African. He is only an essayist, at this present, and must seek some other mode of gratifying his relish for display.

We should be doing our writer manifest injustice, however, if we charged him with what is termed pedantry; for, whatever may be his classical acquirements, it is not for any boastful show of learning that we find fault with him. He chooses a narrower field, that of English literature, from which, and in which, to trick out his gallery of sketches. Modern and recent writers are those whose portraiture he has attempted: and, for the most part, the "ground and lofty tumbling," of which we have hinted a complaint, does not meddle with a very wide range of authors or historic facts. Indeed were it not for a hint, carelessly dropped, of his having been at Glasgow College, we should not have suspected Mr. Gilfillan of any very intimate acquaintance with even the pages of Lampriere; although from the character of his style we more than half suspected that he had practised forensics and theme-writing in the second collegiate year, somewhere or other. No, it is not for pedantry that we would take him to do. A pedant, in the usual sense of the term, he is not; at least in the book before us. What, however, we do take exception to, is the iterated, reiterated, and thrice three thousand times repeated attempt to catch the massive antithesis of Burke, cage it in Johnson's tumid roll of reverberating periods, and hang it out at the window to excite the wonderment of passers-by. We do not by any means object to antithesis or to well-turned and sonorous periods, if so be that they come naturally; but it vexes us to the core when we encounter imitation. It is neither manly nor truthful, this strutting about with a borrowed swagger, this bull-frog ox-bellowing and swelling of the throat. Better, a thousand times were it, that the frog stick to his more modest croak and natural dimensions, than to strive to pass for an animal some hundreds of scores larger than himself.

We recollect the captain of a militia company, not a thousand miles from —, who, in our younger days, used to wear

his epaulettes and white pompon, and flourish his sword about, with the air of a Wellington. He was a little man, hardly larger than he of the nursery rhyme, whom, in a pint-pot, his wife imprisoned for some flagrant misdemeanor. Our captain was, indeed a very little man; his head—hat, feather, and all—scarcely reaching up to the shoulders of his company; and he had such a diminutive, squeaking voice, that it could scarcely be heard from one end of a bayonet to the other; yet, by constant practice, he had succeeded in getting up quite a passable gruffness for the usual words of command on "training days," but even then it would not do to rise into a very loud tone; for, as sure as he did, up would go his voice, a full octave, without so much as, "by your leave, sir." Most generally, however, he succeeded to get through the drill without any serious accident: but one review-day, as ill-luck would have it, the brigade inspector rode on to parade, unlooked for, and set our little captain in a complete fluster of importance; and he strutted this way and that, and gave command from the very bottom of his diaphragm. All went off very well until the last exercise, when, relying too much on his previous success, and venturing to speak unusually loud, he shouted—"SHOULDER arms!" The "shoulder" sounded like the suppressed bellowing of a year-old bull, but the "arms" came out so thin and reedy, that the spectators, company, and even the brigade inspector himself, burst into a hearty laugh at the little captain's expense; and so generally did the sense of the ludicrous seize the general mind, that for six weeks after, you might have heard the smallest school-boys, as they went through the streets, crying "SHOULDER arms!" The captain resigned his commission.

There are not a few little captains in English and American literature, to whom the reading world would give a bounty, if they also would resign their commissions and retire into private life.

In addition to the strutting character of Mr. Gilfillan's episodes, aside from the fact that they usually occupy somewhere about two-thirds of every sketch, they have a very singular and characteristic peculiarity, that of referring to the preceding sketches and episodes; giving to the whole book the air of a child's "cat's cradle," or a tangled skein of sewing-silk, where every thread is interlaced and dependent—the writer only knows

wherefore—on every other thread of the puzzling entanglement. The concluding paragraph of the ingenious history of the "House that Jack built," will give a faint notion of what we intend to convey. As we have said before, the range of episodical illustration is remarkably limited, and it is wonderful with what dexterity the changes are rung upon a dozen or two of names embraced in less than a hundred years of the history of English literature. "The great French drummer, formerly chief drummer in the Imperial Guard," if he fulfils to the letter the promises of his delightful programme, would be unable, though he capered about from drum to drum with a thousand and one drum-sticks, to perform the tithe of the dexterous evolutions which the pen of our author compasses.

Until this book appeared, we had never heard the name of "George Gilfillan." Very likely nineteen-twentieths of the reading public of these United States were in the same blissful ignorance. Who he is, or what he was, we are ignorant of at the present time. He has been pleased to point out, in a casual way, the university at which he probably graduated, leaving it to his readers to "guess" how many years have elapsed since that interesting event; an event, by the by, which it would seem, from the evidence of his style, is somewhat recent. Mr. Gilfillan is evidently a young man, with the intensive *very*. That he is of Scottish blood his Alma Mater and his ancestral name both testify. Whether his paternal home is in the Lowlands, or among the crags and fastnesses around the Highland lochs, we have no reliable means of ascertaining—though information touching this particular would, doubtless, afford his readers a certain degree of pleasure, inasmuch as people in general like to know all they can of every great man's personal history. If this latter averment be true with regard to great men, it follows—since there are many gradations in greatness—that even the history of a *little* man would interest some one or more, to whom he, being a step or two higher than themselves, seems great by comparison, and is so, to all intents and purposes.

There is a certain class of minds this side the water, with whom, for the reasons above mentioned, we should imagine the author of these sketches would become immensely popular. If so, it will

not be long before some additional facts, valuable in this connection, will creep over to his admirers, and be given by them to whomsoever has a taste for scraps biographical.

Whether it be the author's youth and inexperience, or a constitutional want of discernment, or a desire to ingratiate himself with the subjects of his sketches who are now living, and the friends and admirers of those of them that have passed away, we know not; but, added to all his sins of style is another and greater one—he is an inveterate *eulogist*. There are twenty-six writers of various celebrity whose portraits he has attempted in the volume before us, every one of whom, if our author is sincere, he regards as little less than a demi-god. Now, at a cursory glance one would naturally conclude that in a schedule embracing some of the first British orators and poets of the last and present century, that there would be a slight difference between the manner of treating them, and the manner of treating an obscure anonymous story-writer in the reviews and magazines. Yet these portraits are nearly all of them sketched *con amore*, and the same rose-colored tints appear upon the canvases, and the same gaudiness of gilding on the frames. All are heroes in the eyes of this hero-worshipper. He erects a pantheon, and in the spirit of religious democracy, so to speak, makes all his gods of about equal rank. For him there appears to be no pre-eminent deity; but all share equal worship. Jupiter Olympus stands in no grander niche than does wooden Priapus.

If our author is, as we have supposed, a young man of narrow experience, he is in a measure excusable: if of middle age, with a constitutional blurr of perception in his mental vision, he is still to be borne with; but if, as at times we have suspected and then banished the suspicion from our minds—if, we say, he has written under the slightest influence of the desire for the good will of those whom he has attempted to sketch, we shall be mortified that in the simple credulity of our hearts we have suffered the book to pass under our notice without severe condemnation. It is not in our nature, however, to give way to suspicion, nor to speak in terms of severity. On the contrary, we are amiable, and credulous to a fault, and are always disposed, when there is the slightest room for any doubt at all, to look upon the

bright side of things ; nor shall we depart from our natural tendency in the present instance. Having, in a general way, premised thus much, we will proceed to a more particular examination of Mr. Gilfillan's work, rapidly glancing at some few of the sketches, and considering them in detail, so far as the limits of our article will allow.

The first sketch in the volume is that of Lord Jeffrey, the celebrated conductor of *The Edinburgh Review*, and as such, more generally known in the United States, than as either a politician or a lawyer. A writer of more than ordinary abilities, and a gentleman withal, whom no occasion has ever caused to unbend from that habitual self-reliance and contemptuous firmness which so eminently distinguish him. Notwithstanding the odium which his earnest, bitter, yet in the main truthful attacks upon the poets of the Lake school, raised up for him, he has been at all periods, the idol of a select coterie of personal friends, whose numbers have steadily increased, until now, in the decline of life, he is considered on all hands as one of the most brilliant of the brilliant men who give such a lustre to Scottish literature.

This first sketch, starting off at the outset, at a hand-gallop, although possessing many excellences, and developing less distinctly than most of the succeeding ones, the peculiar faults which so offend us, is, on many accounts, unworthy of the favor with which we regarded it in the first perusal ; not only for its inflation of style, its flippancy and hollow pretension of illustration and comparison, which are often drawn from local and obscure sources, appreciable alone by those familiar with the North British bar, but for its downright want of discrimination, and misapprehension of the peculiar *forte* of the powerful writer in question.

It is not from any success in politics, or any argument at the bar, nor from any decision while on the bench, that Lord Jeffrey's fame will ultimately rest. It is as the editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, and as a critic, that future times will know him, if they know him at all ; and that they will know him is as certain as the continuance in English mind of a taste for acuteness, brilliancy, refined sarcasm, and daring fearlessness of utterance ; more of which no writer of the present century has possessed. Francis

Jeffrey has never been a cringing spaniel, following and fawning at the heels of public opinion. He has, like the Roman tribune, both led and defied it. The works of Wordsworth bid fair to retain their present popularity for at least a half a century to come ; and so long as they do, there is no danger that their admirers will forget the *critiques* of a writer, whose bitterness and severity lay more in the truths they conveyed, than in any form of their expression.

Albeit our sketcher thinks differently, the sphere of criticism is where the mind of Jeffrey moves with the largest freedom. Peculiarly fitted, both by temperament and cultivation, for this field of exercise, he enjoys the unrivalled honor of being, and of being called, the "prince of critics." Neither Hazlitt nor Macaulay approach him in this line of effort. To be sure they both are critics ; but not in the sense in which the title belongs to him. Hazlitt was a subtle and imaginative writer of some wit and a certain dazzling brilliancy ; apt, however, to err more on the side of emotion than on that of a too refined severity of thought. Macaulay, so far from being in reality a critic, is, always, a *special pleader*. There is no fairness either in his praise or condemnation. Starting from some extraneous prejudice or partizan resolve, his whole aim is to accumulate arguments on the side of his previous position. Jeffrey has never condescended to this abuse of criticism. Hazlitt was possessed with a smiling devil of rather good natured vanity. He delighted in *fine-writing* ; more for the name of it, than for any thing else ; and when this was out of his head, and he really gave loose rein and natural play to his mind, he discovered genius a-plenty, but a lack of that clearness of mental vision, and that strength of judgment which are essential to the great critic. Macaulay is possessed with a devil of vanity too, but it is an ambitious devil, that prides itself on the power of argumentation, it matters not how false or unjust the conclusions at which it arrives. Jeffrey, on the contrary, without the glow of Hazlitt, or the semi-antique and admirable egotism of Macaulay, has always surrendered himself to the guidance of perfect truthfulness. What he has thought, he has written without gloss or perversion ; and you see in his efforts the efforts of a clear, strong, acute, and brilliant mind ; working naturally, and for the love of

working; and seemingly unconscious that there existed any one in the wide world to give it praise. For such a mind we feel instinctive reverence; and although we may find at times that it overlooks some important feature of the work or author it is busied with, yet, as we are convinced that the oversight does not proceed from any intellectual or moral obliquity, we are satisfied, and still preserve undiminished our confidence and admiration.

Sweeping and indiscriminate as many now deem them, and triumphantly as the objects of them have emerged from the obscurity into which they were cast, even before popularity had fully arisen, yet Jeffrey's searing criticism of "the Lakers," will be, we doubt not, finally accepted by the world. Southey, already, is beginning to be laid on the shelf, although the author of two such thrilling poems as *Thalaba* and *The Curse of Kehama*—poems that will challenge comparison with any, for the sustained flight of the imagination which inspires them. The trouble with Southey as a poet is, that in these two poems—on which we think (the whole drift of general opinion to the contrary, notwithstanding) the greater portion of his fame is founded—he wearies the attention of his readers by an uncouth and arbitrary metre, which savors too much of contempt for the taste of those to whom his poetry is addressed, and whose good-will a writer should at first, and always, endeavor to secure. Wordsworth as surely, but more gradually, after another quarter of a century, when the reaction of which Mr. Gilfillan speaks shall have subsided, will also seek the dusty neglect of the upper shelves, or only be preserved in heavy binding, as a memento of the false taste of a remarkable era in the history of English literature. We do not say this hastily, nor in the spirit of contradiction, but from a deliberate conviction that the rage for softly sentimentalism is even now subsiding. There are, indeed, some few things of Wordsworth's which will live, but the great majority of his poems must inevitably fall into oblivion. Coleridge has a better chance of surviving; inasmuch as there is more of interest thrown around him as a poet, by the contrasted grandeur of intellect and pitiable weakness of character which appear in his history as a man. Take from him the fame of his remarkable powers as a conversationalist,

his depth and originality as a prose writer, and the halo of poppy-leaves which surrounds his memory, and there would be little left of his poetic celebrity. *The Hymn at Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni*, his sweet poem of *Genevieve*, *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, a few minor pieces, and the fragment of *Christabel*, which, like Schiller's *Maiden from Afar*, is full of enigmatical interest, are his only poems of any worth. All which he has written beside these, are but little better than so much trunk-lining or medicine-envelope; and, barring the ink, would be excellent for cigar-lighting. We are aware that his translation of *Wallenstein* possesses great merit; but every day is now making us better and better acquainted with German literature, so that translations from it have become a drug.

The torpedo shocks which these three writers received from the *Edinburgh Review*, have been compared with the fatal blows which Keats received from the *London Quarterly*, but while the former were subtle and electric, the latter were rough and murderous, as if indicted by the knotty war-club of a gigantic savage. Keats was at times weak, but his was the weakness of excessive beauty, not a studied and feeling sentimentalism. Keats was in love with Nature and with Greece; the Lakers with themselves. Keats was of different and finer stuff than they. He had more of unaffected simplicity and overflowing sense of the delicate and lovely, and less of self-exaggeration and pride of intellect. While the "Lakers" were only experiencing legal chastisement from the lash of an honest, though unpitiful functionary of the literary realm—whose duty it was to clear the streets of vagrants with trussed-up limbs, seemingly out of joint and crippled, accompanied by whining brats that snivel to excite pity—Keats was dying from the assaults of a highway bully, whose only warrant was that of brutish might, and whose finest sensibilities were coarser than those of a hippopotamus. We do not say this with any allusion to the style of the article in the *Quarterly*, which ruined the literary hopes of the hapless poet; we refer simply to the inbred coarseness of the writer's soul, who could thus wantonly assault one whose whole nature thrilled and shuddered at even the glance of rudeness.

The plain truth, with regard to this attack on Keats, is, that he consorted with

those who were obnoxious, on account of the boldness of their heretical opinions, on both politics and religion, and as they were his friends, he was suspected of favoring their views, and so must be impaled. A ruffian was hired to do the work, and he did it well, and pitilessly! Many a time—this was in our earlier days—have we shed tears over the fate of this sweet dreamer, the delicate, classical John Keats. Ah! what a rare flame it was that shone through the fragile vase of the boy-poet's attenuated frame! The vase broken, and the flame gone out—a fragrance as of eastern perfumes remains eternal! Truly didst thou sing, O sweet Endymion—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Thou wast no canting hypocrite, taking thy fill of the goods of this life, the while thou condemnest them in others. Thou livedst humbly, poorly; seeing from thy master's shop-window the pageantries of the great go-by, yet thou didst not wrong thyself, nor them, by degrading the luxuries and pomps thou couldst not share. With the loveliness of thy own soul thou wert content, and thou wert hated for it, hunted to the death before thou hadst seen thy manhood! But God loved thee if man did not, and shed upon thee without stint the spirit of true poesy. Thou hast gone to thy immortality—to the presence of thy Heavenly Friend, and the company of "the pure in heart." And can it be that a ruffian mercenary crushed thy life away! It is as if a buzzard had slain an angel of the sun!

It is said that Lord Brougham was the brutal writer in the *Quarterly*.

We agree for the most part with Mr. Gilfillan's estimate of Keats and Shelley, but we utterly despise the affectation of sanctity, and the pharisaical whine with which he concludes the sketches of both. Out upon thee! thou narrow soul! Thinkest thou because bigots arrogate to judge these beautiful spirits, that God loveth not the choicest works of his creative skill? When the heavens are rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat, thou wilt know who of the race of man are most beloved by the Father of Spirits!

The great and distinguishing difference between the criticisms of Lord Jeffrey, and those of others who aspire to rival him, is the difference between honest opinion and deliberate misrepresentation; the best illustration of the result of which, will be the world's estimation

of Wordsworth and Southey, compared with its estimation of Shelley and Keats, some half century hence, when its judgment of these poets will be completed.

In the sketch of Carlyle, our author seems like an antiquarian traveller in the East, who has just discovered some grand old temple, whose history is not even hinted at by tradition, and whose existence no other traveller had even suspected; and so capers about clapping his hands and shouting to the passing clouds, stopping every now and then to sketch its outlines in his portfolio, and enter a helter-skelter description in his note-book, full of magniloquent episode and sublime, half-contradictory comparisons. At first Mr. Carlyle is, "*the truest Diogenes of these times*," whose "*tub is towering into an oracle*," and whose "*rugged flame-words are fast becoming law*!" Then he is "*the chief interpreter between the German and the English mind*," and "*having shot upwards like a pyramid of fire*," rises into "*a gigantic original*," and becomes—tell it not in Gath—"a separate and independent principality in the kingdom of letters;" again, "*he is a hybrid*," the "*main tissue of his mind*" being "*homely worsted*;" and anon, he is erected into a huge "*echo-cliff*" and is "*the prophet of the AGE OF FOOLS*!" Much as we admire the lofty genius of Thomas Carlyle, we never dreamed that he was such an agglomeration of earth, air, fire, and granite before; but we will accept the description of his eulogist, and travel on towards the far off "*Beulah*," whither it would seem, from his using it for a constant watchword, Mr. Gilfillan is directing his pilgrimage.

Had we time or sufficient space, we should in this connection allude to the sketches of Professor Wilson, Thomas De Quincey, John Foster, Lockhart, and the inimitable Charles Lamb; and side by side compare them with this greatest of living writers, who, born in Annandale, has, as Mr. Gilfillan tells us, "*become the British Richter*!" There is enough in Mr. Carlyle to admire and exalt, and enough to condemn and cast down from the world's great estimation, to make a paper so full of piquant contrasts and inconsistencies as to prove quite satisfactory to the readers of modern criticism, whose palate has been educated on spices.

Marked with the same tumidity of style as the last, are the sketches of Robert Hall, Edward Irving, Dr. Chalmers, the "*Delta*" of Blackwood, Thomas Aird, and

those of Pollock and Ebenezer Elliott. Our portrait sketcher seems to snuff the terrible, as the war-horse the battle afar off, and rushes on as precipitately to mix himself in the smoke, and din, and horrid tumult of the conflict. It would not be a wonderful display of shrewdness, if we were to infer that Mr. Gilfillan is extraordinarily fond of excitement. In childhood, we used to be troubled with a night-mare, which, if he could experience a few times, we think it would do him a vast deal of good, and thrill him into a moderate degree of soberness, for at least a month thereafter.

Much as it vexes us, we must pass by unnoticed, the sketches of Goodwin, and those of Campbell, Allan Cunningham, and Walter Savage Landor. We intended, also, to animadvert on the coarse fling at the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and the slight passed upon Croly, the author of *Salathiel*, in the sketch of Shelly. We are, however, scarcely leaving room for our remarks upon the strangest portion of the volume: namely, the sketch embodying an encyclopedic view of *American literature*. But, before we pass to the consideration of this last, let us glance at the evident plan and compass of the sketches of *British writers*.

Here let it be distinctly understood, that in despite of all the faults of style, and occasional crookedness of mind, which the book before us displays; and although we have spoken freely and sharply concerning the matters which offend us, yet, at the same time, we recognize a great facility of superficial thought, and power of expression, united with much warmth and brilliancy, and ready command of the few facts which it was the design of the book to embody. It is certainly a "readable book," and will help to while away many after-dinner hours, that would be otherwise spent less profitably. We doubt not that it is passably popular in Britain, and that it may be found on the centre-tables of quite a number of literary ladies of thirty and upwards, and in the easy-chair of not a few study-rooms of the *manes* in the vicinity of Edinboro'.

We like Mr. Gilfillan for one apparent feature of his plan, which was evidently that of sketching only those writers who, to "him appeared possessed of some earnestness of thought and character. This shows a pleasant tendency of his own mind; and we feel that however he may be misled by the love of stalking in bus-

kins, and straddling about on stilts, he still has considerable fire and warmth of soul, that lead him to sympathize with such as also exhibit them. If he is a young man, as we have surmised, both from his style and the *quasi* admission of his preface, this ardor of temperament, and love of naturalness in others, evinces the possession of a good share of native, but still latent genius. Much discrimination, or strength of intellect, we do not accord him, nor, indeed, is he consistent. He loves naturalness, that is, truthfulness, of expression in others. This is well. If he likes truthfulness of expression, he should also like that trait of character of which it stands as the index: to wit, the love of truth. Now a consistent love of truth would lead one to truthful statement of facts; and a statement of facts cannot be truthful, unless one has previously examined into their foundations. A man of truth makes no decided and unqualified assertion without this previous investigation, unless betrayed into a hasty statement by the excitement of the moment. When one is *always* excited, and has beside a pretty vivid imagination, he is apt to depart from the truth every day of his life, in word of mouth. This may be pardoned, however, by those who know his peculiar temperament and character; but if he sits down, and deliberately commits to writing his statements, in the same unqualified way, he very soon loses the confidence of even his friends, and runs the risk of being considered a common liar. We have little doubt that if the veriest falsifier in the world—we mean, of course, one who does not warp the truth from private enmity or personal interest—were thoroughly understood, and his true character fairly got at, we should find that in his heart there was as great a natural love for truth in the abstract, as in the heart of the most truthful—the difference between them being, for the most part, the difference of temperament.

When Mr. Gilfillan penned his sketches of *British authors*, he had all the materials ready to his hand, floating about in the public mind; and could hardly escape stating facts—if he could not make inferences from them—correctly. And, moreover, if he had wished to falsify,—which is far from our belief,—he would have been restrained from doing so, by the reflection, that once published, his sketches would be before the eye of the contemporaries, acquaintances, and per-

sonal friends of the writers whom he was about to sketch. A falsification of fact would be instantly detected, and marked down against him. Want of judgment in arranging his facts, or in drawing conclusions from them, would only render him the object of pity. False glitter of style, or pompous stridings, would only excite a smile of derision. False statements of fact, however, would expose him to contempt: and a more than fool would he have been, to have thus exposed himself, in a book written for the British market. He well knew that to show any want of truth, or of information, touching the subjects of his sketches, would have been fatal to him.

Let us here repeat that we do not suspect him of even the slightest *desire* to warp the truth: for after what we have promised, our remarks, which follow in this connection, might be, possibly, misunderstood.

Very different was the state of affairs when he came to pen the article on *American literature*. The environment of the subject was entirely unlike that which surrounded his other sketches. Few American writers are very generally known in the British kingdom *personally*,—perhaps not more than a half dozen, to a half dozen literary men in England or Scotland. There was no check, then, existing in any widely extended friendship or sympathy. A few uninterested reviewers were all that could, if they would, detect any error of statement. And beside, there is no very great cordiality towards American literature anywhere in Great Britain. Ten to one, any thing that should depreciate, however unjustly, would be received with favor, there. We know that there are honorable exceptions to this; but this is the general fact. Now if Mr. Gilfillan had omitted the sketch under present consideration, and published only those touching *British* contemporaneous literature, we should have conjectured, from these alone, what kind of an article would have been the one relating to *American* writers. The *superficiality* which appears in the other sketches would have led us to expect that, where it would cost him any labor of research, or any taxing of his discrimination, our author would run on after his own mad fashion; just as he has, in point of fact. Throughout the article is that recklessness of statement, which, restrained in one direction, by the circumstances of the case, found vent, in

the other sketches, in random comparisons, drawn from the common store, not of his own individual thought, but of that which was the property of the literary public:—floating as we have said, in the general mind, and already manufactured to his hand. And, now, briefly, let us advert, more particularly, to the different portions of this singular effort; which, from its pretended familiarity with its theme, is likely to be received in the British kingdom, or least for a little time, as embodying a faithful, but, of course not elaborated view of American literature.

With a coolness of assurance peculiarly his own, Mr. Gilfillan has assumed to place *Ralph Waldo Emerson* at the head of American letters! A writer whose claim to that distinction is so slight, that the assertion of it, if made by any in this country, would be so manifestly absurd that even his most devoted admirers would shrink from attempting to sustain it. He himself must have blushed with mortification when he first saw—if he ever saw—this precious volume. Who but the sapient George Gilfillan, would have ventured the thing? Surely not even Thomas Carlyle; who did Mr. Emerson the honor to superintend the English edition of his essays.

We readily see how our excellent sketcher came thus to dignify a New England Lecturer,—who, beside his lectures, has written a few brilliant pantheistic rhapsodies, with the highest seat in our literary synagogue. Both the sketcher and the sketched were admirers of the same great man; or, more properly speaking, the sketcher *worshipped*, and the sketched *admired*, Carlyle; and *he* liked both; and whom his hero *liked* the *worshipper* incontinently *admired*, in his own headlong unreflecting way. The reason why Carlyle liked Mr. Emerson is easily perceived. It was that the American *admired him*; and, at times, affected his style and phraseology, and, moreover, was a *pantheist* into the bargain. The lord clothes his servants in livery; and thereby gives outward token of his own consequence. If the footman dresses more gaudily than his master, it in no way detracts from the master's consequence: only adds to it.

The readiness with which writers and artists extend the hand of fellowship to even their humblest imitators and admirers, shows how accurately and delicately adapted to the preservation of *truth*, are all things in the economy of human

nature. Even vanity itself subserves this great end. Vanity, in many instances, impels *genius* to publish its thoughts to the world. Vanity serves to give them wider prevalence, by drawing the admirers of genius around its possessor by the cords of personal friendship: and thus, perchance, one single new idea creates a sect or school; whose voluntary work it is to elucidate and defend it. At any rate the charm of numbers renders it respectable: and although the new idea is one which is unsuited to its own times, yet history, taking cognizance of the sect or school which embodies it, transmits to future ages what, in the higher progress of the world, may be of incalculable value.

Mr. Emerson is described in this book as being a "fair-haired," youth, at the time he visited Carlyle at Craigenputtock. Perhaps he was "fair-haired" at the time of his visit: or Carlyle, looking through the clouds of his German tobacco-pipe, thought he was: but at any rate his hair is black enough now; and we hardly think it could have had at twenty-seven, much difference of color from what it now has, at forty-five. His face in speaking is described as *phosphorescent*, "and as the face of an angel!" Does good, simple Mr. Gilfillan not know how things grow by transmission? Mr. Emerson's features, when excited, light up a little; just as does the face of even an idiot when a transient glow of momentary intelligence flashes across it. Any man's countenance, when excited by the delivery of new, or beautiful, or interesting thoughts, will become radiated: although we rather doubt that anything very particularly wonderful could be noticed in the play of Mr. Emerson's features, if his face did not usually appear so glum and meaningless when his eyes are partially closed and his lips are at rest.

"Mr. Emerson has also founded a school of Transcendentalists, in New England." So he has: and no great merit is it, either, to lead a set of silly women and conceited boys into all manner of outlandish offences against good taste and literary decorum. "The Dial"—now deceased—was the organ of this new school, awhile: and it was their oracle. It was in their pockets, and on their tables: and from it they read aloud, as if they had been Persians, and were reading the *Zendavesta*: so that you were forcibly reminded of the answer of the "melancholy Jacques" to the exclamation,

"What! you look merrily," when he says:—

"A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i'the forest,
A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
As I do live by food I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I: *No sir,*
quoth he,

Call me not fool, till heaven hath sent me fortune:

And then he drew a *DIAL* from his poke;
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says, very wisely: *It is ten o'clock:*

Thus may we see, quoth he, *how the world wags:*

'Tis but an hour ago, since it was nine;
And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,

And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep contemplative:

And I did laugh sans intermission,
An hour by his *DIAL*. O noble fool!
A motley fool!—Motley's the only wear."

Not that the *Dial* did not contain many beautiful essays. It did. Nor that Mr. Emerson is not a man of genius. He is. But we are surprised at the ignorance of an author who has thus ranked Mr. Emerson so immeasurably above the position he really occupies.

We should have found no fault with Mr. Gilfillan, in this connection, if he had given the pre-eminence of rank to Edward Everett, or William H. Prescott, or Washington Irving: all of whom have undisputed claims to our admiration. But instead of this, Mr. Gilfillan has not only placed Mr. Emerson in a ridiculous position, but ignorant, or reckless, has entirely omitted any notice of such men as Adams, Legaré, Bancroft, Sparks, Story, and Marshall. Bryant, Dana and Percival, are sneeringly alluded to, in passing, and Longfellow is not even named. The whole catalogue of American writers is contrasted with the name of *Emerson*, and a quotation from Robert Hall is used to class all, but this one "*native man*," as "those who appear to go about apologizing to every body for the unpardonable presumption of being in the world;" but he adds, America "still has

numbered the following great names in its intellectual heraldry:—Edwards, Dwight, Brockden Brown, Cooper, *John Neal*, Moses Stuart, Daniel Webster, Channing and *Emerson*!" To say nothing of the contradiction,—for contradictions in this book are as plenty as blackberries,—what a delightful state of presumptuous ignorance does the collocation of these names display! The veriest little urchin in the land could make a more fortunate show of literary discrimination. And then, too, Moses Stuart is styled the "prince of American Exigesis"—which we will not now controvert—and Noyes and Robinson, two as profound oriental scholars as he—not even hinted at. But we cannot longer weary the patience of our readers.

If the editorial courtesy is extended to us, we will, in a future article, descant, somewhat at length, on the subject of American literature and literary men: leaving our author to enjoy the unenviable distinction which this particular sketch will inevitably give him. He has talents: let him study *truth*. We advise him to get accustomed to speak intelligently and truthfully, before "girding up his loins for some other more manlike, more solid, and strenuous achievement." It irks us to part with thee, most excellent George Gilfillan, but we have held levee with thee too long already: so

"Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave, But not remembered in thy epitaph."

MILL'S LOGIC.*

This work was first published in London, in two thick octavo volumes, in 1843. It is now republished in one large closely printed octavo, of 593 pages. We had feared that no American house would venture upon the undertaking, and for having done it, we thank the publishers most cordially, in the name of all poor scholars. The writer of the book is the son of the distinguished author of the "History of British India," and of the "Analysis of the Human Mind." He is yet a young man, and was characterised some years ago, by very high authority, to a friend of ours, as "the best educated man of his age in England." The mental power—the reading—and the iron reflection evinced in this book are prodigious; and the book itself will repay, as it certainly demands, close and protracted study. It will be a favorite book with all the thinkers of this country, to whatever school in philosophy they may pertain, who believe in examining the foundations of their opinions, and who rejoice in a scrutinizing and closely reasoned "logic."

We had intended to prepare an ex-

tended notice of this work, differing in the aim and in the method of its criticism from any that we have yet seen, and such as might meet the wants of some students in philosophy. But we are deterred by various considerations, and among them is the fact, that the limits and general character of a monthly magazine, seemed to us to forbid an article so severe and so long as we had proposed. Yet the proposal has hindered us from giving it earlier attention. At this rather late period for a brief notice, we shall speak of the prominent characteristics of this treatise.

Its aim and object are peculiar, and set it apart as unlike any other English work on logic. It gives the science, as well as the art of reasoning, the philosophy as well as the technics of logic. The design is to explore all the processes in which the reasoning faculty is employed—to classify them, to show them in their order, and in a good measure to test their validity and soundness. It does not aim to teach the dialectic art merely, i. e., the art of reasoning so as to convince another; but it proposes to

* A System of Logic, Ratiocinative and Inductive; being a connected view of the principles of evidence and the method of Scientific Investigation. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

itself the far higher aim, of criticising the mind in its discovery of truth, and to guide it in all scientific investigation. In fulfilling this latter object, it goes over the ground surveyed by Bacon in his *Novum Organon*. It seeks to show how the mind proceeds, and on what it bases its conclusions, in physical philosophy, and in the moral sciences. The field whence the illustrations of its principles are drawn, is of course boundless; and the opportunities to show how that true methods have been employed in the most splendid discoveries in the physical sciences, are well nigh infinite. Of these the author has availed himself, and the familiarity and readiness with which he has pressed them into his service amazes the reader at the knowledge of the writer, and rewards him by the information which he receives.

The thoroughness of the work is noticeable. The Germans complain of our English writers, on these topics, that they are deficient in *Gründlichkeit*; but they would have no occasion to bring the charge against Mill's Logic. For if it is marked by any one feature, it is by the strong and commanding purpose to strike and hold to the bottom. The author endeavors to confine himself to the appropriate province of logic, as distinguished from the higher metaphysics. He professes to give no opinion—certainly to enter into no controversy—in respect to the origin of human knowledge, &c. But he also seeks to carry himself and his readers back to the veriest beginnings to which he is allowed to go, and analyzes all our scientific processes into their primordial elements. In this respect the book indicates a very considerable advance in the views of English thinkers and a deeper, if not a *sub-soil*, ploughing, in their investigations in intellectual and moral science. The time was, when the speculations of Kant were scouted and stigmatized in England, as dreaming and unintelligible, and his attempts to attain the ultimate laws of the human intellect, was pronounced well-nigh *Quixotic*. Our author is very far from being a *Kantian*. Indeed, he would be ranked nearly at the opposite extreme. But he recognizes all the objects proposed by Kant, as legitimate and scientific, and boldly plunges into the turbid and chaotic stream, determined to find if there be a fording place, or at least to follow to the farthest point, where neither the foot

nor the sounding line can longer strike the bottom. We may congratulate the students of intellectual science, who are not familiar with the German language, and even those who are, that in "Whewell's Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," and "Mill's Logic," they have what are termed the spiritual and the empirical systems, ably expounded and defended by English writers. Indeed, a very considerable portion of this work was written as a counterpart or reply to Whewell's work, as the most successful exposition and the ablest vindication of the Kantian principles which has ever been written in the English language. The two ought to be read in connection, that either may be thoroughly appreciated, and the student may have the means of understanding and of adjusting the question at issue. We hope that the publishers of Mill's work will bring within the reach of our American students the work of Whewell. They would certainly receive the thanks of that not now inconsiderable body in this country, the poor American scholars. The established reputation of Dr. Whewell, his clear and elegant style, and the popularity of his opinions with many of our countrymen, as well as the direct and confessed value of the book, to the mere natural philosopher, would ensure to it a sure and steady sale. To the cause of mental science it is needed as an accompaniment to this work of Mill.

The subject matter and the division of this work are worthy a moment's notice. It is divided into six books, each of which is an extended and thorough treatise on a distinct topic. The first book treats of names and propositions, and aims to be a thorough analysis and classification of the subject matter with which logic has to do. The book is fundamental to the entire treatise, and the subjects under it are handled in the manner of a thorough-going thinker. Book II. treats of reasoning. Under this head, is a vigorous and protracted discussion of the old and vexed question, concerning the nature and the value of the syllogism in reasoning. Our author allows its great usefulness; but asserts, and we think with triumphant success, the doctrine that in the discovery of truth, the process on which our knowledge depends and with it our capacity to employ the syllogism, is that process, one or more, by which we have previously arrived at the major and the minor. Or, in other words, he establishes

and vindicates the distinction so often overlooked and confounded between induction and deduction. Under this book will also be found, in chapters v. and vi., a discussion of demonstrative and necessary truths, which brings up one of the great questions in modern metaphysics, whether the axioms in geometry are truths necessary to the mind and received by it, as the conditions of its being a mind at all; or whether they are generalizations from experience on this subject. Mr. Whewell and Mr. Mill take opposite sides.

Book III. treats of Induction, and is at once the longest and the most important book in the volume. Here is discussed the whole subject which Bacon essayed in his *Novum Organon*—both the right method of interrogating nature, and the true ground on which we rest upon our conclusions in physical science. This book is divided into twenty-five chapters, and treats of the profoundest subjects about which philosophy ever ventures to speculate, e. g.—Of the law of Universal Causation—Of the four methods of Experimental Inquiry—Of Hypotheses—Of Chance—Of Analogy—Of the evidence of the Law of Universal Causation—Of Probable Evidence—and last, though not least, Of the Grounds of Disbelief—under which is an examination of Hume's doctrine of Miracles. Book IV. is of operations subsidiary to Induction, which treats *in extenso* of the language of philosophy and of classification. Book V. is on Fallacies. Book VI. on the Logic of the Moral Sciences—under which is handled the question of Liberty and Necessity, and others of no less interest.

The value of this book is great. No book can be prepared on such subjects as these, and in so thorough a manner, without being of the highest worth. Whatever may be the soundness of its doctrines, or the general direction of its philosophy, it can be no other than useful to every student in philosophy. This work, however, has other and higher merits than of being a masterly treatise. No work in the English language can be compared with it, or can be put in place of it, as a fresh and thorough "posting up" of the newest researches in moral and intellectual science. It everywhere shows new materials, as well as the skill of a new artist. It gathers up, and arranges, and uses for a new advance onward, all that has been scattered here and there in the desultory

and occasional efforts of many writers in England, and on the continent. To the students of natural science, the work has an especial value, as it has for them an especial adaptation. We hope to be pardoned, also, for the suggestion, that it has been quite too common, if not almost universal, with the devotees of these sciences in this country, and to a great extent in England, to prosecute them in a very superficial manner, with almost exclusive reference to the discovery and the classification of facts, and with but little recognition of the principles of science. No words are more commonly employed, it is true, than the Baconian or the Inductive system, Laws of Nature, Ultimate Principles, &c., and yet no phrases seem to be less understood. The attempt to ascertain their meaning, and to test the grounds of their reliableness is almost uniformly stigmatised as metaphysics. It might be well for these so-called, or rather the so *mis*-called natural philosophers, to know that the logic of the natural sciences is as severe and refined as that of mental and moral philosophy. It would be still better for them to recognize the legitimacy and the value of this logic, in its application to physical philosophy. It was with great delight that we first read the following very striking remarks of Sir John Herschel, in his introductory address before the British Association, at their fifteenth meeting: "A great deal of attention has been lately, and I think very wisely, drawn to the philosophy of science, and to the principles of logic, as founded not on arbitrary and pedantic forms, but on a careful induction, inquiring into the grounds of human belief, and the nature and extent of man's intellectual faculties." On both these subjects, [the philosophy and logic of science,] works of first-rate importance have of late illustrated the scientific literature of this country. On the philosophy of science we have witnessed the production, by the pen of a most distinguished member of this university, [Dr. Whewell,] of a work so comprehensive in its view, so vivid in its illustration, and so right-minded in its leading directions, that it seems to me impossible for any man of science, be his particular department of inquiry what it may, to rise from its perusal without feeling himself strengthened and invigorated for his own special pursuit, and placed in a more favorable position for discovery in it than before, as well as more competent

to estimate the true philosophical value and import of any new views which may open to him in its prosecution. "From the peculiar and *a priori* point of view, many may dissent, and I own myself to be of that number, &c." * * * "In the other work, to which I have made allusion, and which, under the title of a 'System of Logic,' has for its objects to give a connected view of the principles of evidence, and the methods of scientific investigation, its acute, and in many respects, profound author—taking up an almost diametrically opposite station, and looking to experience as the ultimate foundation of all knowledge—at least of all scientific knowledge, in its simplest axioms, as well as in its most remote results—has presented us with a view of the inductive philosophy, very different indeed in its general aspect, but in which, when carefully examined, most essential features may be recognized as identical, while some are brought out with salience and effect, which could not be attained from the contrary point of sight."

The style in which this book is written

is sufficiently clear and precise, easily expressing the thought, and everywhere showing the mastery of a scholar, over the capacities of his mother tongue. It is not, however, so easy to read as we could desire. It may arise from the training of the author in the school of Bentham, whose writings are the most unreadable of those of any English author living or dead—or it may be a fancy of ours that he has imbibed some of the same hard and unrelieved abstractedness of expression. But we are certain that it is a book which demands attention, rather than one which invites it, and one to the perusal of which must be furnished the constant stimulus of the reader's own effort, rather than a book which itself awakens and stimulates attention. This is the only serious objection to a work which should be procured and read by all the thinking men of the country. Let this one book be pondered and mastered by all for whom it was written, and the result cannot well be computed in hardening the intellectual strength, and the maturing of the national mind.

INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

NO. I.

THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA.

On the 7th day of October, nine and sixty years ago, was fought the so-called battle of Saratoga. In passing near the field of contest, the past summer, we had the curiosity to spend two or three hours in examining the different points of interest in the neighborhood, each one of them made famous by some skirmish, attack, resistance, or defeat, during that day. The remains of the British fortifications are still pointed out, and can be easily traced through nearly their whole extent. The American breastworks have not entirely disappeared, and the curious observer can follow without difficulty along their irregular and circuitous course. But this is all, or nearly all, which re-

mains upon the ground to denote that great struggle of the Revolution. Neither the camping-place, the line of pickets, nor the battle-field, have left traces of victory or defeat; the plough of the husbandman has effaced all the signs of warfare, and in the breeze of autumn waves the rich harvest, made richer, perchance, by the best blood of the Old World and the New.

On the morning of the 7th of October, General Burgoyne began to move about fifteen hundred of his men to the northern extremity of a low ridge of land about three-quarters of a mile from the American camp, in the hope of being able to advance upon and turn the left

wing of the American army. In the course of this movement, the Indians upon the flank of the columns fell in with the American pickets, whom they drove in, a large detachment from the main body following in pursuit. It was here that the first action of the day took place, which, though tending little to the ultimate result, evinced the bravery, vigor, and determined spirit with which the contest was to be waged.

It was nearly two hours past noon before General Burgoyne had completed his line-of-battle. Major Ackland had command of the left wing, composed of grenadiers and artillery; Lord Balcarras of the infantry, composing the right wing, and Generals Phillips and Riedesdel, of the British and German battalions, in the centre. General Frazer was posted with one thousand men in advance of the right wing, for the purpose of falling upon the American rear when the attack had been made upon their front.

As soon as General Gates had observed the movements of the British troops, he instantly penetrated Burgoyne's design, and directing Colonel Morgan, with his rifle corps of fifteen hundred men, to the situation and probable design of General Frazer, he ordered General Poor to advance with his brigade upon Major Ackland's division upon the left. Poor drew up his men in order of battle, addressed to them a few words of encouragement, issued strict orders not to fire until the ascent of the hill was gained, and at half past two o'clock gave the word of march. Advancing in the midst of a thick fire of grape-shot and musketry, the whole body of his force pushed rapidly across the plain and up the hill, until having gained nearly a level with his opponents, he opened upon them a most destructive fire. For more than thirty minutes, the contest was tremendous. The grenadiers, under the immediate command of their general officers, fought with unflinching bravery, heroically holding their ground against fearful odds, while the New York and New Hampshire troops, inspired by former success, rushed on, firing and opening from right to left, and again forming on the flanks, with most terrible and destructive aim. In the hottest of the contest, Major Ackland fell from his horse, wounded. This turned the fortune of the day. The grenadiers, missing the presence of their commander, and being more vigorously pressed by the advancing col-

umns, broke and gave way, leaving the ground thickly strewn with the dead and dying.

In the mean time, Colonel Morgan had attacked the British right wing. Meeting their advance upon favorable ground and rushing upon them impetuously with his whole force, he succeeded in throwing their whole line into confusion. Attempting to charge their front, they were met by Major Dearborn, who arrived at that moment upon the field, with two regiments of New England troops, whose fire poured rapidly into their flank and rear, increased their consternation, made resistance vain, and forced the whole line into a broken and rapid flight.

While these two attacks were simultaneously made and carried on upon the right and left wings of the British army, General Arnold advanced upon the centre, composed of German troops, with three regiments of General Learned's brigade. Arnold had been suspended from his command, in consequence of a bitter quarrel with General Gates, some days before. Of course none of the orders of the day had been given to him. His part was a volunteer one; but it was well acted. Heading the troops not yet brought into action, he advanced upon the British centre under cover of a heavy cannonading of the artillery, in the hope of breaking their column. After a sharp and irregular attack, his troops were driven back, the Hessian ranks standing firm upon their ground. Maddened by the failure, he again formed his men, and dashing at their head upon the very bayonets of the enemy, with his characteristic impetuosity, and at the same time pouring upon them a fire every shot of which told upon the crowded columns of the Hessians, he succeeded in turning their line. At this critical moment, three thousand fresh troops under the command of General Ten Broeck, arrived upon the field, the attack of whom, directed by Arnold, decided the fate of the day. The three attacks of the American army had each been successful. The whole line of Burgoyne's army was broken. The right and left wing, finding no assistance from the centre, precipitately retreated, while the latter, overwhelmed by the auxiliary force brought against them, fled rapidly to their entrenchments, hotly pursued by the Americans.

The battle now assumed a different character. The British troops, partially protected by their works, poured a heavy

and uninterrupted fire upon the advancing columns of the Americans. The latter, elated by success, assailed the entrenchments upon every side, with a fury and determined ardor that nothing could resist. In the midst of this dreadful scene of carnage, Arnold was pre-eminent. Finding the attack upon the entrenchments likely to be protracted, he put himself at the head of a portion of one of the brigades, and dashing with the ferocity of a tiger into the camp of Lord Balcarras, upon the fixed bayonets of the soldiers, he drove them completely from their ground. Augmenting his forces from Gen. Root's division, he then gave orders to advance upon the extreme right, where the Hessians were encamped under the command of Colonel Breyman. Still advancing in person before the columns and exposing himself in the thickest of the fight, he bore down with irresistible impetuosity upon the breastworks, driving the men from their guns, dashing through every obstacle, and by the very fury of his onset bearing down every resistance. In a few minutes from the commencement of the attack the provincialists had been driven from their guns, the Hessian flank uncovered, the whole line assailed, broken and driven from their ground, their gallant commander mortally wounded, and all their tents, baggage, and artillery in possession of the victors. It was here that Arnold received his wound. While rushing into the sally-port, he was shot through the leg and his horse fell dead under him. The success of the assault, however, was complete, the day belonged to the Americans, and the fate of the great expedition of General Burgoyne irrevocably sealed.

Nothing can be gained by doing injustice to the memory of even Benedict Arnold. No braver man than he ever drew sword from scabbard. General Gates has received the glory of the northern campaign of 1777. To him the glory undoubtedly belongs. But the victory of the 7th of October was mainly achieved by Arnold. He was the highest officer in actual service on the field during the whole day. His various attacks upon the enemy were each one successful. His personal courage, always undoubted, was never more clearly exhibited. His presence at the head of the troops inspired them to bear down every obstacle. His penetration of the designs of the enemy, his knowledge of their points

of weakness, his combination of numbers at the places where he was least expected, his promptitude in availing himself of the confusion which followed his attacks, and his brave and gallant conduct in every encounter, were at the time fully acknowledged. It was for his heroic services on this day that he was promoted to his command, and though he afterwards proved himself a traitor, and bears justly among posterity a traitor's name, history cannot fail to award him the reputation of a sagacious captain, and a brave and gallant soldier.

It was in this battle of October 7th that General Frazer lost his life. We know of no incident of the war of the Revolution more touching than this. He was the idol of the British army. Brave, generous, noble, gifted with rare powers of intellect, and endowed with as manly and gentle a heart as ever beat in man's bosom—slow, judicious, cautious, reserved, and yet in battle impulsive, energetic and impetuous to a degree equalled by none in command—he gained, as he deserved, both in counsel and in action, an influence throughout the whole army immeasurably beyond any other. Next to General Burgoyne—perhaps we might not even except him—there was no man in that expedition whose loss would have been so deeply felt. In the early part of the engagement he was observed on one side to be mounted upon a gray horse, actively engaged throughout the whole line in encouraging his men, and often exposing himself in the thickest of the contest. Arnold, noticing his activity, and knowing the importance of his life to the British army, rode rapidly down to Colonel Morgan's detachment, and suggested the necessity of picking him off by a rifle shot. Morgan at first objected, but the heat of the contest and doubt of how the day would turn, enforced Arnold's advice, and Timothy Murphy, with two others of the sharpshooters, was deputed to do it. Almost instantly a ball was observed to cut the crouper of General Frazer's saddle, and another immediately followed grazing his horse's mane. An aid, who stood by, said, "You are evidently singled out by the enemy's sharpshooters. Had you not better go to the rear?" General Frazer replied, "Not from my duty." A moment after he fell from his horse, mortally wounded. The interesting narrative of the Baroness de Riedesel, now unhappily well nigh forgotten, so well fills

up the story that we copy from it *in extenso*.

She was at breakfast with her husband, and heard that something was intended. On the same day she expected Generals Burgoyne, Phillips, and Frazer, to dine with her. She saw a great movement among the troops, and inquired the cause; her husband told her it was merely a reconnoissance, which gave her no concern, as it often happened. She walked out of the house and met several Indians in their war dresses, with guns in their hands. When she asked them where they were going, they cried out "War, war," (meaning they were going to battle). This filled her with apprehension, and she scarcely got home before she heard reports of cannon and musketry, which grew louder by degrees till at last the noise became excessive. About four o'clock in the afternoon, instead of the guests whom she expected, General Frazer was brought on a litter mortally wounded. The table which was already set, was instantly removed and a bed placed in its stead for the wounded general. She sat trembling in a corner; the noise grew louder, and the alarm increased; the thought that her husband might perhaps be brought in wounded in the same way, was terrible to her, and distressed her exceedingly. General Frazer said to the surgeon, "tell me if my wound is mortal; do not flatter me!" The ball had passed through his body, and unhappily for the General, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. She heard him often exclaim with a sigh, "Oh! fatal ambition! Poor General Burgoyne! Oh! my poor wife!" He was asked if he had any request to make; to which he replied, that if General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at six o'clock in the evening on the top of a hill, on a redoubt which had been built there. She says she did not know which way to turn—all the other rooms were full of sick. Towards evening she saw her husband coming; then she forgot all her sorrows, and thanked God that he was spared to her. He eat in great haste with her, and his aid-de-camp, behind the house. She had been told that they had the advantage of the enemy, but the sorrowful faces she beheld told a different tale, and before her husband went away he took her one side and said every

thing was going very bad—that she must keep herself in readiness to leave the place, but not to mention it to any one. She made the pretence that she would move into her new house the next morning, and had every thing packed up ready.

Lady Harriet Ackland had a tent not far from her house; in this she slept, and the rest of the day she was in the camp. All of a sudden a man came to tell her that her husband was mortally wounded and taken prisoner. On hearing this she became very miserable; the Baroness comforted her by telling her the wound was only slight, and at the same time advised her to go over to her husband, to do which she would certainly obtain permission, and then she could attend to him herself. She was a charming woman, and very fond of him. The Baroness spent much of the night in comforting her, and then went again to her children whom she put to bed. She could not go to sleep, as she had General Frazer and all the other wounded gentlemen in her room, and she was sadly afraid her children would awake, and by their crying disturb the dying man in his last moments, who often addressed her and apologized "*for the trouble he gave her.*" About 3 o'clock in the morning she was told he could not hold out much longer. She had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis, and she then wrapped up her children in their clothes, and went with them into the room below. About 8 o'clock in the morning he died. After he was laid out and his corpse wrapped up in a sheet, she came again into the room, and had this horrible sight before her the whole day; and to add to this melancholy scene, almost every moment some officer of her acquaintance was brought in wounded. The cannonade commenced again; a retreat was spoken of, but not the smallest motion was made towards it. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon she saw the house which had just been built for her in flames, and the enemy was now not far off. General Burgoyne would not refuse the last request of General Frazer, though, by his acceding, an unnecessary delay was occasioned, by which the inconvenience of the army was much increased. At 6 o'clock the corpse was brought out, and she saw all the generals attend it to the hill; the chaplain, Mr. Brudenel, performed the funeral service, rendered unusually so-

lemn and awful, from its being accompanied by constant peals from the American artillery. Many cannon balls flew close by her, but she had her eyes directed towards the hill, where her husband was standing amid the fire of the Americans, and of course she could not think of her own danger. She says, General Gates afterwards said that if he "had known it had been a funeral, he would not have permitted it to be fired on."

General Burgoyne, in the simple and beautiful style which characterizes all his dispatches, thus speaks of this burial-scene:

"The incessant cannonade during the solemnity, the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the chaplain officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain till the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing darkness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master, that the field ever exhibited. To the canvass and to the faithful page of a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress, and their period, find due distinction, and long may they survive after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

Scarcely less touching in tender interest is the story of Lady Ackland, the wife of Major Ackland who fell wounded during General Root's attack upon the right wing of the British army. In the rapid retreat of the British forces from the field, he was left behind. One of General Gates' aids, Wilkinson, riding rapidly after the flying foe, heard a cry at his side, "Protect me, for God's sake, from that boy!" Reining up his horse, he saw an officer, wounded, lying in an angle of a worm fence, and apparently unable to move. Just on the other side stood a boy of twelve or fourteen years old, raising his gun with the intention of shooting the wounded man. He immediately sprang from his horse over the fence, knocked up the boy's musket, and upon learning the name of his prisoner, had him immediately conveyed to his own quarters.

Among the ladies who had accompanied their husbands upon General Bur-

goyne's expedition, was the wife of Major Ackland. She is represented to have been beautiful, accomplished, and of great simplicity and gentleness of manner and heart. Her narrative of the campaign shows her to have been a good scholar, and a writer of much vivacity and cleverness. Upon learning that her husband was wounded and a prisoner, she requested a pass from General Burgoyne to go over to the enemy and take care of him. Burgoyne was astonished at the request, but knew not how to refuse it. Accompanied by Rev. Mr. Brudenel, the chaplain of the army, her husband's valet, and Sarah Pollard, her waiting-maid, she started in an open boat during a violent storm of wind, and proceeded the whole distance exposed to its fury through the night. She arrived safely within the lines of the American army, and was immediately conducted to her husband's quarters.

The letter of General Burgoyne to General Gates, which follows, has been frequently remarked upon as admirable for its felicity of style and great propriety of expression, considering the circumstances under which it was written:

"SIR—Lady Harriet Ackland, a lady of the first distinction of family, rank, and personal virtues, is under such concern on account of Major Ackland, her husband, wounded, and a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection. Whatever general impropriety there may be in persons in my situation and yours to solicit favors, I cannot see the uncommon perseverance in every female grace and exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attentions to her will lay me under obligations.

"I am, sir, your ob't serv't,
"J. BURGoyNE."

Major Ackland was removed to New York, where he recovered from his wounds. While a prisoner in the city, his high moral rectitude and deep sensibility gained for him many friends. No man during the war did more than he to alleviate the sufferings of the American prisoners. His death was tragical and sad. At a dinner table where he was present, after his exchange, the courage of the Americans was called in question. Major Ackland defended them. Some personal allusion was made in reply, to which he gave the lie. A meeting followed, in which he was shot through the head.

Lady Harriet lost her senses, and continued deranged two years; after which she married the Rev. Mr. Brudenel, the same gentleman who had accompanied her from the camp of Burgoyne to that of General Gates, when in pursuit of her wounded husband.

We cannot better close this desultory sketch, than by another quotation from the very clever narrative of the Baroness de Riedesdel. We should be glad to see her whole work republished in this country, where it has long been out of print. As a spirited and vivid sketch of the incidents of that unfortunate campaign, about which volumes have been written, it has no equal. It gives also a better insight to camp life than we have elsewhere seen. Free from the prejudice with which an English woman of that day would have regarded things on this side of the water, full of the home affections which a German woman brings from *Faderland* and rears in the little nursery which she will make wherever she sojourns,—generous in her feelings towards friends and foes—loving adventure much, but her husband and children more—always contemplative, but never sad—hopeful even to the last, and joyous in every new prospect before her—possessing virtue without censoriousness and chastity without prudery—she was the woman among a thousand whom the wise King of Israel lamented he could not find.

“On the 17th of October, the capitulation was carried into effect. The Generals waited upon the American General, Gates, and the troops surrendered themselves prisoners of war, and laid down their arms. The time had now come for the good woman who had risked her life to supply them with water, to receive the reward of her services. Each of them threw a handfull of money into her apron, and she thus received more than twenty guineas. At such a moment, at least, if at no other, the heart easily overflows with gratitude.

“When the Baroness drew near the tents, a good-looking man, she says, advanced towards her, and helped the children from the calash, and kissed and caressed them; he then offered her his arm, and tears trembled in her eyes. ‘You tremble,’ said he; ‘do not be alarmed, I pray you.’ ‘Sir,’ cried she, ‘a countenance so expressive of benevolence, and kindness which you evinced towards my children, are sufficient to dispel all apprehensions.’ He then ushered her into the tent of General Gates, whom she found engaged in friendly conversation with Generals Bur-

goyne and Phillips. General Burgoyne said to her: ‘You can now be quite free from apprehension of danger.’ She replied that she should indeed be reprehensible, if she felt any anxiety when their General felt none, and was on such friendly terms with General Gates.

“The gentleman who received her, she says, with so much kindness, came and said to her: ‘You may find it embarrassing to be the only lady in such a large company of gentlemen; will you come, with your children, to my tent, and partake of a frugal dinner, offered with the best will?’ ‘By the kindness you show to me,’ returned she, ‘you induce me to believe that you have a wife and children.’ He informed her that he was General Schuyler. He regaled her, she says, with smoked tongue, which were excellent, with beef-steaks, potatoes, fresh butter and bread. Never did a dinner, she says, give so much pleasure as this. She was easy, after many months of anxiety; and there was the same happy change in those around her. That her husband was out of danger, was a still greater cause of joy to her. After their dinner, General Schuyler begged her to pay him a visit at his house, near Albany, where he expected that General Burgoyne would also be his guest. She sent to ask her husband’s directions, who advised her to accept the invitation. As they were two day’s journey from Albany, and it was now near five o’clock in the afternoon, General Schuyler wished her to reach on that day a place distant about three hour’s ride. He carried his civilities so far as to solicit a well-bred French officer to accompany her on the first part of her journey.

“On the next day they reached Albany, where they so often wished themselves. But they did not enter that city, as they hoped they should, with a victorious army. The reception, however, which they met from General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, was not like the reception of enemies, but of the most intimate friends. They loaded them, she says, with kindness; and they behaved in the same manner towards General Burgoyne, though he had ordered their splendid establishment to be burnt, and without any necessity, as it was said. But all their actions proved, that at the sight of the misfortunes of others, they quickly forgot their own. General Burgoyne was so much affected by this generous deportment, that he said to General Schuyler: ‘You are too kind to me who have done you so much injury.’ ‘Such is the fate of war,’ replied he. ‘Let us not dwell on this subject.’ The Baroness remained three days with that excellent family, and they seemed to regret her departure.”

TO ELIRIA

I.

CREATURE of the elements
 Kindled to a sense divine,
 Of a being mild, intense,
 Tremulously fine,
 Yet with serious brightness on thee, and a soft surprised air,
 As of one serenely wondering at a world of things so fair!

II.

Scarce we can remember thee
 Not a part of all that is—
 So encompassing and free
 Flows thy radiant bliss;
 Like the influence of the sunlight or the subtly flowing wind,
 Which for unregarded seasons sweetly hath imbued the mind.

III.

Bright and solemn are thy dreams;
 Bounding beats thy sinless heart;
 Where thy morning presence gleams
 Shadows all depart:—
 Stars above thee, winds around thee, waters by thee, happy be,
 Floats thy spirit, like the halcyon, on contentment's silent sea.

IV.

When thou walk'st among the flowers,
 Fairer, sweeter, purer they—
 And thy playing with the Hours
 Makes more glad the day:
 Then the realm of sunlight fadeth, twilight misteth wood and lea,
 Come the starbeams swift and stilly—but the silence breathes of thee.

V.

Yet we gaze into thine eyes
 In the hours of grief or mirth,
 And we mark that soft surprise
 Which is not of earth!
 Through whatever scenes or stillness, gliding gently, bright and slow,
 Memories sudden, strange, uncertain, seem to flit across thy brow.

VI.

And thou lookest quickly round
 Skies and earth with gentle start,
 Till we feel, without a sound,
 Thee and them depart:
 By the cloud, the wind, the streamlet, fear we thou wilt pass from sight,
 In some smile or breath of Nature wrapt into the embracing light!

VII.

Well we know thy place is Heaven—
 But because we love thee so,
 We with sins yet unforgiven
 Cannot let thee go!
 Stay a little! be thy presence yet a little longer here,
 That thy beauty and thy pureness make us of thy natal sphere!

EARLDEN.

TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.—NO. IV.

BY MRS. ELLET.

RÜBEZAHN.

"Come l'Araba Fenice,
Che ci sia — ognun lo dice,
Dove sia — nessun lo sa."—*Metastasio.*

"Shapeless sights come wandering by—
The ghastly people of the realm of dream."—
Prometheus Unbound.

THE legend of Rûbezahn, the Robin Goodfellow of the Germans, has afforded material for many popular tales and poems. The best known of these is that of Musäus, in his "*Volksmärchen*;" Wenzel has it also in his *Legends of the Riesengebirge*; and the "*Book of Rûbezahn*," and a dramatic tale founded on the same tradition, have found no little favor in their own land, though they have never reached this country. A sketch of some few of the superstitions current, respecting this mountain spirit, may not be unacceptable.

The ancient spirit, so says the legend, to whom God at the creation gave the sovereignty of the Riesengebirge, (giant mountains,) saw at last that the hour was come in which he must depart from his kingdom, and experience the change to which all created beings are subject, and which among mortals is called death. He called his son to his presence, and gave him his parting counsel to abide by his precepts, and show himself worthy to rule over the race of gnomes.

"And soasmuch as I know," continued the spirit, "that thou hast an inclination after companionship with men, I warn thee to shun them! They are false as the serpent that beguiled their first mother; and will repay thy kindness with ingratitude. Avoid them!" Once more he embraced his son, bade farewell to the gnomes who surrounded them, and disappeared from their midst.

The son mourned sincerely for his father; but all mourning must have an end; and ere long he labored cheerfully with the goblins of the mountains, forming the shining metals, and controlling and guiding the subterranean fires. For a long time he remained faithful to his sire's command, to stay in his hereditary

kingdom and shun the upper world. At last the old desire returned upon him, and he could no longer withstand the wish to visit regions lighted by the sun.

"I must go up!" he said to his friends. "Work for me, meanwhile; for I shall soon return."

A moment after, and he stood on the highest point of the Riesengebirge, looking down on the varied and cheerful scene of human life. At the first glimpse of the sun he was nearly blinded; but he soon became accustomed to the rays, and was able to gaze at it undazzled. Thence he descended from the lonely height, invisible to the eyes of men, to observe more closely the race which his father had assured him, were dangerous even to more powerful spirits.

He halted in a beautiful vale at the foot of the mountains. It was spring-time, the odor of flowers filled the air; the hum of insects mingled with the rustling of boughs, stirred by the morning breeze. The spirit sighed—he had never felt so happy;—and yet he felt there was something wanting.

The rustling among the bushes on one side grew louder; the boughs were parted, and a maiden came forth, of such wondrous beauty that the spirit knew not at first if she were a child of earth or an angel. It was Livia, the daughter of Prince Barzanuph, who at that time reigned over a part of Silesia.

The companions of the princess, lovely girls also, joined her, and they sang sweet songs, and played games till interrupted by a wonderful concert of nightingales, that at the bidding of the earth spirit, warbled with a melody never heard before. The Princess could hardly express her surprise and delight, when a new miracle called her attention; where-

ever she moved, violets and hyacinths sprang beneath her feet, and roses bloomed on every side.

"Princess!" exclaimed her companions; "this is not right! This is the work of some spirit; and surely he loveth thee."

"Yes—I love thee!" answered the king of gnomes, becoming visible. The young girls, terrified, would have fled; but the surpassing beauty of the youth enchained them to the spot. "I love thee, daughter of man," said he, approaching the princess. "Give me thy love in return." But the fair one looked on him scornfully, and answered, "I am the Princess Livia; who art thou, who darest speak thus to me?"

"Pardon," cried the mountain spirit, "my ignorance of your customs! I only know that I love thee! Come with me, beauteous one, hence from this valley into purer regions—to reign over mightier beings—over me, the mightiest of all! Let me but see, in thy sweet eyes, that thou lovest me!"

Herewith his arm encircled the princess, and he soared with her to the summit of the mountain. Her companions, full of terror, ran back to the castle, and told all that had happened, to Prince Barzanuph, who was overwhelmed with grief for the loss of his daughter.

The mountain top, whither the spirit bore his fair prey, was sterile and desolate; but became a garden of beauty at his command, and a stately palace, furnished with more than eastern luxury, rose for the princess' dwelling.

She had fallen into a swoon, according to the custom of frightened maidens; the mountain spirit, who knew naught of such things, believed that she slept, and laid her on a divan in the palace, kneeling beside her and kissing her white hand. At length Livia recovered her senses.

"Where am I?" was her bewildered question. She learned then that she was the bride of the king of gnomes. She threw herself in tears at the feet of her captor, and besought him to restore her to her father—protesting that she could never love one of another race than her own. The spirit refused to release her till he obtained her love: the maiden, in anger, bade him depart from her presence. Instantly he vanished in a light mist, and the princess, scorning him more than ever, seated herself, in a sullen mood, upon the sofa.

Three days she remained thus: the spirit still invisible, though hovering near her, and fulfilling her every wish—save one. At length, tired of weeping in solitude, Livia called him. He stood before her in an attitude of humility—and asked—

"What would my mistress?"

"Must I die here with ennui?" cried the princess, sobbing. "Go bring me company—but none of your goblins—I want society of my own species!"

The spirit bowed low and vanished. Presently he returned with a small rod of gold, and a basket of fresh turnips. "Here is company for thee," he said, offering them to the lady.

Livia looked at him in surprise, and said: "It is well, to steal me first from my home, and then to mock me!"

"Not so, fairest princess;" said the arch gnome. "I do not mock thee. But I may not bring into this enchanted place any of human race save thyself. Touch one of these turnips with the rod, however, and call up whatsoever form thou wilt."

Livia took the staff, and commanded the presence of a maiden. Instantly one of rare beauty stood before her. Again she bade her return to the state of a turnip, threw it from the window, and touching the others, summoned her lost companions. The vegetables instantly assumed their shape, and looked and spoke so like them, that the princess herself was half deceived. Her spirit lover made himself invisible, and watched with delight her sports and conversation with these mock damsels.

Several days this continued, till one morning, when Livia went into the hall of the palace, where her attendants were usually in waiting, she saw, instead of fair young girls, a group of withered old women, apparently in the last stages of feebleness and disease. Affrighted, she fled from the hall into the garden, and summoned her lover.

"False spirit!" cried she, weeping, when he appeared; "thou hast changed my companions! Restore them to youth!"

"That is impossible!" answered the gnome king. "I cannot check the course of nature, though I may command her strength. Thy maidens continued young, so long as there was juice in the turnips; but must fade and die when that is gone. But thou mayest return them to their former state, and I will fetch thee fresh vegetables."

Livia was perforce content with this;

and returning to the hall, did as he requested. The spirit brought her a fresh basket of turnips; this time, however, scarcely half filled. The princess asked wherefore he had brought so few.

"These," replied he, "grow on a small spot of ground, on the highest point of the mountain. Thou hast been somewhat wasteful of them; and must wait some days, till those I have sown anew have time to grow."

"How many hast thou sown?" demanded Livia.

"There will be enough."

"I will know how many are sown!"

"How can I know?"

"Count them!" cried the haughty princess. "Go, and if I find none wanting, I shall know that thou truly lovest me, as thou sayest."

The spirit smiled, and disappeared, to fulfill the command of his capricious mistress. Livia smiled also; and the instant he was gone, took from the basket the largest turnip, and changed it into a winged horse, which at her bidding bore her, swifter than the eagle, back to the valley, and her father's castle. Loud huzzas from the people welcomed her, and she told Prince Barzanuph all that had happened.

Meanwhile the gnome king, having three times counted over his field, to make sure, returned to his magic palace, and sought his bride in vain. He caught a glimpse of her as on her winged steed she swept over the boundary of his domain; and in his anger he rolled up a heap of clouds, and sent thunder, stone and hail after her. But she was already beyond his power, and his bolts only shivered the old oaks that had stood a thousand years. When his first vexation was past, he resolved to win back his lost bride by entreaties. Taking the form of a beautiful youth, he went to the prince's castle, and mingled among the guests at the banquet given in honor of her return. Throwing himself at her feet—"Return, Livia!" he cried; "return! for I love thee, and without thee must in despair abjure the high nature that denies me thy love!"

The beautiful princess only laughed scornfully, and answered "Fool, I would never love thee, even wert thou in fairer form than that thou wearest now! I despise thee! Away! and hide thyself in thy mountain's deepest pit, 'Rüben-zähler!'" (turnip counter.)

And all the assembled guests burst in-

to laughter, repeating her words—"Rüben-zähler—Rübezähl!"

The rejected lover sprang up and flew back to his mountain on the wings of the storm.

Such is the story of the first appearance of Rübezähl, told in the nursery tales of the region about the giant mountains. Many a boy has climbed to the summit, and shouted the popular name given to the spirit, in curiosity or defiance; and tradition reports that he has sometimes revealed himself. An anecdote is given of him that serves as a continuation of the first.

After the lapse of centuries, it was the pleasure of the mountain spirit to resume his studies of human life. But he determined never again to yield to the power of love, and to abjure sensibility forever. His capricious humor alone should govern his actions.

As he again looked forth from the mountain crest, he saw the whole scene changed. Numerous dwellings were built on the slope; the woods had been cleared away, villages were thickly scattered; and here and there appeared the towers of a city. The castle of Prince Barzanuph had been destroyed, and his principedom was extinct.

"They have planted themselves on my ground," murmured the spirit, "as if they and not I were lords of the soil! Perchance they know not of my existence. I will observe some of their doings."

He descended to the valley, in the form of a stout peasant, and hired himself as a laborer to a countryman. So valuable were his services that his employer treated Hans—so he called him—with great consideration, and he liked his abode well enough, till an accident changed his mind. The farmer one day bade him go of an errand over the mountain, to a distant village. He was ready for the journey—his knapsack on his shoulders, and his stick in his hand, before the door—when the farmer's pretty wife came out and said kindly: "Be careful, Hans, to be over the mountain before night, so that Rübezähl does not molest you."

Hans stood astonished, to hear the nickname given him by the Princess Livia three hundred years before, thus repeated by the handsome countrywoman. "Rübezähl!" he muttered between his teeth, "who is he?"

"You know not who Rübezähl is!"

exclaimed the farmer's wife; and she called to her husband and the boys and girls in her employ, who came toward them—that here was a lad who did not know who Rübezahl was. They all burst out a laughing, repeating the name. Hans grew angry, and asked again: "Who is the fellow, then?"

"Do not call Rübezahl *fellow*!" cried the young woman, in alarm: "He may do you a mischief! I will tell you all about him, that you may be on your guard!" And she told him the whole story, and ended by saying that the ugly giant Rübezahl now plied his works at night on the crest of the mountain, where he frightened people, and sometimes pushed them over the precipice.

Poor Hans was much disturbed at hearing this mixture of truth and falsehood. He ventured to say it could not be that the spirit of the mountains would seek to injure harmless wanderers; it was more probable they had ventured too near the precipice in stormy weather, and perished from their own heedlessness.

The woman insisted, however, that the evil gnome had done it. Nay, the foreman was bold enough to assert that he had met Rübezahl in the shape of a sooty coalman, with fiery eyes, a tail like a cow's, a horn on his head, and a long red beard. By good luck, he (the foreman) had a rosary with him, and had put the evil one to flight.

Hans laughed aloud. "You are a shameless liar!" cried he to the foreman, "You have never seen Rübezahl!"

The man's face flushed, and he answered furiously: "Liar yourself—how dare you say that to me?"

"Well," said Hans, "would you not know Rübezähl again, if you had seen him once?"

"That would I," cried the foreman, "but he knows better than to appear to me again, I have taught him manners!"

"I will teach *you*, then," exclaimed Hans, and gave him a cuff on either side of his head, where there instantly appeared a pair of asses' ears.

The foreman stood petrified with fear: the others screamed, when they saw the miracle.

"Now you can say truly," said the mountain spirit, with a scornful laugh, "that you have seen Rübezahl, and you may swear by your ears, if they will not believe you. Thank my good humor that you come off so well! As for you," to the others, "the spirit will wring the

neck of any who dare call him by his nickname!" So saying, he walked away, leaving all who heard him speechless with amazement and dread. The unfortunate foreman kept his asses' ears as long as he lived; for as often as he cut them, they would grow again.

After this time, it was Rübezahl's fancy to play off jokes of his own upon men, little heeding whether for their good or their harm. As he had been represented among them as a black coalman, with red beard and fiery eyes, he frequently assumed that disguise, without the addition, however, of the horn and tail, except when they were necessary to produce the greater effect. It was soon known that it was not so safe to venture upon the mountain. Till now stories had been told of the spirit and his wild doings, but they had been witnessed by no one; and the few, who, like Michel the foreman, declared they had seen him, pretended to possess the power of driving him away. Nobody now ventured, as far as his domain extended, to boast at his expense; and mindful of his warning, the peasants called him no longer by his nickname, but by the more respectful title, "The Lord of the Mountains."

Rübezahl was a good-humored spirit, and his pranks were like those of a willful child, who knows no law but his own caprice. He played all manner of tricks on many who came into his power, adapting them to the persons and their occupations. He was particularly mischievous towards the peasant girls, who talked continually of him, and stood in great fear of his wayward humors. Whenever a young girl ventured to cross the mountain, he would cause the wind to make sad disorder in her dress, while his company of gnomes stood round, and enjoyed her embarrassment. If a pair of lovers came, and ventured to seat themselves on the green moss by the wayside, Rübezahl changed the moss into a bog and shrieked with laughter as they fell backwards into it, and struggled out covered with mud. He would frighten the old women by showing them hideous faces; in short he assumed as many different shapes as there were different sorts of people, on whom he practiced his pranks, and could not be recognized by reason of the variety of his disguises. At one time, as a guide, he led a learned professor, who was surveying the land, round and round the moun-

tain, while he believed himself going straight to the top, and put down in his book a very erroneous account of its height. Again, in the semblance of a woodcutter he encountered a botanist and showed him a great variety of rare plants, to which the botanist gave learned Latin names, that sounded strange in Rûbezah's ears. Impatient at this scientific display, after an unusually tedious lecture, he suddenly said:

"You are a very learned gentleman, sir, and know almost everything; tell me to whom belongs the ground we are treading on."

"As far as I know," replied the professor, "this is Silesian ground; Silesia is a province of the Prussian crown: ergo, or consequently, it belongs to our gracious sovereign, the reigning king of Prussia."

"It is false!" cried the pseudo-woodcutter, "it belongs to the Spirit of the Mountains vulgarly called Rûbezah!"

The botanist shook his head incredulously: "You should, as a reasonable man, pay no heed to such idle fables. They may do for old women at their distaffs. The Rûbezah people talk of, has never really existed, but is a sickly creation of fantasy—a nonentity—that is, a nothing."

Scarce had the man of science uttered the last words, than Rûbezah, towering like a giant, stood before him and, angrily snatching away his book of plants, slapped him in the face, and then chased him through bush and bog, sending a shower of stones after him, down the mountain. He reached a place of shelter half dead with fear and his bruises, and swore he never again would go upon the Riesengebirge, the abode of all the kobolds, dwarfs, trolls, and gnomes in existence!

The following tradition is preserved in the collection of Musäus:

On the spot, in the Riesengebirge, where now stands a celebrated watering-place, there once lived a poor peasant named Peter. He was very poor, and found it hard, by the labor of his hands, to give bread to a sick wife and five hungry children. He toiled day and night, but could barely supply their most pressing wants, while privation and hardship were fast destroying the life of his help-mate.

"If I had only a hundred dollars," sighed the heart-broken man, "that I

might buy a piece of ground and a pair of oxen. Could I not find among so many rich people one who would give me that sum as a loan and save us all? I would be so thankful—and pay it back in a year."

"Try it," said the feeble voice of his wife; "I have often begged you to go to my relations beyond the mountain, and tell them of our need."

"They have no heart," said Peter bitterly, "or they would have inquired after you, knowing us to be in such poverty."

"Rich people," answered the wife, "like to be applied to; you must try them."

Peter resolved to do so, and rising, took up his hat and stick.

"I will go this very night," said he, "and to-morrow be home betimes. Should I fail, God have mercy on you, Anna, and the children, for I know not who will help us!" So saying, he embraced his wife and little ones, and set off on his way to her kindred.

He arrived the next morning, weak and weary at the village where his wealthy cousins lived, and stopped first to rest himself at the inn, and dry his clothes, for it had stormed during the night. He had no money, and could not ask for any other refreshment.

It fell out as he had feared. Nobody would help him! Some made frivolous excuses, some treated him rudely, and abused him for being in such want. The last at whose house he applied bade him begone, with threats and execrations. Peter turned away in despair; but a poorly-dressed man took him by the arm and said: "Come away, these are bad people. I cannot help you, indeed, but your wretched looks tell me you need food and rest, and you shall find both at my hut."

Peter followed the herdsman to his hut, took a piece of bread and a cup of brandy and water, and started on his homeward journey without stopping to repose. When he reached the crest of the mountain, just half-way, he could go no further from exhaustion, and sank, half swooning, under a fir tree. After a few moments' rest, the horrors of his condition rose vividly before him. To return to his starving wife and children, and tell them there was no hope! He would have fed them with his heart's blood!

Suddenly he started from a gloomy

reverie. "There is one means yet!" cried he. "Rich men have no mercy; but a mountain spirit reigns here! often capricious and mischievous, it is true, but goodhumored and generous!"

He stood up, and removing his hat, called as loud as he could, trembling as he did so: "Master Rübezahl! be so good as to show yourself!"

There was a powerful rush of wind that threw poor Peter to the ground, and when with difficulty he got up, he saw Rübezahl, in his well-known form of a coalman, standing before him.

"Miserable peasant!" said the spirit in a voice like low thunder, "knowest thou not that he must die who dares to call me by that hateful name? Choose now, whether I shall wring thy neck or break thy fool's skull with my club!"

Peter's teeth chattered, but despair gave him courage. "Do what you please, master spirit," answered he, "though my fault was from ignorance only. But before I die, I have a petition."

"Speak!" said Rübezahl; and Peter then told all his sad story.

"A hundred dollars," he concluded, "would save me and mine. It would be only a joke to you, sir, to furnish me that sum; and if you will lend it me for a year, I will give you my note and the usual interest, and my best thanks into the bargain."

"Fool!" growled Rübezahl, "am I a Jew, that thou talkest to me of interest? I will give thee nothing!"

"Nay," said Peter, pleadingly, "you know, good sir, how wretched we are; you give me life; you will give me also the means of living."

"Thou art a fool," answered the spirit; but he smiled. "Well, be it so; I will lend thee a hundred dollars; but mark me: it must be repaid in a year!"

"Be assured of that!" said Peter.

"Follow me!" commanded Rübezahl.

The poor man followed, with a beating heart, for they plunged into the deepest recesses of the wood. At length Rübezahl stopped by a steep rock, before which stood a gigantic fir tree blasted with the lightning. This he pointed out to Peter that he might know the spot again. Then he stamped on the ground, and the wall cleaving, discovered the entrance to a large cavern. They descended into it, and having at last reached the bottom, Peter found himself in an immense rocky vault, lighted by a

huge lamp suspended from the lofty ceiling, whose light was gleamed back from thousands of precious stones, imbedded in the walls. In the centre stood a monstrous caldron, filled with shining Wildman's dollars, and all around stood smaller vessels holding ducats of gold.

"Take what you want," said Rübezahl, "and I will write out the note of hand!"

He turned away for paper, pen and ink, not once looking at Peter, who, however, was too honest to be tempted to take more than the hundred dollars, which he counted, and then told the spirit he was ready.

"Read and sign!" said Rübezahl; and he signed the note promising to pay in a year and a day, with heart-felt thanks. Then they ascended to the earth's surface, and Peter ran homewards as if borne by the wind, only stopping at the next village to purchase medicine for his wife, and a few articles of food. He arrived at his home about noon.

"Bring you help?" asked the sick woman; and the children asked, "Bring you bread, father?"

Peter laid a bag full of bread on the table, and showed his wife the money, the sight of which gave her new strength. She thought her relations had lent it, and Peter allowed her to remain in that belief.

The poor man speedily purchased a piece of ground, with stock and implements of husbandry, and seed to sow it, and worked hard from morning till night. The wife soon recovered, and labored also within doors, while the children did their part. Their industry met with due reward. The ground produced abundantly; their wares sold well; in short, a blessing seemed to have come upon the house with the money so mysteriously obtained. When winter came, Peter owned a cow and three goats, besides his oxen; and in the spring the cow had a calf, and the grain he had sown looked as flourishing as possible.

The time now arrived for payment, and Peter found that the produce of his harvesting, Anna's spinning, and the children's labor, had yielded one hundred and twenty dollars. It would have been basely ungrateful in him not to prove honest, when such blessings had followed him.

Early in the morning of the day on which the money was due, he awakened his wife and children, and bade them put on their holiday clothes, to go and thank

the person who had succored them in their distress. This was soon done, and after morning prayers, they all set out on the journey.

When they had reached the top of the mountain, and the place where Rûbezah! had first appeared to Peter, he bade them stop, and said:

"You think, all of you, that we have to go down into the valley, to the village, where our rich cousins live; but you are mistaken. Those rich cousins, one and all, drove me from their door, and I found our benefactor here! We shall now all thank him; and do not be afraid when I tell you he is no other than the spirit of these mountains."

Anna was terrified when she heard this, and the children trembled also and glanced fearfully at the bushes around them. But Peter encouraged them, and bidding them wait quietly till he returned, plunged into the depth of the wood, not regarding his wife's entreaties to stay. He soon arrived at the rock, and taking off his hat, and holding out the money-bag with the other hand, he called aloud upon the mountain-spirit, informing him he had come to pay back his loan.

But he waited in vain for the spirit's appearance. He saw and heard nothing! He called again and again, and stamped on the ground, to open the entrance to the cavern; but all in vain! Then disappointed and troubled, he returned to his wife and children.

"I will try once more," said he, after he had told them of his ill-success; and he cried out loudly, "Rûbezah! Rûbezah! come forth, Rûbezah!"

"There he is!" exclaimed the youngest boy.

"Where?" asked Peter, quickly.

"There!" cried the boy; "behind that tree; he is peeping at us!"

But neither Peter nor the others could see anything; though the child insisted that he did; and described him so accurately that the father doubted not he saw the spirit.

At last he gave up the attempt, and set out homeward.

"To-morrow," said he, "I will come again, and rest not until I get my note of hand."

As he spoke, they came out of the woods, and a gentle whirlwind blew dust over the way. The youngest boy saw a bit of white paper fluttering in the dust, and running after it, caught and

brought it to his father. No sooner had he unfolded the scrap of paper, than, with tears in his eyes, he cried, "Oh, most noble, generous spirit!" and showed the paper to his wife. It was nothing less than his own note of hand, torn in the middle, and on the margin was written, "Received payment in thanks." Both then saw that Rûbezah! must have been near them, invisible, and meant to make Peter a present of the money. They uttered a shout of thanks, which was repeated by the echoes of the wood.

In a short time afterwards Peter was a prosperous man, with horses, wagons and servants. He never cared to trouble his rich cousins; but he sought out and rewarded the poor herdsman who had given him refreshment, taking him into his house and supporting him as long as he lived. The descendants of this fortunate peasant now live in the neighborhood of the Warm Springs, are in good condition, and often relate the strange history of their ancestor.

Rûbezah!'s generosity, says another tradition, was soon known the country round; for though Peter kept what had passed a profound secret, his wife communicated it, under a promise of silence, to several of her friends, who did the same to theirs; and thus it became the common talk. The mountain was resorted to by a great many persons desirous of experiencing the spirit's liberality; and Rûbezah! played his pranks upon several. Some, for instance, discovered heaps of treasure, secured and carried it home, and next morning found it turned to ashes. This did not discourage others, however, who, impatient at the non-appearance of the spirit, ventured to call him by the prohibited name. Rûbezah! lost patience at this, and greeted the next comer with a shower of stones, pelting him so severely as he ran home, that he had no mind to venture on the mountain again, and the spirit, as before, got the reputation of a mischievous goblin.

As he belonged not, however, to the class of persons who are anxious about the opinion of the world, Rûbezah! cared not for this talk; though he did not like the absence of all visitors on whom he might practise his jokes. Seeing how frightened people were at his last sally, he resolved to show himself good-humored again. He went down the mountain in the shape of a traveller, with wallet

and tin box on his shoulder, a thorn stick and green umbrella, and a cap on his head; in short, bearing a close resemblance to that hapless botanist whose nose he had once flattened with his book of plants.

He took the road to Hirschberg, and in the market of the town saw a high house with a huge picture for a sign, representing a black coalman with glowing eyes and red beard, with the inscription under the picture, "The Mountain Spirit's Inn." Rübezahl knew that no other person than himself was meant; and though the portrait was by no means a flattering one, it pleased him to see himself, in common with great heroes, and remarkable animals, painted to attract travellers.

"I will see what accommodations they have at my house!" muttered he, and went in.

The landlord, a fat, good-natured looking man, received him, and called to the waiter to "serve his worthy guest." The sparkle of a large diamond ring on the finger of the new comer, convinced him he was some distinguished person. A handsome young man came to wait on him. His face pleased Rübezahl the more, as he saw in it an expression of melancholy, in spite of his smiles. Having handed him refreshment, the youth took his cap, stick, and box, and carried them into his chamber.

"A fine young man," observed Rübezahl to the host.

"Ha, ha!" was the answer; "well enough; but the deuce knows what has come over him of late, he mopes about, and sighs so."

"Ask him his ailment."

"I have, but it does no good; I believe he is a fool."

"Or in love," thought the guest.

And just then came in a young girl, so beautiful that Rübezahl could not take his eyes from her face.

"My Rose," said the landlord, "my little daughter—a comely girl—ha!" and he laughed till his fat sides shook.

Rose blushed, and the guest answered: "Yes, a pretty maiden. I wish you joy—but what is the name of your smart waiter?"

"Henry," replied the girl, casting down her eyes.

"Yes, his name is Henry," said her father.

"So, so," muttered Rübezahl with a

smile. "Well, master, at supper we shall meet again; I have some little business in my room."

He went to the chamber, where he found the waiter putting things in order.

"Henry," said he, "how long have you been in this house?"

"Three years, sir," replied the young man.

"So, and how long have you been in love with the pretty Rose?"

Henry started at so strange a question, and answered in some embarrassment: "You mistake, sir—how could it happen that I should fall in love with that young lady?"

"How could it *not* happen so?" retorted the guest. "Rose is the handsomest maiden I ever saw; and I can tell you, young man, I have seen many handsome ones."

Henry looked surprised, but pleasure at this praise could be seen in his eyes. Rübezahl continued: "You see I am a practical man, and speak to the point. What hinders you from marrying her? You are handsome, honest, and faithful, as the landlord just now said. I am rich and liberal, and will give you money for your note, and never trouble you for payment."

"How good you are, dear sir," cried Henry, seizing his hand. "But it is all in vain, there is no help for me. Rose is lost to me forever."

"Get away with your whining!" exclaimed Rübezahl, "what is the reason there is no help for you, you fool?"

"I will tell you all, sir," replied the youth; "for your generous kindness deserves my confidence. But I pray you not to concern yourself further about me, and to betray my secret to no one."

"I promise the last," said the guest.

"I will not deny, sir, that from my first coming into the house, I loved Rose; and she, I thought, preferred me to all the other young men in Hirschberg. I waited long for courage to make known my attachment, but believing that I should not be considered unworthy, having come of respectable parentage, I resolved to declare myself to her, and if she permitted me, to ask her father's consent."

"You were too long about the business," muttered Rübezahl, for he thought of his own first love.

"That might be true," said Henry; "for the very day I meant to speak to

Rose, there drove up a cumbrous travelling carriage, with extra horses. The under-waiter ran out; the landlord called for me; the postillion blew his horn, and cried out—"Help for his excellency, the Baron Zebedaus von Quarz, out of the carriage!" I opened the door, and saw a pair of spindle arms stretched towards me, by which I helped the baron out. Fancy a little figure scarce three feet high, with thin legs and arms—head set awry upon his misshapen shoulders, withered face and leather-colored skin, a long sharp nose, and a pair of small twinkling gray eyes, wearing a scarlet robe with gold lace and buttons, a plummed hat, and a sword at his side, and you have before you the Baron Zebedaus von Quarz."

"I see him," said Rübezah, "go on."

"I have not much to say," said Henry. "The little baron stayed here days, weeks, months; he was immensely rich, and threw away money like water; in short, he is betrothed to Miss Rose, and her father is delighted at the prospect of a baron for his son-in-law. Rose cared nothing for me, that is certain, or she would not have let herself be given away to such a little monster, notwithstanding his title. I loved her—I shall always love her—but I will not be made a fool of by any woman. She shall never know what I have felt, and on her wedding-day I will leave this house, to wander through the wide world."

"And break the girl's heart?" asked the guest.

"I have told you, sir," said Henry, "that she cares nothing for me; she is vain and heartless."

"You are a fool!" cried Rübezah, impatiently; "and blind also, not to see the truth! No maiden in her senses, be she ever so heartless, would give up a comely youth like you, for a monster such as you have described the baron. From what you say, I am of opinion, that the Baron Zebedaus von Quarz is not a man, but a nonentity, as a learned man once said to me—a nothing—or rather a gnome, who without asking leave of the Spirit of the Mountains, has come out into the world, and bewitched the girl."

"How can you think so?" asked Henry, smiling. "You believe as little as myself in witchery and gnomes."

"Do you not believe, then, in the Lord of the Mountains?"

"In Rübezah, you mean?"

"Whom else?" asked the guest, impatiently.

"No, indeed, not I!" cried Henry, laughing.

Rübezah felt some inclination to convince the young man of his existence, in the same fashion as he had done the botanist; but he checked his anger, and laying his hand kindly on Henry's shoulder, said: "He has best right to laugh, who is in the right. Keep up heart, and trust me! Now pack yourself off!"

Henry obeyed.

"A strange but generous man," muttered he. "Oh, Rose! how I wish it were as he said!"

He went sadly about his work, while he heard Rose singing cheerfully in the garden.

Meanwhile Rübezah went back into the hall, where the table was set for supper, and several guests assembled; the host busily arranging flasks and cups.

One young man with a handsome but pale face, and dark, wild-looking eyes, nudged the landlord as he passed him, and said: "Ha, Master Tobias Preller, tell us where is your noble son-in-law, that is to be?"

Tobias answered with some show of vexation: "I know not what the painter Theobald can have to do with the Baron von Quarz, that he inquires so particularly after him."

Rübezah drew near the young man, and asked: "Do you know the Baron von Quarz?"

"As well as I know you," replied the youth, with a strange significant smile, surveying his questioner.

"Me!" replied the latter.

"Yes, by sight."

At the same moment the door opened, and there came in, the Baron Zebedaus von Quarz.

The little man precisely answered the description given by Henry, and Rübezah could hardly suppress his laughter, as he saw him nod so proudly to the company, and mutter his salutations. The guests offered him the most distinguished place; but none except the painter and Rübezah seemed inclined to converse with him. The baron, however, repulsed their advances.

They all now seated themselves at the table, the baron taking the best place,

and eating and drinking a great deal, without noticing any of the rest.

"Master landlord!" at length said Rübezahl.

"What do you wish, sir?" answered the host, promptly.

"I should like to know how you come to think of having Rübezahl painted on your sign?"

The little baron frowned and grunted—

"It is forbidden to call the Lord of the Mountains by that name."

"I spoke to you, landlord," said Rübezahl, smiling.

"Well," answered the host, "the Lord of the Mountains is a famous person; and the less people are inclined to meet with him upon the mountain, the more they like his picture in front of all houses of entertainment."

"And besides," said the painter, mischievously, "the former name of this house was not so fine; it was called 'The Fat Blockhead.'"

There was a general laugh, and the painter turning to Rübezahl, added:

"You see what can be made out of a blockhead!"

Rübezahl bit his lip, and muttered: "Rascal! but I will spoil your sport presently."

The talk being of Rübezahl, the subject was not dropped; and the guests told stories, true and fabulous, about him; generally entertaining ones, so that the hero himself had to laugh over some of the jokes.

"Champagne!" cried the painter. "Here's to the Lord of the Mountains!"

Rübezahl nodded assent, and Henry and the other lads in waiting filled the glasses. The company became exhilarated; the mirth and talking were universal, and hardly a guest knew well what he said, only the baron, though he drank deeply, remained stern and distant. The painter and Master Tobias made friends and drank together so amicably, that the host at last yielded to his urgent request, to fetch his daughter Rose to make one at the feast. Her father went himself after her, and returned in a few minutes, leading her by the hand. The baron rose from his seat, and went forward to greet her, muttering words of endearment, and taking her hand, which she snatched away so quickly that the little man fell backward between the legs of Master Tobias, who, also losing his balance, tumbled on the

slippery floor, where he lay sprawling like an inexperienced swimmer.

Both were soon helped to their feet, Tobias laughing good-humoredly at his mischance, and the surly baron calling his affianced bride a "silly goose," for having been the cause of his fall.

"Fair Sir Baron von Quark!" said Rübezahl to him; "Is it seemly to give the bride words that are commonly reserved for the wife?"

"Von Quarz is my name;" growled the baron, fixing his cat-like eyes, sparkling with rage, on the other.

The painter laughed, which increased his fury.

"Pretty toadlet!" cried Rübezahl, taking him up—in spite of all his kicking and struggling—and holding him in his arms like an infant; "take my advice—it had best not marry! Give up such thoughts, and go back to its barony—to its barony—eh! popinjay!"

"What are you doing—what are you doing with his excellency?" cried the landlord in dismay; while the rest of the company were laughing immoderately. The baron shrieked: "Let me go—let me go! I will scratch your eyes out! I will bite your nose off!" and he tried to suit the action to the word. His tormentor threw him against the wall; the end of his coat caught, and he hung for a moment dangling in the air; then, slipping out of his clothes, lay a misshapen goblin at the master's feet!

All save the painter stood amazed; and Rübezahl said to the detected culprit: "Wretch, who hast dared without my permission, to leave my kingdom, and act thy follies upon earth—what punishment hast thou deserved?"

"Ah—ah!" groaned the gnome; "great master! have mercy! Love—love has driven me to disobedience!"

Rübezahl gave him a cuff. "Down with thee, misshapen cur, to the lowest pit, and hew quarz there, till thou hast recovered from the malady!" The floor opened as he spoke, and the goblin sank down and disappeared.

"You know now," said his master to the shuddering and affrighted guests, "that I am no other than the Lord of the Mountains! Fear me not; it is because I wish you well that I have dealt so severely with my subject, who ventured to intrude himself between you and your happiness. To you, Henry, I promised that you should know me as something better than a mere bugbear. Take your

bride and be happy! As for you," turning to the painter, "do me the favor to bear me company, till this couple are united by the blessing of the church."

"I am at your service," answered the young man, with a mischievous smile; and the next moment he had disappeared with the mountain spirit. It is not necessary to say *who* he was.

The reader will guess that Henry and Rose were a happy pair. Master Tobias never ceased to wonder at the strange things that had taken place. One of the strangest was that the picture of the little baron or goblin was indelibly impressed on the wall of the room where he had hung; and could not be even painted over. It may still be seen by any traveler who takes the trouble to visit the inn "Rübezahl" in the town of Hirschberg, which is kept by the descendants of master Henry Waldheim.

One more legend of the mountain spirit is all we have space to give.

On a beautiful summer afternoon Rübezahl reclined in the shade on the slope of a hill. A poor peasant woman came by carrying on her back a large basket in which sat a child about two years old, and holding an infant in her arms, while an elder one held by her apron, and a fourth ran on before. The woman was tired, and set the basket down on the grass, close by Rübezahl, who of course was invisible, while she nursed the youngest child, and gathered dry leaves to put in her basket. The little fellow who had been in it began to cry and scream at being placed on the ground; the mother offered him berries; but as he refused to be pacified, she lost patience, and to frighten him, called loudly—"Rübezahl! come and eat up this naughty boy!"

Rübezahl instantly stood before her in the shape of a coalman, saying—"Here I am! where is the boy?"

The mother was dreadfully terrified, as might be expected, at this sight; but controlling herself, she answered that she only meant to quiet the child.

"Ho! ho!" cried the spirit, laughing, "ho! ho! and know you not better than to call me by my nickname. You wanted me to eat up the boy—give him here—he is a fat morsel!"

The woman, shrieking, threw herself between him and the children, crying out that he should kill her before hurting one of them.

Rübezahl stepped back, "Well, well," he said, chuckling to himself, "it was only a joke. Be quiet—I am no child-eater!"

"It is cruel," said the woman, trying to smile, "to jest thus with a mother."

Rübezahl continued: "I like the boy—give him to me and I will give you money enough to last your lifetime."

"I do not wonder that the boy pleases you," answered the mother, "there is not such another clever little rogue in the world. Look at him, as he sits there, laughing and looking so cunning—he knows well enough we are talking of him. But, sir Spirit, I would not let you have him for all your kingdom!"

Rübezahl was pleased to see so much motherly affection, but he said: "Are you not a fool? I will make a man of the boy and treat him royally; you shall have no further care, and shall have enough to keep you and the others. It will be better for him."

"That may be," replied the woman, "but a mother cannot part with her child. We are poor—very poor—it is true, but Heaven be praised, I am healthy and willing to work; my husband also can use his hands—that I feel right often."

"How," cried the spirit, "the fellow illtreats you—such a wife—such a mother! I will—"

"No, no," interrupted the woman, "he only does as many other men do, and I am oftentimes stupid and deserve a mauling."

"What does your husband?" asked Rübezahl.

"In the winter he works at home, but in the summer peddles glass-ware, and goes back and forward into Bohemia. It gives him a deal of trouble. But it is late and we must go. If you really like my boy, sir, please give him a couple of batz to buy a loaf."

"Nothing at all," growled the coalman.

"Will you not help me load my basket?"

"Oh yes," and Rübezahl gave his assistance.

The woman thanked him, took her child on one arm, and they all went down the mountain; the two oldest running before; while she sang a cheerful song.

She felt her basket grow very heavy.

"I have packed it too closely," said she, and threw out some of the leaves; but she had gone but a few steps further

when the weight almost pulled her to the ground. "Ah," cried she, "Master Rübezahl has played me a trick, and put in stones instead of leaves."

She set down the basket, but found only dry leaves, and packing them in again, walked wearily home. She laid the infant in the cradle, and carried her provender—the leaves—to her goat and three kids, then prepared their afternoon meal for her children.

When she went to milk the goat, what was her surprise to find her and two of the kids stone dead, while the third was in the act of strangulation. The poor woman wept aloud; for these were all her possessions, and she had depended on the sale of the kids for winter clothing and provisions. What would her husband do? he would punish her for neglect of the animals!

As she rose from the ground, where she had first thrown herself in despair, she saw something glittering at her feet. It was a bright rand ducat, and, glancing by accident at the crib, she saw it half full of the same!

A light broke upon her: "Rübezahl!" she exclaimed, "thou has done this, excellent spirit! I know now what killed my goats." And running to the house, she fetched a knife and extracted heaps of the coin from the stomachs of the animals, in all more than two thousand.

What to do with her new wealth was the next thought. Her husband was very avaricious, and he would not be likely to let her children profit by it. He would besides be drunk every day, and beat them all. She carried the money to the village priest, to keep safely for her. The priest was an honest man, and gave her a receipt; while her first coin was changed to procure a comfortable meal to welcome her husband on his return.

Meanwhile Hans, the glass pedler, was on his way over the mountain, laden with the glass he had brought from Bohemia, where he had made a good sale of his wares. He stopped to rest on the top of the mountain, set down his load, and refreshed himself under the shade of a fir tree, while he counted his gains. "Fifteen dollars for my wares, twenty in the chest at home; another such a journey and I can buy a donkey to carry my load in future. A donkey will carry three times as much as I can, so that I can triple my gains, besides riding myself: I can then buy some

ground for a garden, and Lise do something with her goats: what with the garden produce too, I can in time have two or three asses to load with glass, and—"

Here there came a sudden gust of wind, and overturned the basket full of glass: it rolled down the declivity, and the wares broke into a thousand pieces. Hans heard amidst the rush of wind a peal of mocking laughter, and the next moment all was still.

He saw now who had played him the trick, and in a rage filled the air with execrations against the hateful gnome Rübezahl, calling him all manner of names, and bidding him defiance. The spirit would not appear; but a pair of invisible hands began to beat and maul the poor glass merchant so mercilessly, that his passion speedily gave way to fright, and he fled with all his speed down the mountain, being completely black and blue with bruises when he reached home.

Lise was frightened to see her husband in such a condition; but when he told her what had happened, she understood that Rübezahl had been giving him a little correction for his treatment to her.

"You must sell the goat and kids directly," said Hans; "and as soon as I get well, I will go back into Bohemia for more glass."

"Ah! dear Hans!" cried his wife, "the goat and kids are dead!"

"Dead—the goat and kids?" repeated the man; "then you and the children may go and starve."

Here the priest came in, to tell Hans he brought good news; but he first read him a lecture on his brutal behavior to his excellent wife, and his avaricious temper. "You are rightly punished," said the good man; "but an unknown, rich relation of your wife has left her a legacy of two thousand ducats, under the condition that the pastor of the place shall keep it for her use, and you have no control over it, as you do not know how to treat her!" The priest here drew out a paper, and showed it to the peasant. Hans went on his knees to ask pardon of his wife, and from that time, it is said, was the most exemplary husband in the range of the giant mountains. The pastor bought them land and stock; they lived prosperously; and their descendants always honored the generous Rübezahl as the founder of their fortunes. The story is often told in the Riesengebirge, to illustrate the obvious moral.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

As there is no little excitement at the present time, in consequence of the large importations of specie, and as an attempt is making to connect them with the tariff of 1846, the projectors of that measure congratulating themselves and the country upon its beneficial effects, it is proposed to examine somewhat into the history of the precious metals, their increase and decrease.

No man of business can for one moment doubt that one of the most important elements of the prosperity of a trading community, is a sound and well regulated currency, which is to commerce of all kinds what a wholesome supply of blood is to the human system. Nor will it be questioned that such an amount of the precious metals as will meet the growing wants of trade must be provided and supplied.

There is no sure method of doing this, but by selling more than is bought, where there is no sufficient home supply of gold and silver. A diversified industry, therefore, must be resorted to, and the cultivation of the useful arts becomes absolutely necessary in the present advanced state of society.

In the examination we are about to make into the existence of various periods of the precious metals, we propose to show the amount, as it was estimated by those whose calculations have been admitted as most accurate, namely, Jacobs, Humboldt, and McCulloch, &c. &c.

Before, however, commencing to do this, it is deemed important to say a few words in relation to the existing state of things, and to show how, from the most obvious causes, such large importations of the precious metals are daily taking place. Not that we for a moment doubt that these causes are well known to all in any wise connected with trade, but to give the most positive denial to the false assertions made by political demagogues, that the operations of the tariff of 1846 have been instrumental in producing the exportations which have led to the influx of specie.

The harvest of the last year, in the United States, it is well known, was a very abundant one, having yielded an almost endless supply beyond our own wants; so much so, that until the present scarcity of potatoes, and of the farinaceous pro-

ductions in Europe became fully known, the price of all kinds of grain was very low. Flour had been sold in this city in the month of May, 1846, at about \$4 per barrel, and there was every well founded reason to believe it would still further decline, so that the prospects of the grain growing States were gloomy in the extreme—and all persons who had debts due from the storekeepers in the farming districts, were trembling with fear that, from the extremely low price of farming products, the farmers would be unable to pay their debts—that from this cause the cities would go unpaid, and great losses must thus fall upon our merchants. Acquainted as we have been, for forty years, with the trade of the country, we never remember a period of deeper gloom from this cause, and this was much increased by the passage of the Tariff of 1846.

All must remember the stagnation of trade incident to the passage of that law, and that money was becoming very scarce, when accounts reached this country of the almost total failure of the potato crop, and the scarcity of all kinds of grain, throughout insular and continental Europe.

It is wholly unnecessary to dwell upon the change which then took place, a change as sudden, and, we venture to assert, as unexpected, as any of the mutations in commercial affairs within the last half century.

The consequent rise in bread-stuffs and provisions of every kind spread new life and activity throughout the northern and middle States. Exchange on Europe soon began to decline from the immense shipments which took place, nor was it long before it rated so low as to make it profitable to import specie, which soon began, and still continues, to flow into the country. And although not exactly belonging to our subject, we cannot forbear in this connection to remark that the anti-tariff doctrine of there being *no such thing as a balance of trade*, never was more completely refuted, than from the events which have been transpiring for the last few months—and they prove beyond all controversy still further, that such balance must be paid in the precious metals.

But to return to the currency.

We have before us some statistiscal

tables on that subject, prepared by Mr. Ezra C. Seaman, with great care, from the calculations of Messrs. Jacobs, McCulloch, and Humboldt, which have been universally accredited, and we ask attention to them as very important to the full understanding of the subject under consideration.

The estimates of Mr. Humboldt, we find in the Commercial Dictionary of McCulloch, under the title, "Precious Metals." They are as follows:

The whole quantity of the gold and silver obtained from all the American mines, up to 1803, was,

From 1492 to 1500, 8 years,	\$250,000 per annum,—Total,	\$2,000,000
" 1500 " 1545, 45 "	3,000,000 "	135,000,000
" 1545 " 1600, 55 "	11,000,000 "	605,000,000
" 1600 " 1700, 100 "	16,000,000 "	1,600,000,000
" 1700 " 1750, 50 "	22,500,000 "	1,125,000,000
" 1750 " 1803, 53 "	35,300,000 "	1,870,900,000
		<hr/>
		\$5,337,900,000
Equal at \$4.80 to the pound sterling to		<hr/>
		£1,112,062,500

Mr. Jacobs' estimates are as follows:—

Gold and Silver in Europe at the time of the discovery of America, in the year 1492,	£34,000,000
Obtained in 108 years from the mines, after making allowance for the loss by wear, &c.,	138,000,000

£172,000,000

Deduct what has been conveyed to Asia and what is supposed to have been used in plate, watches, jewelry, &c. &c., of all kinds,	£42,000,000
Leaving this sum, as the stock of the coin in Europe, at the end of the year 1600,	£130,000,000
Deduct for friction and loss during the 16th up to the 17th century,	43,000,000

Leaving in existence in the year 1700,	£87,000,000
Product of the mines the 17th century,	£337,800,000
Shipped to India and China,	33,250,000

£304,250,000

Converted to other uses than coin,	60,250,000
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£244,000,000

Wear and tear deducted,	34,000,000
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210,000,000

Leaving in Europe and America,	£297,000,000
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The product of the mines in 110 years, from 1700 to 1810, exclusive in sterling money:

Buenos Ayres,	£96,250,000
Chili,	19,532,166
Columbia,	57,341,666
Peru,	100,169,524

Amount stated as having paid duty,	£273,293,356
Produced without paying duty one fourth of the same amount	68,323,339
Produce of Mexico which paid duty,	304,039,783
Contraband product, estimated by Humboldt at one-fifth,	60,807,956

£706,464,434

Total amount from Portuguese America,	80,000,000
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Total from all American mines,	£786,464,434
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Or an annual product of	7,146,767
The gold and silver of Europe and the gold dust of Africa, annually,	853,233
Precious metals produced annually,	£8,000,000
At £8,000,000 per annum the whole quantity in 110 years was	£880,000,000.
Total coin in the year 1700,	£297,000,000
Deduct loss and friction in 110 years,	71,000,000
Stock on hand,	£226,000,000
Whole product of all precious metals and coin in 110 years, according to above statements,	£880,000,000
Exported to Asia two-fifths,	352,000,000
Leaving	£528,000,000
Used in various articles of watches, utensils, &c.,	352,000,000
Remaining for coin,	£176,000,000
Deduct for wear and loss,	22,000,000
	154,000,000
Leaving as stock, Jan. 10th, 1810	£380,000,000

Mr. McCulloch agrees with Mr. Jacobs that there has been a great falling off in the products of the American, as well as the European mines, since 1810, and that during the twenty years ending Jan. 1st., 1830, the product was but little more than half as much as during the twenty years ending Jan. 1st., 1810.

The latter, however, estimates the products of the American mines, from 1810 to 1830, at more than £80,000,000 sterling, while the former states them not to have exceeded £65,000,000 sterling. Mr. Jacobs estimates the wear and tear, annually, of gold coins at one part in six hundred, and of silver coins at one part in two hundred, and the aggregate at one part in four hundred, one-fourth part of one per cent.; but Mr. McCulloch estimates the aggregate loss at four times as much, or one per cent. Mr. Brande, in his Encyclopedia of Science and Art, agrees with Mr. Jacobs in estimating the wear and tear of coin at one-fourth part of one per cent.

Mr. Jacobs estimates the proportion supplied by the several American States, in the twenty years from 1810 to 1830, of the precious metals as follows. These estimates, as will be seen, are in dollars:

Mexico,	\$220,043,200
Guatemala,	2,893,710
Columbia,	33,564,267
Peru,	64,688,429
Buenos Ayres,	30,000,000
Chili,	16,618,880
	£367,808,486

Or in sterling money at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per £,	£76,626,768
Produce of Brazil mines,	4,110,000
	£80,736,768
Product of European and Russian Asiatic mines,	23,000,000
	£103,736,768

Very little exceeding five millions annually, and but five eighths as much as during the whole of the 18th century.

From the £380,000,000 of coin left, Jan. 1st., 1810, deduct for the wear and loss at the rate of one part in 420 each year, and which in twenty years would amount to £18,095,220, thus leaving, 1st of Jan., 1830,

Add the supply from the mines during that time, 103,736,000

Thus showing £465,640,780
From which deduct amount exported to Asia in twenty years, estimated at £40,000,000, and about £4,000,000 sterling, annually consumed in plate, watches, &c., making, in all, in the twenty years,

£120,000,000

£345,640,000

This leaves for coin, in Europe and America, Jan., 1830, nearly ten per cent. less than existed in 1810.

This slightly varies from Mr. Jacob's statement, in which he estimates the amount made into plate, watches, &c., at

£5,612,611, annually, and thus makes the decrease of coin, during the twenty years, £66,611,410, sterling, or about seventeen per cent.

Mr. McCulloch's estimate of the same consumption in plate, watches, utensils, &c., in Europe and America, for all other purposes than coin, is as follows:

In Great Britain, - - -	£1,842,916
In France, - - - - -	866,190
In Switzerland, - - -	350,000
In all the rest of Europe, -	1,204,118
In America, - - - - -	300,000
	<hr/>
	£4,563,224

Mr. Humboldt estimates the same at £3,459,714

All the accounts and estimates agree that most of the American mines are growing less and less productive, and the total supply of the precious metals much less than it was half a century since, while the population of Europe and America, and the wants of commerce and consumption, are rapidly increasing. It should, however, be remarked, that the drain from America and Europe to Asia is greatly lessening. The triumph of machinery has in great measure, if not entirely, put a stop to the exportation of the precious metals to Hither Asia, while that sent to China is very much lessened.

If, therefore, we estimate the products of the American, European and Russian Asiatic mines, with the gold dust procured from Africa, at five and a half millions of pounds sterling, the wear and tear at one quarter per cent., and the annual consumption of the arts, at £4,000,000 sterling, allowing half a mil-

lion sterling for exports to Asia, the amount of coin in Europe and America would be about the same in 1840 that it was in 1830, and as its product is increasing in Russia, there is probably a small gradual increase in the whole amount produced.

We have gone into this statement of the general coin of the world, taken, as we have said, from the tables given by Messrs. Jacobs, McCulloch, and Humboldt, admitted to be the very best authorities, in order to give to the reader correct views on this deeply interesting subject. It is proposed now to inquire into the portion of it which is by the same parties, and by other competent authorities, admitted to be the share which we have had of these precious metals since any approach to accuracy has been made in estimating it. And that we may not go into anything conjectural, we begin with the year 1820, and we do so because accurate accounts then commenced to be kept at our custom-houses of the quantity imported and exported. We take these figures also from Mr. Seaman, having compared them with the public documents to test their accuracy. The sum stated as being in the United States in 1820, is predicated upon the return of the banks, which showed in their vaults at that time \$19,820,240, the remaining amount to make up the \$25,000,000, being an estimate of what was in circulation, exclusive of the amount in the banks.

The following table shows from official reports the condition of all the banks of the United States, estimated on the first of January in each of the following years:

Jan. 1st. of years.	No. of re- turns.	No. of esti- mates.	Total banks.	Capital in Dollars.	Deposites in Dollars.	Circulation in Dollars.	Sp. in Dol. rs.
1811	51	38	89	52,610,601		28,100,000	15,400,000
1815	120	88	208	82,559,590		45,500,000	17,000,000
1816	134	112	246	89,822,422		68,000,000	19,000,000
1820	213	95	308	137,110,611	35,950,470	44,863,344	19,820,240
1830	282	48	330	145,192,268	55,559,928	61,323,898	22,114,917
1834	406	100	506	200,005,944	75,666,986	94,839,570	
1835	515	43	558	231,250,337	83,081,365	103,692,495	43,937,625
1837	632	2	634	290,772,091	127,397,185	149,185,890	37,915,340
1839	662		662	327,132,512	90,270,000	135,170,995	45,133,673
1840	661	61	722	358,442,692	75,696,857	116,572,790	33,105,155
1841	619	165	784	313,608,000	64,890,101	107,290,214	34,813,958
1843	577	114	691	228,861,000	56,168,623	58,563,688	33,515,806
1845	580	127	707	206,045,000	88,020,600	89,608,711	44,241,242

Estimated amount of specie in the United States, Oct. 1, 1820	\$25,000,000
Specie imported in four years, to October 1, 1824	24,911,467
Brought in by emigrants not entered at custom-house, probably	2,000,000
Total	\$51,911,467
Specie exported during the same period of four years	\$34,675,778
Consumed in manufactures over and above old metal worked over and the produce of the United States mines	1,235,689
	\$35,911,467
	\$16,000,000
Leaving in the United States in specie, Oct. 1, 1824, when the tariff of 1824 took effect, but	\$16,000,000
Imports of specie in four years to October 1, 1828	28,672,592
Brought in by emigrants, not entered at custom-house, probably	2,000,000
	\$46,672,592
Specie exported during the same period of four years	\$29,403,126
Made into plate, jewelry, &c., over and above old metal worked over, and the produce of the mines of the United States	1,269,466
	30,672,592
Leaving in the United States only	\$16,000,000
Specie imported in six years to Oct. 1, 1834	53,755,025
Brought in by emigrants and not entered at custom-house	4,000,000
	\$73,755,025
Specie exported during the same period of six years	\$26,462,523
Made into plate, &c., over and above old metal worked over, and the produce of the United States	2,292,502
	28,755,025
Leaving in the United States, Oct. 1, 1834, soon after the compromise act of 1833 made the first reduction of duties on foreign merchandise	\$45,000,000
Specie imported in three years to Oct. 1st, 1837	37,048,742
Brought in by emigrants and not entered at the custom-house	1,500,000
	\$83,548,742
Specie and bullion exported during the same period	\$16,778,350
Excess worked up over old metal and produce of United States mines	4,000,000
	20,778,350
Leaving a balance of specie and bullion in the United States, Oct. 1st, 1837, when nearly all the banks in the nation were in a state of suspension	\$62,770,392

By the census of 1840, we find that owing to the increased extravagance of the people, the value of the manufactured products of the precious metals in 1839, was \$4,734,960, which must have consumed exceeding \$3,000,000.

The product of the gold mines in the United States in 1839 amounted to but

\$529,605; and the amount of silver must have been quite small, no separate record of it having been kept. It probably did not exceed \$250,000; so that the amount of gold and silver used in manufactures, over and above the home product, has probably for several years past been at least \$1,500,000.

Balance on hand Oct. 1, 1837, as above	\$62,770,392
Specie and bullion imported during the year ending Sept. 30, 1838	17,747,116
Brought in by emigrants, not entered at the custom-house	600,000
	<hr/>
	\$81,117,508
Specie exported during the year	\$3,508,046
Excess worked into manufactures	1,500,000
	<hr/>
	5,008,046
There is an annual decrease by friction and loss of one-fourth part of one per cent., which, during the 17 years, would amount to four per cent. On \$16,000,000, nearly half the time, and on \$50,000,000 the remaining half	<hr/>
	\$76,109,462
Leaving in the United States, in coin and bullion, Oct. 1st, 1838	<hr/>
	\$75,000,000
Imported during the year to Sept. 30, 1839	5,595,176
Brought in by emigrants and not entered, probably	600,000
	<hr/>
	\$81,195,176
Coin and bullion exported during the year	\$8,776,743
Excess worked into jewelry, as above	1,500,000
Decrease by friction and less one-quarter per cent.	218,433
	<hr/>
	10,495,176
	<hr/>
	\$70,700,000
Imported in 3 years to Oct. 1, 1842	17,945,712
Brought in by emigrants, not entered, probably	1,800,000
	<hr/>
	\$90,445,712
Exported during the same 3 years	\$23,264,885
Decrease by friction and loss, one-quarter per cent. annually	480,827
Made into jewelry, &c., as heretofore estimated	4,500,000
	<hr/>
	28,245,712
Leaving a balance of coin in the United States, Oct. 1st, 1842	<hr/>
	\$62,200,000
Imported in two and three quarter years to July 1st, 1845	32,136,608
Brought in by emigrants, and not entered	1,650,000
	<hr/>
	\$95,986,608
Exported during the same period	\$15,087,473
Decrease by friction and loss one-quarter per cent. annually	450,000
Made into jewelry, as heretofore stated	4,100,000
	<hr/>
	19,637,473
Leaving a balance of coin in the United States, July 1st, 1845, of	<hr/>
	\$76,349,135

We submit these statements, with every confidence, because they fully prove the course which specie always takes, flowing in and out of a country, according to the balance of trade, unless interfered with by extraordinary circumstances, as was the case from 1833 to 1838, while so many State and other securities, were sold in Europe, creating an indebtedness there, of upwards of \$100,000,000. During this period, specie

flowed in very rapidly, and the amount in this country increased by importation, as we have shown, some \$40,000,000.

But when this wild spout of speculation ceased, and our credit was no longer good in Europe, the last four years of the Compromise Act, from Oct. 1, 1838, to Oct. 1, 1842, the quantity in the country was reduced from \$75,000,000 to \$62,000,000; and who can forget the great gloom that pervaded the country

from Oct. 1839, when the most of the banks suspended specie payments, for the second time, until the passage of the Tariff Act in Aug. 1842.

From the moment of the passage of that act, public confidence began to revive as if by magic, and ever since that period, up to the passage of the Tariff of 1846, the energies and industry of the country continued to improve.

What the future has in store for us, time only can determine. The great demand for our bread-stuffs and provisions, has so far saved us from the evil effects of the Tariff of 1846, and the operation of the Sub-Treasury Act; the former being entirely neutralized by the large shipments, and the consequent balance of trade in our favor, which, as before stated, have lowered exchange until a handsome profit can be made by importing specie—while the introduction of several millions of specie, and the knowledge that much more is on the way, prevents the severe pressure which would have resulted from the operation of the Sub-Treasury, and the drain from the South for the purposes of the war.

We pretend to no spirit of prophecy, but the future, in matters of finance, is always greatly influenced by the past and the present; and we think it requires no more than a common knowledge of cause and effect, to perceive that elements are now combining, which cannot fail to produce the most serious effects upon the condition of the country.

It was estimated before the commencement of the present administration of the general government, that we were indebted in Europe about \$150,000,000, in state and private debts. No one believes for a moment, we shall get out of the Mexican war under a debt of \$100,000,000; and if Mr. Secretary Walker is correct in his estimates, we shall import some \$140,000,000 or \$150,000,000 under his Tariff of 1846.

To others, who look only at the surface of things, the recent shipments to Europe which have to some extent warded off the impending evils, may hold out golden

prospects for the future; but to the writer of this article, what is called our present prosperity appears fallacious, because it is founded on great distress to nations with whom we have close commercial connection; and in one particular, there cannot fail to be a reaction upon us.

Europe is the grand market for our staple productions, and is, further, the great financial fountain from whence flows all the streams of credit upon which the commerce of the world is sustained. This credit can only be kept up by the retention of a sufficient amount of the precious metals. Any sudden contraction of them, must produce more or less of a financial crisis in Europe: and it is very much to be feared that we may suffer much more from such a state of the foreign money market, as was much dreaded by last accounts, than we have been or shall be benefited by any accession of the precious metals, which has come over here, to return again, when the course of trade and finance shall oblige us to pay our foreign indebtedness. Pay-day must come some time, and it may come when we are least prepared to meet it.

The advocates of the Sub-Treasury, and therefore the enemies of a sound credit-system, may indulge in what fallacies and follies they please, but they cannot disguise the truth, that the commercial intercourse of the world rests on a great credit-system, in which specie is but one ingredient, and though the most essential one, in many points of view, yet it is by no means the sole basis of credit.

This article has, however, become sufficiently extended, and we must leave it for some future occasion to show that credit can control even the precious metals; that without credit, there could be no such thing as exchange; and that a perfectly sound system of collection and disbursements of the public money may exist without the use of a dollar of specie, or the intervention of a bank note.

MISCELLANY OF THE MONTH.

THE advent of April finds us rather in momentary expectation of striking events, than with any such to chronicle. It is now well understood that Major-General Scott was to make an attack upon Vera Cruz on or about the 15th of March. He would have about 4,500 regulars and 9,000 volunteers, and was well supplied with bombs, heavy guns, &c. It was understood that the entire force would concentrate at Anton Lizardo, which is thirty miles from Vera Cruz, and immediately commence the march for that city. The city will first be taken, and this it is believed, may be accomplished without much difficulty, after which siege will be laid to the castle. It is stated now, contrary to former advices, but apparently upon good authority, that the Mexicans are preparing for a vigorous defence, not only of the castle but of the city also. The enterprise in which Gen. Scott is engaged is, therefore, not certain to be attended with success. Even if he succeeds in capturing the town, the castle is prepared for a protracted resistance. The land attack will be aided by the squadron; and it is hoped that this combined effort may prove successful.

Meantime doubt and apprehension rest upon the position and prospect of the division under Gen. TAYLOR. He had advanced to Saltillo, and had even taken up an advanced position at Agua Nueva, eighteen miles south of that place: and we have rumors that on the 23d of February, after being summoned to surrender, he had been attacked by Santa Ana at the head of some twenty thousand men. This fact seems to be certain; of what transpired subsequently we have no reports, except flying rumors picked up from the Mexicans, but these state that Gen. Taylor fell back to Saltillo, when a sanguinary engagement ensued, which resulted in a heavy loss to each side, and in the retreat of Gen. Taylor to the Rinconada Pass. Great fears are entertained that his entire division has been cut to pieces, and that he has not been able even to fall back successfully upon Monterey. Of all this, however, nothing authentic is yet known. Gen. Taylor had been very greatly weakened and annoyed by the withdrawal from his command of all the regulars upon whom he had mainly depended in any emergency. This was done by Gen. Scott, but with the full knowledge of the Administration, and indeed with its approbation, as the official correspondence clearly shows. Our own belief is that the dangers which menaced Gen. Taylor have been exaggerated, and that he has, if not

held his first position, achieved a successful and safe retreat to Saltillo, and farther if necessary, though his own letters show that he had very great confidence in his ability to fortify that place against any force that could be brought against it. A few days must bring us authentic information, though it will come too late for our present number.

Congress adjourned late in the night of the 3d of March. The bill authorizing the raising and equipment of ten regiments of volunteers became a law, though without the desired provision for appointing a general in chief, to have entire command of the army in the field. The bill placing three millions of dollars at the disposal of the President, to aid negotiations with Mexico for the restoration of peace, was also passed, though the "Wilmot Proviso," as the anti-slavery clause which it contained is familiarly called, was stricken out. Several minor bills were also passed, but nothing was done of any decided importance, though, as usual, a large portion of the actual business of the session was crowded into its last few hours.

Mr. CALHOUN, on his return to South Carolina, was received at Charleston by a large public meeting of the citizens, at which he took occasion to speak at length on the proceedings of Congress and of several of the State Legislatures upon the principles of the Wilmot Proviso, and of slavery generally. He said he thought it perfectly clear that the people of the North, comprising men of all parties, had come to the determination not to permit the extension of slavery to any territory of the United States in which it does not now exist. He thought this fact clear, beyond all chance of doubt: and it rendered absolutely necessary in self-defence, in his judgment, the resolute combination of all the Southern States against this principle. He entered into a very full and elaborate exposition of the relations of the North and South, and set forth what may probably be regarded as a programme of the intended political course of the South. He said very decidedly that in his judgment the Southern Democracy should never again submit to the selection of a Presidential Candidate by a National Convention. The proceedings and declarations of this meeting we regard as highly significant.

The intelligence from Europe by the Hibernia steamer has considerable importance, though of no striking interest. The Famine in Ireland continues to elicit the

sympathies not only of Parliament but of the people of England. The distress continues to be exceedingly severe, though immense and unprecedented exertions have been made for its relief. Lord George Bentick brought forward a proposition to appropriate sixteen millions of pounds for the construction of railways in Ireland. But it was opposed by the ministry and defeated by an overwhelming vote. The ministerial programme is opposed violently, but will undoubtedly be carried out.

The King of Prussia has at last fulfilled the promise made by his father, Frederick William III. nearly forty years ago, that they should have a constitution. The long period which has elapsed since this pledge was given, and the defeat of all attempts made hitherto to secure its redemption, had almost destroyed all hope that it would ever be fulfilled. But a series of ordinances has at last been issued, of which the full scope cannot be understood without first glancing at the present organization of the kingdom. Prussia is now divided into eight provinces, each of which has its assembly of Provincial States, (*Provinzial Stände*) representing the nobility, the towns and the landholders, the government however, at the same time, reserving the power of adopting or not the resolutions of these bodies. According to the terms of the English loan contracted by Prussia after the late European war, the public faith was pledged not to contract a new debt without first consulting the States-General of the Kingdom.

By the first of the new ordinances just issued by the King, he promises to convoke the States-General, so often as new loans, new taxes, or an increase of the present taxes, may become necessary, in order to obtain their consent to the negotiation of these loans or the establishment of these taxes. He also promises to assemble periodically what is called the permanent committee of the States-General. The mode of election for this committee will be indicated by a subsequent ordinance. The King also confers upon the States-General, all the consultative powers which are now enjoyed by the Provincial States, relating to changes in the general legislation of the country, with the right of remonstrating or petitioning in the internal affairs, which are not merely of a local nature, as it is understood that the latter affairs will continue to be submitted to the Provincial States.

By the second ordinance it is provided that the eight Provincial States of the monarchy, shall be convened in an assembly of the States-General, whenever new loans or new taxes are required, or whenever the government shall deem it necessary for the transaction of the most impor-

tant business of the country. The time, places and duration of these assemblies are to be regulated by a special ordinance. The province of the royal house, and the mediatised princes of the ancient Germanic Empire, are entitled to seats in this body. These princes, and the nobility, are to meet and vote in a separate assembly from the body of the diet, excepting in the case of propositions for loans or new taxes, in which case they meet and vote in common with the other members. In case of war, the king reserves to himself the right of making new loans with the consent of the permanent deputation of the States, to whom is confided the administration of the public debt. He also reserves to himself the right of establishing, in case of war, new taxes without consulting the States, but at the same time promises to submit the subject to them as soon as circumstances will permit of their being assembled.

The third ordinance provides that the committee of the States-General shall be convoked at least every four years. This committee, in regard to all matters of general legislation has the same power as the whole body of the States-General, but not in respect to laws and taxes.

These concessions, at first glance, may seem to be of slight importance. But taken in connection with the progress which liberal principles have made in Russia during the last quarter of a century, and with the fact that popular accessions once granted can never be recalled, it must be deemed an important step in the national progress of the kingdom. A great deal has hitherto been done in improving the jurisprudence of the monarchy: municipal corporations have been created, conferring the right of suffrage upon citizens of moderate means; and free provision has been made for popular instruction. These are all important points, and the new ordinances of the present King carry the liberal principles thus far established, into still farther and more free effect.

We have received from a correspondent in Paris, from whom we hope to hear occasionally hereafter, the following letter which supersedes the necessity of extending this summary farther:

PARIS, 25th of February, 1847.

The fine clear weather during the past eleven days, although turning cold at present, has been very seasonable after the fatigues and exposure of the Carnival. Sunshine, a genial bracing atmosphere, and the early verdure already enlivening the public gardens, are sovereign remedies for inflamed eyes and jaded nerves; and the melancholy harvest which that mad period annually promises to the cemeteries of

Montmartre and Pere la Chaise, will, it is hoped, be less abundant than usual.

The Carnival is ended; but its noisy joys yet ring in one's ears. Shut your eyes, and you seem still to be in the blazing lights of a masked ball at the opera. The indefatigable Musard reigns over his thundering orchestra; thousands of nimble dancers "trip the light fantastic toe;" pierrots wave their long weird sleeves; devils waltz with angels; savages whisper gracious nonsense to pretty little sailors; solemn-looking druids astonish you by boisterous mirth; priests and judges in their long robes shout forth "*Maitre Corbeau*," and other favorite songs of the *quartier latin*; British generals embrace lovely French nymphs as tenderly as if, between them, at least, *l'entente cordiale* remains unbroken. In short, all kinds of costumes, many of them more grotesque than beautiful, and most of them worn by persons who appear to delight in belying the characters which they should support, float by in the mazy dance, while the light jest and the quick repartee are exchanged, and intrigue adds its zest to the enchantments of the scene.

Unlike Rome and Venice, Paris no longer presents in its streets the animated scenes of other days, during this festive season. The Carnival now shuns the open day, and contents itself with the ferocious nights of the ball at the opera, or with the distorting attitudes of the living incarnations of mazourkas, polkas, rondolas and other cachuchas, at the Variétés. Besides the countless public ball-rooms that were nightly filled with gay masqueraders, the balls of society caught the mania of the time, and Venetian, Hungarian and Spanish costumes have alternately figured in the most fashionable saloons. The Duke of Nemours himself has lately given (since the soirée in which he attempted to revive the fashions of the last century,) a brilliant ball of pierrots and pierrettes. At the Hungarian ball, by the way, it is whispered that certain contraband beauties were smuggled in, and thus the Bohemian dress was worn by several fascinating gipsies—of Paris.

On *dimanche gras*, the weather was so bad that the promenade of the *bauf gras* (called Monte Cristo, from the name of a character in one of Alexander Dumas' most popular novels,) was but a pitiful affair. On *Mardi gras*, the huge ox, garlanded like his heathen prototype, the bull Apis, and escorted by musicians, municipal guards and troops of maskers, with a gaily ornamented car which bore a little child and several persons wearing allegorical costumes, went to the Tuilleries to receive the salutations of the royal family. After some of the maskers had "danced before the king," according to the ancient cus-

toms, the motley procession moved on through the principal streets, which were crowded with people. But the weather was still unfavorable for the promenade, which has lost almost all its traditional splendor. And the rain made sad havoc upon that grotesque army of Turks, Spaniards, Arabs and Greeks, mingled with Troubadours and Loway Indians. At the Descent of the Constille, the following morning, the dancers from all the innumerable ball-rooms of the city, came in every kind of vehicle, and in all sorts of costumes, to the Place de la Constille, just outside of one of the barriers, where they bid farewell to the Carnival. Few foreigners venture here, unless quite sure of being familiar with the French language, as well as skilled in the art of boxing. No one who has not witnessed it can form an idea of the indescribable scene of folly and brutal excitement which is presented by the thousands who crowd hither as spectators, but themselves act the drama. As I have elsewhere said, one cannot refrain from thinking how bloody the drama might be, and how bloody has been many a drama enacted by this same people. It is here, in these swarming groups, in these faces, haggard with want, and yet lit up by smiles of drunken hilarity, that the stranger should make his studies of the people. The foolish boys and girls who flaunt by, and shame the day-light by their noisy and indecent frivolity, form a very trifling part of what one finds to see at *la descent de la Constille*. The real spectacle lies deeper—in the life of the moving masses around them—and is a tragedy, not a comedy; food for tears and not for laughter.

The Carnival is over. But Paris is gay Paris still; and although Lent has commenced, the nocturnal fêtes of the capital are scarcely interrupted. The Faubourg St. Honoré, the Faubourg St. Germain, and the Chaussée d'Antin, continue each to be the theatre of a permanent illumination. There are few illustrious hotels in either of these quarters which have not been open to the dance during the past fortnight. In short, balls are the order of the day, or rather of the night, as much as ever. They are inspired by all sorts of motives, but particularly by those of a benevolent nature. Of this kind have been the greatest balls of the season; as, for example, at the Salle Hertz, for the British Charitable Fund; at the hotel of the Princess Ozartoriska, for the exiled Poles; the last, by the by, of a brilliant series which for years have enlivened the Parisian winters; at the Odeon, last Saturday evening, in behalf of indigent artists; and at other places, too numerous to mention. On the 6th of March there will be a ball for the Association of dramatic artists; and a few days

later, at the opera, for the poor of the twelve arrondissements. It is thus the Frenchman delights to snatch a pleasure while he confers a favor. Elsewhere, Charity is serious; at Paris, she dances the polka.

In the midst of all these amusements, serious affairs are not neglected, and the great political questions of the day occupy the public mind. The discussion of the paragraphs in the royal speech, relative to the Spanish marriage, and the incorporation of Cracow, led, as was anticipated, to a great trial of rhetorical strength between Guizot and Thiers. By the way, a Frankfort journal has published a letter from Vienna, which states that the phrase inserted in the address of the Chamber of Deputies, relatively to the treaties, and to the release, by the fact of their violation, of the other powers from the obligations imposed by them, has excited great sensation in the capital of Austria. "It is probable enough," adds the writer, "that categorical explanations will be demanded by the three northern powers, on this important and delicate point." Certain remarks which fell from the lips of the minister, during the discussion, offended Lord Normanby, the British ambassador, in such a manner as to add an almost personal quarrel between them to the pre-existing difficulties of their official relations. This circumstance, of course, has not tended to hasten a reconciliation between the cabinets of the two nations. And although the address was voted by a large majority, who thus gave their adherence to the policy pursued, at home and abroad, by the government; yet this vote does not appear, in the opinion of the public, to have destroyed the causes of inquietude excited by internal embarrassments and external complications. The solution of present difficulties, and of those which existing foreign relations predict as possible, may fall, (if we are to believe the reports of the week,) if not upon a new ministry, at least upon one largely modified. Among the proceedings of the past week in the Chambers, I notice particularly the adoption of a project for augmenting, temporarily, by 10,000 men, the effective force of the army, and the examination of another for authorizing the Bank of France to issue notes of 250 francs. It is hoped that the committee will consult the convenience of the mercantile community sufficiently to reduce the sum proposed to 100 francs. Of three projects presented to the Minister of Finance, that which most interests us is the establishment of lines of Transatlantic steamers between the French ports and those of North and South America. The bread question, news from the foreign markets which must supply those of France with bread-stuffs, and the

financial difficulties which their scarcity may occasion, have occupied the minds of the community during the week. The sufferings of the indigent classes receive, as they deserve, universal sympathy. The *Moniteur* of yesterday published a law affording an extraordinary relief of 2,000,000 francs to the hospitals, bureaux of charity and benevolent institutions. The municipal council of Paris pursues with activity the execution of numerous works which while they contribute to the health and embellishment of the city, are mainly designed to furnish employment to laborers. The opening of a new boulevard in the Faubourg St. Antoine, the most populous and wretched quarter of the capital, and of several streets, as well as the proposed erection of a new building for the Royal Library on the same site which it occupies, and of other public structures, will contribute materially to the accomplishment of this object. Supplying the destitute with employment is the truest form of charity. This was the apparently (perhaps merely *apparently*) favorable feature of Lord George Bentinck's great Irish Railroad bill, upon the fate of which the present British Cabinet, a few days since, staked their existence, and won.

Paris is the great centre of political news from all quarters of the globe. The newspapers, at this moment, do not lack for topics. The recent concentration of Russian troops on the frontiers of Austrian and Prussian Poland, and extensive military preparations on the part of Austria, indicate a determination to be ready for any consequences of the menaces of certain powers. To say nothing of the incorporation of Cracow as a possible cause of conflict, the dispositions of the Italians, whose unquiet spirit has been only momentarily calmed by the reforms of the Pope, are too well known not to account for the necessity of measures of defence against dangers that threaten the Austrian dominion in the south. It is said that France has been influenced in recalling under her flag all the soldiers absent on furlough, by her watchful observation of these movements of troops in Eastern Europe. The French journals congratulate Prussia upon having at length entered on the road to constitutional government, by the promulgation, on the 3d of February, of the letters patent, so long expected, by which Frederic William IV. creates the institution of the *Assembled Diet*. In Spain, which has also made great advances, this year past, towards constitutional liberty, the taking of the city of Cervera, by the Carlists, has caused great excitement at Madrid. The events of Portugal daily assume an aspect of more grave importance. The report of the most cruel and arbitrary act of the civil war raging in this unhappy kingdom is fully confirmed.

And the prisoners of Torres-Vedras, huddled together into a small vessel, have, in spite of the protestations of the British minister, and the indignation of the populace, been hurried off to the insalubrious shores of Africa. "Is a white slave-trade, more allowable than that of black?" is the question of all who have heard of this unwarrantable treatment of men who are sons of those who placed Donna Maria on the throne. The great fires which have recently devastated portions of Constantinople are ascribed, by some, to the evil eye with which the old Mussulmen look upon the rapid introduction of European improvements, and, particularly, the closing of the slave-markets. A recent proclamation of Marshal Bugeaud to the Arabians, informs them that while the French sovereign will be generous and merciful on condition of submission, there will otherwise be "nothing else than powder" for Abd-el-Kader. Perhaps there will be, as heretofore, more powder than ball—more efforts than success—in trying to catch this redoubtable and *unseizable* chieftain. To complete this paragraph of brief political items—the continued disorders at Tahiti bring "rumors of wars" even from the distant isles of the Pacific.

In the scientific circles of Paris the experiments with sulphuric ether still furnish a topic of discussion. Several communications on this subject have been presented to the Academy. The decease of another member of this learned body, a few days since, has added to the number of deaths which have recently opened so many places of honor and emolument to the struggling ambitions of this metropolis. At the funeral of M. Guiraud, a discourse was pronounced by M. Lebrun, director of the Academy, who stated this was the thirty-third time within twenty years that he had followed an academical associate to the grave.

February has not fallen behind the preceding month in the number and value of its contributions to science and literature. Jules Janin, the most accomplished writer of the French press, has delighted the Parisians by his *Gateau des Rois*—an exquisite fantasy of the season—a poem in his inimitable prose. De Lamartine's History of the Girondins; Louis Blanc's History of the Revolution, which is rather too radical in its tone for the taste of the Legitimists who aided so materially the success of his History of Ten Years; Michelet's History, which introduces the people as a more intelligent as well as efficient agent than has generally been supposed, in the events of the Revolution; and several other serious works of high order enjoy a vogue that in another age would have exclusively belonged to frivolous romances. A work on Parliamentary and Electoral Reform, by M.

Duvargier de Hauranne, and another on the Congress of Vienna, in its relations to the actual circumstances of Europe, by M. Caréfigue, have appeared very seasonably during this month. An unusual number of relations of scientific voyages have been published—among which one of the most important is the voyage of a Scientific Commission to the North Pole, during 1835, 1839, and 1840.

The theatrical event of the week has been the opening of the *Theatre Historique*, which, with its elegant decorations, has been improvised with as much rapidity as the written works of Dumas, the father of the enterprise. The first representation of his *Reine Margot* took place the other evening, and the brilliant audience which thronged to see it were detained there until nearly *three o'clock* in the morning. So much for the dramatic devotion of the Parisians. A third lyric theatre, to be called the *Theatre des Arts*, will shortly be opened. *Hamlet* is announced for this evening at the Theatre Francais.

The Tribunals have presented, this month, several unusually interesting cases. Alphonse Constard, an enthusiast, has been condemned for a pamphlet entitled "The Voice of Famine," which is full of insensate theories and violent invectives, tending to excite the mutual hatred of different classes of society. The attempt, indirectly originating with the Archbishop of Paris, to obtain the confiscation of certain devotional books published without his permission, was a failure. The acquittal of the editor of the National for an alleged offence against the political inviolability of the king's person, by an article on the Spanish marriages, was a proof that in an age, not of tolerance, but of liberty, prosecutions of the press are almost always useless and unseasonable. The trial, at Angers, of Drouillard, a Parisian banker, who has been condemned to heavy fines, a year's imprisonment, and five years' suspension of all his civic rights, for frauds in the last elections, has revealed a mass of facts which show the urgent necessity of electoral reform in France. But the most singular cases before the courts during the past month, are those in which figure the names of certain literary celebrities. The history of the process instituted against Alexander Dumas, for violation of engagements with his publisher, would furnish a new and interesting chapter for D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. Nothing is more surprising than the inexhaustible fertility of this author's genius, unless it is the enormous amount of compensation which he receives for his productions. The same fact—the high price paid in Paris for the labors of the pen—is illustrated on the trial, this week, of Eugene Sue, on similar charges. For example, Dumas has been

offered 100,000 francs per annum for ten volumes, on the condition of engaging to write nothing else during that period: and Eugene Sue made a contract for thirteen years and six months, to furnish from four to six volumes annually, for each of which he was to receive 10,000 francs. But the most exorbitant price is that which was paid by the editor of the *Presse* to De Lamartine, for the right of publishing, in 1848,

the poet's "*Confidences*," a single volume, for 40,000 francs, that is, eight thousand dollars. This fact was developed during a lawsuit in which De Lamartine is indirectly interested, and which occupied the Civil Tribunal of the Seine day before yesterday. Many a man's "confidences" cost dearly enough, but it is rare that one gets so well paid for them. . . .

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Prose Writers of America, with a Survey of the History, Condition and Prospects of American Literature. By RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD. Illustrated with portraits from original pictures. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847.

Such is the title of a large octavo, which from its name and pretensions alone, had the book no merit in itself, we should, at some time, feel bound to discuss with more care, and at more length, than we have now the time or the space to bestow.

It is a carefully printed book; indeed, the Philadelphia house of Carey & Hart is doing very well in this matter, and in many of its late issues, such as the *New Timon*, &c., is deserving much of those readers who like books for what is inside, and not for what is outside.

To return—Mr. Griswold's book is said also to be carefully edited; of this we hardly dare yet express an opinion; we should think, however, that it had been edited with caution, though perhaps not caution enough. And caution to what end?

It would require somewhat to make it a just book; it would require still more to make it a popular book. We have the charity to believe that Mr. Griswold had the first end in view: and having eyes, we see plainly that he had the last end in view. How far he has succeeded in attainment of the first end—supposing it was an end—would be an inquiry involving that full discussion of the merits of the book, which, time and will permitting, may, at a future period, engross some dozen of our pages. How far the book is made popular, needeth not much critical talk to demonstrate. Old authors—since authors are never tired of listening to their praises—will consult the new epitome of their excellences, with an interest as sincere as it will be well concealed; and new authors will seize upon it, as full of hope as of doubt; and if, unfortunately, they be disappointed in finding

no niche within the body—the rotunda, as it were—of Mr. Griswold's Symmetric Pantheon, they may, perhaps, be won to smiles on finding their names written upon the walls, inside a wreath of artificial flowers, of some little side-chapel—some quiet alcove of the fabric; for Mr. Griswold's notes are full and long, and shrewdly conceived, and replete with such names as, with all his goodness of heart, he could not safely put in a more conspicuous place.

Again, there are a great many talking, well-read men, who want to know just so much of American writers as to talk of them fluently, without knowing them at all; to such the book commends itself most entirely. There are school-boys who will steal compositions from the fragments of essays, and thank Mr. Griswold for saving them a cudgelling, except, indeed, they choose such excerpts as that a shrewd pedagogue shall suspect the boy of not writing them himself.

It is just the book, again, for parlor-readers—to lie upon the table, to be snatched up in the intervals of nursing sick babies, or to furnish chit-chat of an evening. And there are scores of literary spinners who will bless Mr. Griswold for giving ages, and little family details about their "loves" of authors; and if the editor's imagination—and from a rapid glance at the book, we believe him to be capable of imaginative work—had painted some of the bachelor authors in more glowing terms, and dropped dates, and furthermore dropped wives, the popularity of the book with the class last designated would have been as flattering to the publishers as it would have been just to the editor.

The book is a picture-book in more senses than one; it has engravings mezzotinted by Sartain. We wish we could speak well of them; but we cannot. They are execrable; and it needs all the editor's laudation to atone for the engraver's abuse. If Mr. Prescott looks one half so silly as his picture—which we do not believe—it

would be a pious interference for his friends to prevent any future publication of his portrait.

An essay—and we use the term by courtesy—opens the volume, which the majority of readers of such a book will skip; and we do not know but they would lose as much by so doing as they would lose; yet it is a kindly written *melange* enough, covering almost everything that has ever been done with a pen in this country, whether in way of history, ethics, metaphysics, journalism, fiction, or the like, with a philosophical, critical, instructive, careless, rambling, good-natured analysis. If we have used words strangely in this description, it is only because we wanted to be true to the merits of the piece, and as explicit as its author.

Our own Review is honored with this notice: "The American Review, a Whig journal, was established by its proprietor in 1844;" and a more simple, true, and satisfactory statement does not occur throughout the whole of Mr. Griswold's book.

In conclusion, we wish the volume success. If in thankfulness for this notice, the publishers will send us a copy, we will put it on our shelves; otherwise, we will content ourselves with the specimens of such American authors as we have under their own signets, and wait patiently for the others, until we are rich enough to buy things we do not need.

The North British Review, No. 12, February, 1847. American edition, vol. 1. No. 2. New York, Leonard Scott & Co.

It is not our custom to notice periodicals, but the new organ of a great party commands some attention. The North British Review was established three years ago by some prominent members of the Scotch Free Church, not, however, to be the exponent of their particular sectarian views, but rather that of all the "Evangelicals," a term which, in its widest range, includes all Trinitarian Protestants, except the High-Church Episcopalians, though practically, we suspect it comes to be a little more limited. The articles of the N. B. R. are generally clever, but hard; that dry, cold, logical, acute style of writing, which characterizes Scotch metaphysicians and Scotch theologians. In positive ability it yields to none of its contemporaries, except, perhaps, the Edinburgh, and we are surprised that it has only now for the first time been republished here.

The first paper in the present number is one on Morell's modern philosophy. The reviewer upholds Reid against Kant; the objective against the subjective; the *phenomena* against the *numena*. But he does this in no illiberal spirit.

In this very able article we are sorry to find some inaccuracies of expression; e. g. "refutation *against*," for "refutation of," and a very queer word, *apperception*, which Cousin seems to have coined from *apercevoir*, but what its difference from, or superiority over, the ordinary *perception*, may be, we confess ourselves unable to say.

The next paper in interest, though not in position, is called forth by a remarkable and daring book, "Modern Painters, by a Graduate of Oxford." The Oxonian's standard of excellence is Turner, and his reviewer seems to agree with him. And truly Turner's early works are gorgeous visions of glory, and he still paints such water as no other man ever did or can paint; but it is rather too much to say that his dreams, magnificent though they be, are more truthful and natural than those "clear-walled cities by the sea," that Claude delighted in. Stand by any of his later productions and try to make it out without looking at the title; you might as well try to find out what J. K. Polk is going to do next; all (save only that wonderful water) is an inextricable mass of vermillion and mustard, ink and white lead, dashed down upon the canvass. Go to the other side of the room and place yourself in the right position; then, indeed, something comes out upon you strangely; a ship among icebergs, or a locomotive ready to run over you. But these things are not legitimate pictures; they are only another kind of scene-painting. The last story of Turner is a good one; we won't swear to its literal truth; but *se non vero, &c.* The hangers at the Royal Academy, last year, were so puzzled with some such impracticable, "Ariel in the Sun," that they actually suspended it upside down. On the day before opening the exhibition, when the artists inspect the position of their works, Turner of course did not fail to notice the error. "Why, Mr. Smith, you've hung my picture the wrong way!" Mr. Smith apologized, and promised it should be set to rights in half an hour. "Half an hour!" exclaimed the painter, and forthwith seizing a palette, he commenced pelting down the colors, in his trowel-fashion, and without touching the frame, effectually reversed the picture in just half the time.

The other articles are, an elaborate notice of "Kitto's Lost Senses," a just summing up of Cowley's merits and demerits, a spirited sketch of the Anglo-Normans, an able exposition of Watt's claims to the discovery of the composition of water, (doubtless Sir David Brewster's, from its oblique hit at Dr. Whewell,) which also takes occasion to handle the Royal Society very unceremoniously, and animadvert strongly on the culpable negligence by

which Messrs. Challis and Airy lost for their country the honor of having discovered the new planet; and, finally, a calm and sensible examination of the Irish distress and its remedies—almost the only bit of writing we have seen on the subject free from cant or exaggeration on one side or the other.

History of the Roman Republic. By J. MICHELET, *Member of the Institute of France, Author of "History of France," "Life of Martin Luther," "The People," &c. &c.* Translated by WILLIAM HAZLITT, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847.

"This book," says the translator, "is a history, and not a dissertation." It is a political history, composed in Michelet's peculiarly brilliant and popular style; written, like his other works, to exalt the popular element in government, and to show that Rome owed her ruin to its depression and extinction. The author founds himself upon Niebuhr and Vico, adopting the critical conclusions of the one, and the philosophy of the other. The following is his philosophical creed, from Vico's *Scienza Nuova*, which appeared in 1725:

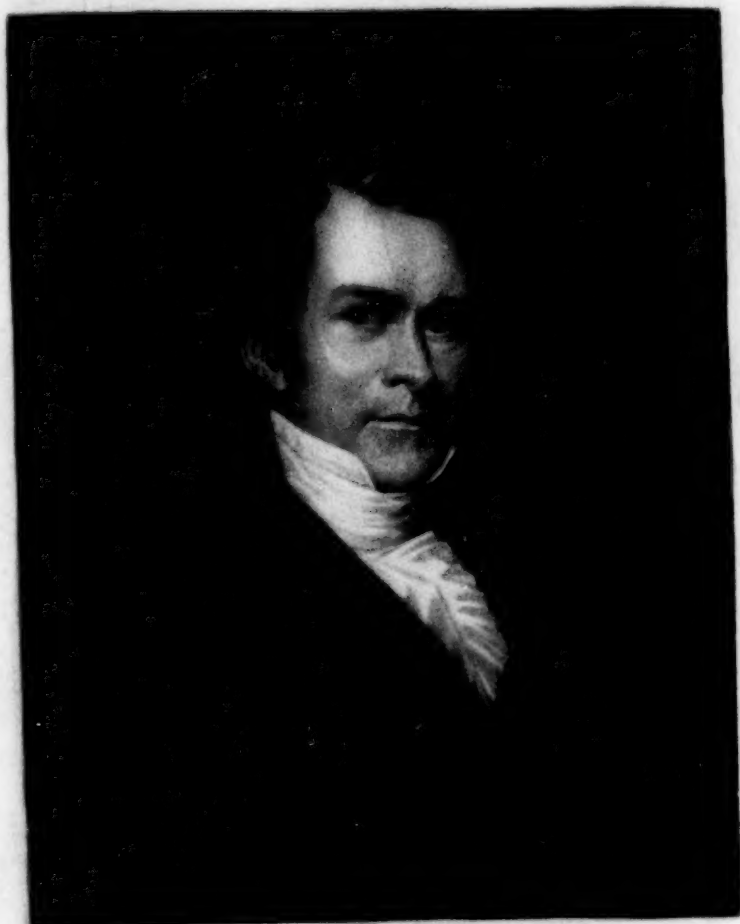
"*Humanity is its own work.* God acts upon it, but through it. Humanity is divine, but no man is divine. Those mythic heroes, the Hercules whose arms burst asunder mountains; those Lycurgues and Romuluses, swift legislators, who in the space of one man's life, accomplished the tardy work of ages, are the creations of the thought of nations. God alone is great. When man desired to have men-gods, he was fain to heap whole generations in one person; to combine in one hero the conceptions of a whole poetic cycle. It was thus they obtained historic idols—a Romulus, a Numa. The people remained prostrate before these gigantic phantoms. Philosophy raises them and says to them: That which you adore is yourselves, your own conceptions. Here-upon these fantastic and inexplicable figures which floated in the air, objects of a puerile admiration, redescend within our reach; they quit poetry to enter into the realms of science. The miracles of individual genius are ranged under the common law; the equalizing hand of criticism passes over the human race."

"This historical radicalism does not go the length of suppressing the great men;" singular forbearance! "There doubtless remain some who rise above the crowd to the height of the head or the waist, but their foreheads are no longer lost in the clouds; they are no longer of another species; humanity may recognize itself in all its history, one and identical;" which, though a brilliant and entertaining reflection, does not yield much consolation. Bating an excess of very French enthusiasm, Michelet's works are among the most agreeable "historic readings," we know of. The translator did not do full justice to his version of Guizot's *History of Civilization*; we should think he has paid some closer attention to the present author.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England, from the earliest times till the reign of George IV. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, A.M., F.R.S.E. First series to the Revolution of 1688. In three volumes. From the second London edition. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.

This is the first portion of an extended work; which, with some faults of conduct, from certain perceivable prejudices and political biases on the part of the titled author, has so much general merit and varied and abiding interest for all who live under English laws, and are accustomed to regard the great background of English History—of which legal annals and institutions and the lives of eminent legal men are a large part—that it must command among us a very wide attention. No book, indeed, of more general and continuous interest has issued from the English press for some years. We are glad that it is republished, and shall take an early opportunity of reviewing in some proper shape and compass the part of the work now presented to us. This part covers some of the most important and curious portions of English history, the lives of all the Chancellors down to 1688. It is so picturesque and full of anecdote, that it must be read with delight by those careless of historical events, and only able to be amused by narrative and fiction.

CORRECTION.—In the article on Mr. Dana's writings, in the March number of our Review, a mistake occurred of attributing to Mr. Dana two admirable articles in the *North American Review*, on Moore and on E. B. Brown, by Professor E. T. Channing, of Harvard, the brother of Dr. Channing. If more articles are to be readily procured from the same source, we think one of our publishers could not do a more sensible thing than to make a favorable proposition to their author.



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Mr. Maupherson Perrin
U.S. SENATOR FROM GEORGIA.

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